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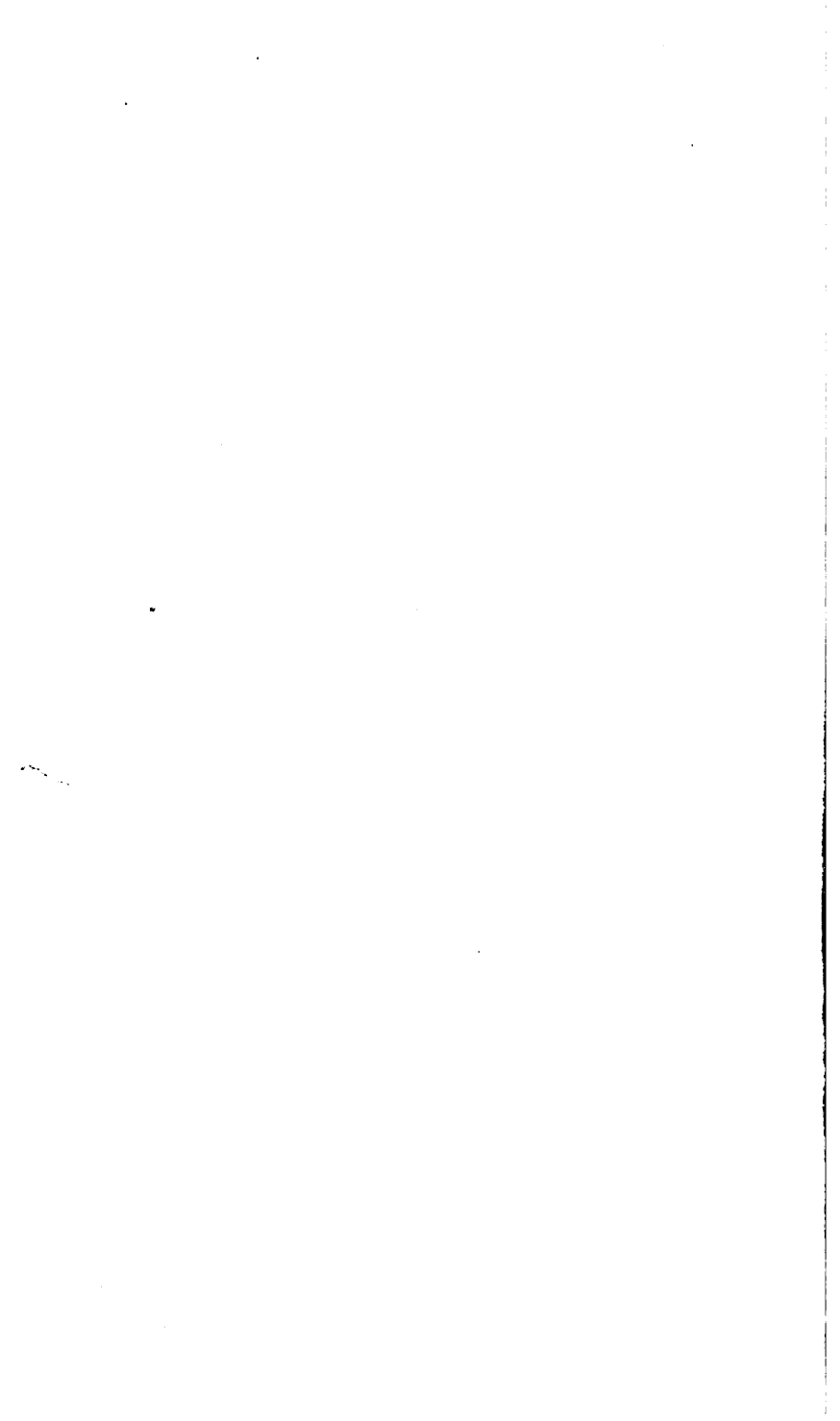
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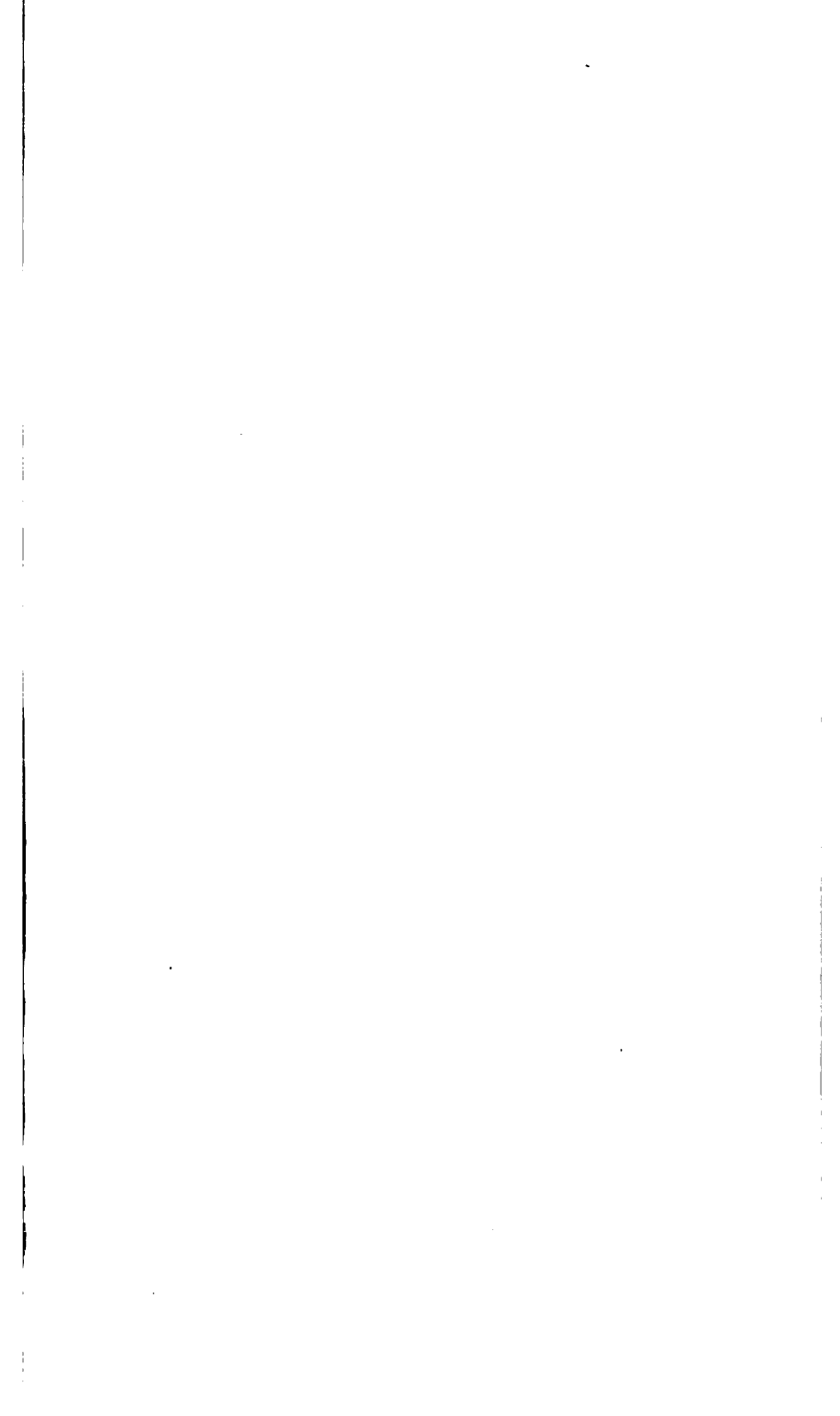


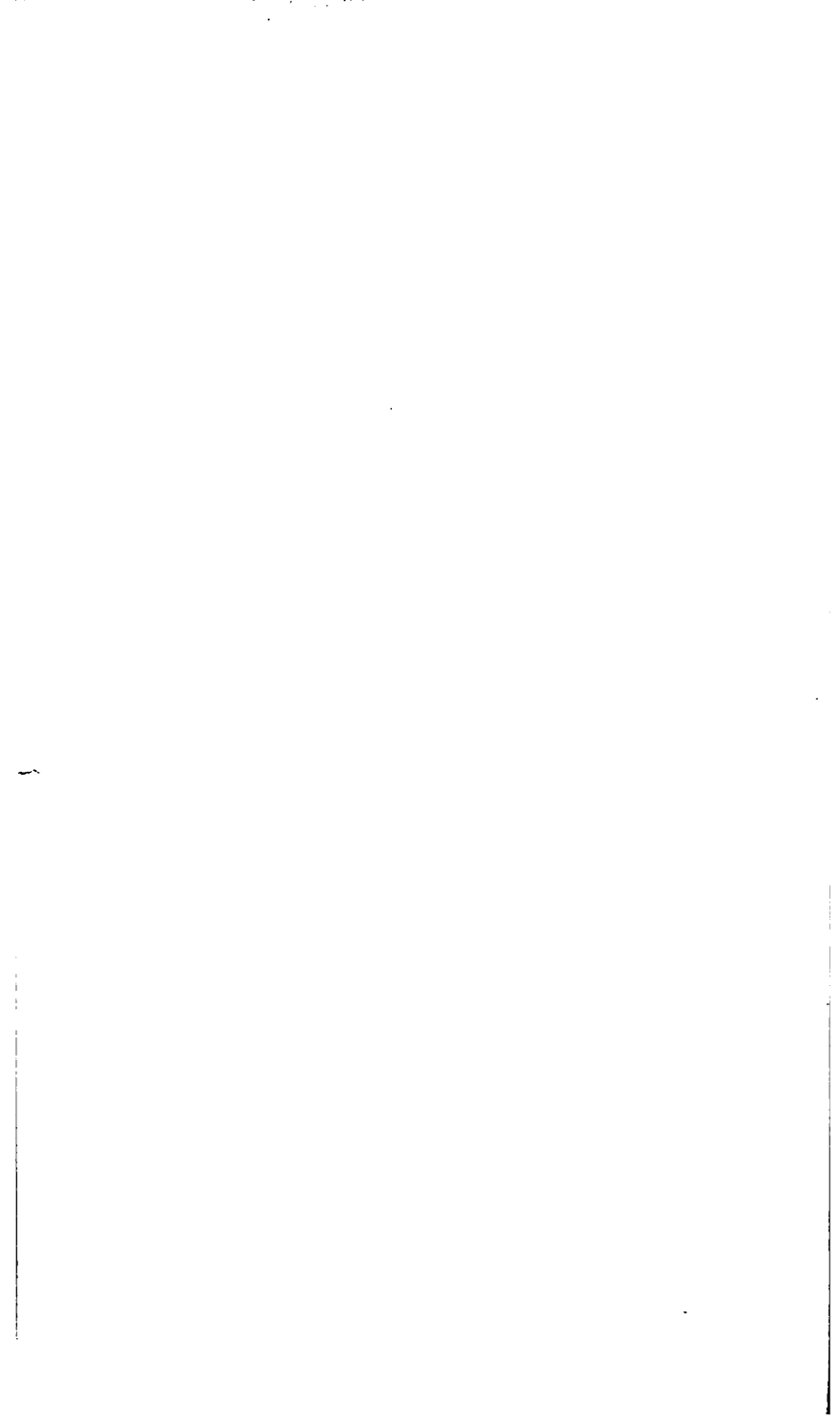
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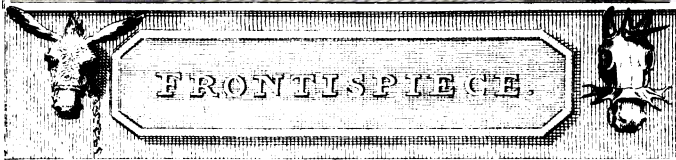








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THE
HISTORY AND ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE.

Translated from the Spanish of
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

BY
DR. SMOLLETT.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

EMBELLISHED WITH A
SUPERB SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS.

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TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
DON RICARDO WALL,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST
CATHOLIC MAJESTY,
LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF SPAIN,
COMMENDARY OF PANAUZENDE IN THE ORDER OF SAINT JAGO, &c.

*And heretofore Ambassador and Plenipotentiary at the
Court of Great Britain.*

SIR,

THE Permission I obtained to inscribe the following Translation of Don Quixote to your Excellency, while you resided in this Capital, affords me a double Pleasure; as it not only gives me an Opportunity of expressing that profound Respect and Veneration with which I contemplate your Excellency's Character, but also implies your Approbation, which cannot fail to influence the Public in Behalf of the Performance.

I have the Honour to be,

SIR,

Your Excellency's most obedient

Humble Servant,

741623

T. SMOLLETT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Translator's aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous solemnity and self-importance by which the inimitable Cervantes has distinguished the character of Don Quixote, without raising him to the insipid rank of a dry philosopher, or debasing him to the melancholy circumstances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preserve the native humour of Sancho Panza from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery.

He has endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the literal expression of the original: from which, however, he has not so far deviated as to destroy that formality of idiom, so peculiar to the Spaniards, and so essential to the character of the work.

The satire and propriety of many allusions, which had been lost in the change of custom and lapse of time, are restored in explanatory notes; and the whole is conducted with that care and circumspection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

IDLE reader, without an oath thou mayest believe that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, sprightly, and discreet production, that ever was conceived. But it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature: in consequence of which, every creature procreates its own resemblance. What, therefore, could be engendered in my barren, ill-cultivated genius; but a dry meagre offspring, wayward, capricious, and full of whimsical notions peculiar to my own imagination, as if produced in a prison, which is the seat of inconvenience, and the habitation of every dismal sound *. Quiet solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, purling streams, and tranquillity of mind, contribute so much to the fecundity even of the most barren genius, that it will bring forth productions so fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is so unfortunate as to have an ugly child, destitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be so hoodwinked by paternal tenderness, that he cannot perceive his defects: but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemish as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every instance of his folly as a sample of his wit: but I, who, though seemingly the parent, am no other than the step-father of Don Quixote, will not sail with the stream of custom; nor, like some others, supplicate thee, gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayest spy in this production. Thou art neither its father nor kinsman; hast thy own soul in thy own body, and a will as free as the finest; thou art in thine own house, of which I hold thee as absolute master as the king of his revenue; and thou knowest the common saying, "Under my cloak the king is a joke." These considerations free and exempt thee from all manner of restraint and obligation; so that thou mayest fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this history, without fear of calumny for thy censure, and without hope of recompence for thy approbation.

* This is a strong presumption that the first part of Don Quixote was actually written in a gaol.

I wished only to present thee with the performance, clean, neat, and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and uncumbered with an innumerable catalogue of such sonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the present age; for I can assure thee, that although the composition of the book hath cost me some trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inspection: divers and sundry times did I seize the pen, and as often laid it aside, for want of knowing what to say: and, during this uneasy state of suspense, while I was one day ruminating on the subject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand, a friend of mine, who possesses a great fund of humour, and an excellent understanding, suddenly entered the apartment, and finding me in this musing posture, asked the cause of my being so contemplative. As I had no occasion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was studying a Preface to the History of Don Quixote; a task which I found so difficult, that I was resolved to desist, and even suppress the adventures of such a noble cavalier: for you may easily suppose how much I must be confounded at the animadversions of that ancient law-giver the vulgar, when it shall see me, after so many years that I have slept in silence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a rush, barren of invention, meagre in style, beggarly in conceit, and utterly destitute of wit and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, as we see in other books, let them be never so fabulous and profane: indeed, they are generally so stuffed with apothegms from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole body of philosophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon such authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence, and erudition. When they bring a citation from the Holy Scripture, one would take them for so many Saint Thomas's, and other doctors of the church; herein observing such ingenious decorum, that in one line they will represent a frantic lover, and in the very next begin with a godly sermon, from which the Christian readers, and even the hearers, receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book must appear without all these advantages; for I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the rest of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetical order, beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one was a back-biter, and the other a painter. My history must likewise be published without poems at the beginning, at least without sonnets written by dukes, marquisses, counts, bishops, ladies, and celebrated

celebrated poets: although, should I make the demand, I know two or three good-natured friends, who would oblige me with such verses as should not be equalled by the most famous poetry in Spain.

"In a word, my good friend," said I, "Signior Don Quixote shall be buried in the archives of La Mancha, until Heaven shall provide some person to adorn him with those decorations he seems to want: for I find myself altogether unequal to the task, through insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too bashful and indolent to go in quest of authors to say what I myself can say as well without their assistance. Hence arose my thoughtfulness and meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard the cause." My friend having listened attentively to my remonstrances, slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand, and, bursting out into a loud laugh, "'Fore God! brother," said he, "I am now undeceived of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our acquaintance; for I always looked upon you as a person of prudence and discretion; but now I see you are as far from that character as Heaven is distant from the earth. What! is it possible that such a trifling inconvenience, so easily remedied, should have power to mortify and perplex a genius like yours, brought up to such maturity, and so well calculated to demolish and surmount much greater difficulties? In good faith this does not proceed from want of ability, but from excessive indolence, that impedes the exercise of reason. If you would be convinced of the truth of what I alledge, give me the hearing, and, in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties shall vanish, and a remedy be prescribed for all those defects which, you say, perplex your understanding, and deter you from ushering to the light your history of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and sole mirror of knight-errantry." Hearing this declaration, I desired he would tell me in what manner he proposed to fill up the vacuity of my apprehension, to diffuse light, and to reduce to order the chaos of my confusion: and he replied, "Your first objection, namely the want of sonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses, from persons of rank and gravity, may be obviated, by your taking the trouble to compose them yourself, and then you may christen them by any name you shall think proper to chuse, fathering them upon Prestor John of the Indies, or the Emperor of Trebisond; who, I am well informed, were very famous poets: and even should this intelligence be untrue, and a few pedants and batchelors of arts should backbite and grumble at your conduct, you need not value them three-farthings; for although they convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it*.

* Alluding to the loss of his hand in the battle of Lepant."

“ With regard to the practice of quoting in the margin such books and authors as have furnished you with sentences and sayings for the embellishment of your history, you have nothing to do, but to season the work with some Latin maxims, which your own memory will suggest, or a little industry in searching easily obtain: for example, in treating of freedom and captivity, you may say, *Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro*; and quote Horace, or whom you please in the margin. If the power of death happens to be your subject; you have at hand, *Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres*. And expatiating upon that love and friendship which God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have recourse to the Holy Scripture, though you should have never so little curiosity, and say, in the very words of God himself, *Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros*. In explaining the nature of malevolence, you may again extract from the Gospel, *De corde exeunt cogitationes male*. And the instability of friends may be aptly illustrated by this distich of Cato, *Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris*. By these, and other such scraps of Latin, you may pass for an able grammarian: a character of no small honour and advantage in these days. And as to the annotations at the end of the book, you may safely furnish them in this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be sure to mention Goliath; and this name alone, which costs you nothing, will afford a great annotation, couched in these words: “ The giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is written in such a chapter of the book of Kings.”

“ If you have a mind to display your erudition and knowledge of cosmography, take an opportunity to introduce the River Tagus, into your history, and this will supply you with another famous annotation, thus expressed: “ the River Tagus, so called from a King of Spain, takes its rise in such a place, and is lost in the sea, after having kissed the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and is said to have golden sands, &c.” If you treat of robbers, I will relate the story of Cacus, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the Bishop of Mondonedá will lend you a Lamai, a Lais, and a Flora; and such a note will greatly rebound to your credit. When you write of cruelty, Ovid will surrender his Medea. When you mention wizards and enchanters, you will find a Calypso in Homer, and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occasion to speak of valiant captains, Julius Cæsar stands ready drawn in his own Commentaries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thousand Alexanders. If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tuscan tongue, you will light upon
Leon

Ledn Hebreo, who will fill up the measure of your desire : and if you do not chuse to travel into foreign countries, you have, at home Fonseca's Treatise on the Love of God, in which all that you, or the most ingenious critic can desire, is fully decyphered, and discussed. In a word, there is nothing more to be done, than to procure a number of these names, and hint at their particular stories in your text ; and to leave me the task of making annotations and quotations, with which I will engage, on pain of death, to fill up all the margins, besides four whole sheets at the end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors, so frequent in other books, and so little used in your performance : the remedy is obvious and easy ; take the trouble to find a book that quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you observed from Alpha to Omega, and transfer them into your book ; and though the absurdity should appear never so glaring, as there is no necessity for using such names, it will signify nothing. Nay, perhaps, some reader will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourself of all those authors, in the simple and sincere history you have composed ; and, if such a large catalogue of writers should answer no other purpose, it may serve at first sight to give some authority to the production : nor will any person take the trouble to examine whether you have or have not followed those originals, because he can reap no benefit from his labour. But, if I am not mistaken, your book needs none of those embellishments, in which you may say it is defective ! for it is one continued satire upon books of chivalry ; a subject which Aristotle never investigated, St. Basil never mentioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and the observations of astrology, fall not within the fabulous relation of our adventures ; to the description of which neither the proportions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments, are of the least importance : nor hath it any connection with preaching, or mingling divine truths with human imagination ; a mixture which no Christian's fancy should conceive. It only seeks to avail itself of imitation ; and the more perfect this is, the more entertaining the book will be. Now as your sole aim in writing is to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the absurdity of those books of chivalry, which have, as it were, fascinated the eyes and judgment of the world, and in particular of the vulgar, you have no occasion to go a-begging maxims from philosophers, exhortations from Holy Writ, fables from poets, speeches from orators, or miracles from saints ; your business is, with plain, significant, well-chosen, and elegant words, to render your periods sonorous, and your stile entertaining ; to give spirit and expression to all your descriptions, and communicate your ideas without obscurity and confusion. You must endeavour to write in such a

manner as to convert melancholy into mirth, increase good humour, entertain the ignorant, excite the admiration of the learned, escape the contempt of gravity, and attract applause from persons of ingenuity and taste. Finally, let your aim be levelled against that ill-founded bulwark of idle books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; which if you can batter down, you will have atchieved no inconsiderable exploit.

I listened to my friend's advice in profound silence, and his remarks made such impression upon my mind that I admitted them without hesitation or dispute, and resolved that they should appear instead of a Preface. Thou wilt therefore, gentle reader, perceive his discretion, and my good luck in finding such a counsellor in such an emergency; nor wilt thou be sorry to receive, thus genuine and undisguised, the History of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha; who in the opinion of all the people that live in the district of Montreil, was the most virtuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that neighbourhood. I shall not pretend to enhance the merit of having introduced thee to such a famous and honourable cavalier; but I expect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in whom I think are united all the squirish graces which we find scattered through the whole tribe of vain books written on the subject of chivalry. So, praying God will give thee health, without forgetting such an humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewell.

THE
L I F E
OF
C E R V A N T E S.

MIGUEL de Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for, if his admirable genius and heroic spirit conduced to the honour of his country, the distress and obscurity which attended his old age, as effectually redounded to her disgrace. Had he lived amidst Gothic darkness and barbarity, where no records were used, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition, a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man so remarkably admired even in his own time. But, one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the personal concerns of this excellent author. No inquiry hath, as yet, been able to ascertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himself a gentleman by birth, no house has hitherto laid claim to such an illustrious descendant.

One * author says he was born at Esquivias; but, offers no argument in support of his assertion: and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himself bestows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of Renowned, in his preface to *Persiles and Sigismunda*. Others affirm he first drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails: and a † third set take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, because there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra; and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, seen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevilian. These, indeed, are presumptions that deserve some regard, though, far from implying certain information, they scarce even amount to probable conjecture: nay, these very circumstances seem to disprove the supposition; for, had he been actually descended from those families, they would, in all likelihood, have preserved some memorials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in speak-

* Thomas Tamayo de Vargas.

† Don Nicholas Antonio.

ing of his fellow-citizen. All these pretensions are now generally set aside in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expression * in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconclusive.

In the midst of such undecided contention, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would suppose that there was something mysterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domestic reasons for maintaining the like reserve. Without admitting some such motive, we can hardly account for his silence on a subject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that self-respect which he so honestly displays in the course of his writings. Unless we conclude that he was instigated to renounce all connexion with his kindred and allies, by some contemptuous slight, mortifying repulse, or real injury he had sustained; a supposition which, I own, is not at all improbable, considering the jealous sensibility of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of resentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unrestrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549: and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have possessed a valuable stock of acquired knowledge: we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin classics, well read in the history of nations, versed in the philosophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the schools, tinctured with astrology and geography, conversant with the best Italian authors; and perfectly master of his own Castilian language. His genius, which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the severer studies, directed his attention to the productions of taste and polite literature, which, while they amused his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to set proper bounds to the excursions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent observations in his commerce with mankind: the peculiarities of character could not escape his penetration; whatever he saw became familiar to his judgment and understanding; and every scene he exhibits, is a just and well drawn characteristic picture of human life.

* He describes his departure from Madrid in these words: "Out of my country and myself I go!"

How

How he exercised these talents in his youth, and in what manner the first years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, because history and tradition are altogether silent on the subject; unless we admit the authority of one * author, who says, he was secretary to the duke of Alva, without alledging any one fact or argument in support of his assertion. Had he actually enjoyed a post of such importance, we should not, in all probability, have wanted materials to supply this charm in his life; nor should we find him afterwards in the station of a common soldier.

Others imagine that he served as a volunteer in Flanders, where he was raised to the rank of ensign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the supposition that the history of the Captive, related in the first part of Don Quixote, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But, this notion is rejected by those who consider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himself with the humble appellation of soldier, which, in speaking of himself, he constantly assumes, had he ever appeared in any superior station of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the transactions of his life but what he himself is pleased to give through the course of his writings; and from this we learn that he was chamberlain to cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profession of a soldier for some years, in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colona †, who was, by pope Pius V. appointed general of the ecclesiastical forces employed against the Turk, and received the consecrated standard from the hands of his holiness, in the church of St. Peter.

Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the christian fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author lost his left hand by the shot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded so much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occasions: and, indeed, it is very natural to suppose his imagination would dwell upon such an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wish he had told us what recompence he received for his services, and what consolation he enjoyed for the loss of his limb, which must have effectually disqualified him for the office of a common soldier, and reduced him to the necessity of exercising some other employment.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the service of cardinal Aquaviva, to whose protection he was entitled by his gallantry and misfortune; and now, in all likelihood, he had

* Nicholas Antonio, Biblioth. Hisp.

† His dedication of Galatea.

leisure and opportunity to prosecute his favourite studies, to cultivate the muse, and render himself conspicuous by the productions of his genius, which was known and admired by several authors of distinction even before his captivity; for, Louis Galvez de Montalvo, in his poem prefixed to *Galatea*, says, the world lamented his misfortune in tears, and the muse expressed a widow's grief at his absence. I will even venture to suppose, that, in this interval, his situation was such as enabled him to raise an independent fortune; for, we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in *Barbary*, with such liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumstances; and, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, which was published in his old age, *Apollo* upbraids him with want of œconomy, and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the sequel he squandered away.

I make no doubt but this was the most fortunate period of *Saavedra's* life, during which he reformed and improved the Spanish theatre, and ushered into the world a number of dramatic performances which were acted with universal applause. He * tells us that he had seen plays acted by the great *Lope de Rueda*, who was a native of *Seville*, and originally a gold-beater: when this genius first appeared, the Spanish drama was in its infancy: one large sack or bag contained all the furniture and dress of the theatre, consisting of four sheep-skin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and periwigs, and the same number of pastoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue between two or three swains and a shepherdess, seasoned with comic interludes, or rather low buffoonery, exhibited in the characters of a black-a-moor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biscayan. The stage itself was composed of a few boards, raised about three feet from the ground, upon four benches or forms. There was no other scenery than a blanket or horse-cloth stretched across, behind which the musicians sung old ballads unaccompanied by any sort of instrument. *Lope de Rueda* not only composed theatrical pieces, but also acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was succeeded by *Naharro*, a *Toledan*, who improved and augmented the decorations, brought the music from behind the blanket and placed it forwards to the audience, deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed, invented machines, clouds, thunder and lightening, and introduced challenges and combats with incredible success: but, still the drama was rude, unpolished,

* In the preface to his plays.

and irregular; and the fable, though divided into five acts, was almost altogether destitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated state of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raised the Spanish theatre to dignity and esteem, by enriching his dramatic productions with moral sentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry, and the beauties of imagination. He published thirty pieces, which were represented at Madrid with universal applause; so that he may be justly deemed the patriarch of the Spanish drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lope de Vega himself, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the stage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corsair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was sold to a Moor, and remained a slave for the space of five years and an half; during which he exhibited repeated proofs of the most enterprising genius and heroic generosity. Though we know not on what occasion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himself gives us to understand, in the story of the Captive, that he resided at Algiers in the reign of Hassan Aga, a ruffian renegado, whose cruelty he describes in these terms: "He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus out of meer wantonness of barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him, was one Saavedra, a Spanish soldier, who, though he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chastised, nor even chid him with one hasty word; and yet, the least of all his pranks was sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake; nay, he himself was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount some of that soldier's actions, which, perhaps, might entertain and surprize you more than the relation of my own story."

Thus, Cervantes ascertains the time of his own slavery, delineates, with great exactness, the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in history as a monster of cruelty and avarice; and proves to demonstration, that his own story was quite different from that which the Captive related of himself. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly surprizing; and though we cannot favour the public with a substantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn such particulars
of

of his conduct, as cannot fail to reflect an additional lustre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a respectable historian *, who was his fellow slave and an eye witness of the transaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprizing Spanish cavalier, who, though he never wanted money, could not obtain his release without paying an exorbitant ransom, contrived a scheme for setting himself free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumstances of thralldom under different patrons. His first step was to redeem one Viana, a bold Majorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he sent letters to the governor of that island, desiring, in the name of himself and the other gentlemen captives, that he would send over a brigantine, under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coast, where he should find them ready to embark. In consequence of this agreement, they withdrew themselves from their respective masters, and privately repaired to a garden near the sea-side, belonging to a renegade Greek, whose name was Al-Caid Hassan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully screened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a Christian captive. Viana punctually performed his promise, and returned in a vessel, with which he was supplied by the governor of Mayorta; but, some Moors chancing to pass, just as he anchored at the appointed place, the coast was instantly alarmed, and he found himself obliged to relinquish the enterprize. Meanwhile, the captives, being ignorant of this accident, remained in the cavern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes, for the space of seven months, during which the necessaries of life were brought to them by a Spanish slave, known by the appellation of El Dorador, or The Gilder. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their constitutions to be affected by the dampness of the place, and the grief of their disappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exercise of his reason, good humour and humanity; till, at last, their purveyor turned traitor, and, allured by the hope of receiving a considerable reward, discovered the whole affair to Hassan Basha. This tyrant, transported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Basha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they seized those unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener,

* F. Diego de Haedo.

and forthwith carried the whole number to the public Bagno, except Cervantes, touching whose person they had received particular directions from Hassan, who knew his character, and had been long desirous of possessing such a notable slave. At present, however, his intention was to persuade Don Miguel to accuse Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the scheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the frier, by way of composition, the greatest part of the money which had been collected for the ransom of Christian slaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra, with artful promises, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations; into the confession or impeachment, on which he wanted to lay hold: but, that generous Spaniard, with a resolution peculiar to himself, rejected all his offers, and despising the terrors of his menaces, persisted in affirming that he had no associate in the plan of their escape, which was purely the result of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials that lasted for several days, he restored him and his companions to their respective patrons, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Al-Caid Hassan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended, who, probably with a view to manifest his own innocence, strenuously exhorted the Basha to inflict the most exemplary punishment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes had so often signalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Hassan resolved to make him his own, and purchased him from his master for five hundred ducats: then he was heard to say, "While I hold that maimed Spaniard in safe custody, my vessels, slaves, and even my whole city are secure." For, he had not only concerted a number of schemes for the deliverance of his fellow-captives, but his designs had even aspired to the conquest of Algiers, and he was at four different times on the point of being impaled, hooked, or burned alive. Any single attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence, under the mildest government that ever subsisted among the Moors; but, there was something in the character or personal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded respect from barbarity itself; for, we find that Hassan Basha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the intercession of a trinitarian father, for a thousand ducats*.

From

* To this adventure he, doubtless, alludes, in the story of the Captive; who says, that when he and his fellow slaves were deliberating about ransom-
No. 36. b ing

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of a poor mutilated soldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel de Cervantes, and represented as a cavalier whose affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his disposition. We must therefore take it for granted that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he surely would not have fought as a private soldier, could he have commanded either money or interest to procure a more conspicuous station in the service. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country, and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modesty be less the object of our admiration, if we consider that he has, upon this occasion, neglected the fairest opportunity a man could possibly enjoy, of displaying his own character to the greatest advantage, and indulging that self-complacency which is so natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country, with those principles by which he had been distinguished in his exile, and an heart entended and exercised in sympathizing with his fellow creatures in distress; we may suppose he could not advert to the lessons of œconomy, which a warm imagination seldom or never retains; but, that his heart glowed with all the enthusiasm of friendship, and that his bounty extended to every object of compassion which fell within his view.

Notwithstanding all the shafts of ridicule which he hath so successfully levelled against the absurdities of the Spanish romance, we can plainly perceive, from his own writings, that he himself had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroic, and all his actions, were, without doubt, influenced by the most romantic notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of these characters, than we meet with upon record in any other nation; and whether such singularity be the effect of natural or moral causes, or of both combined, I shall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this disposition is not confined to any par-

ing one of their number, who should go to Valencia or Mayorca, and procure a vessel with which he might return and fetch off the rest, the renegado, who was of their council, opposed the scheme, observing, that those who are once delivered seldom think of performing the promises they have made in captivity: as a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a case which had lately happened to some Christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest circumstances ever known, even in those parts, where the most uncommon and surprizing events occur almost every day.

ticular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in these degenerate days, we sometimes find individuals whom nature seems to have intended for members of those ideal societies which never did, and perhaps never can exist but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters described by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots sacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but, with all the rapture and impetuosity of a passionate admirer.

If we consider Cervantes as a man inspired by such sentiments, and actuated by such motives; and at the same time, from his known sensibility and natural complexion, suppose him to have been addicted to pleasure and the amusements of gallantry; we cannot be surprised to find his finances in a little time exhausted, and the face of his affairs totally reversed. It was probably in the decline of his fortune, that he resolved to re-appear in the character of an author, and stand candidate for the public favour, which would be a certain resource in the day of trouble: he, therefore, composed his *Galatea* in six books, which was published in the year 1584, dedicated to Ascanio Colonna, at that time abbot of St. Sophia; and afterwards cardinal of the holy cross of Jerusalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderness of passion, the delicacy of sentiment, the power and purity of diction, displayed in this performance, are celebrated by Don Louis de Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory sonnet, which is a very elegant and honourable testimony of our author's success. Nevertheless, the production has been censured for the irregularity of its stile, the incorrectness of its versification, and the multiplicity of its incidents, which encumber and perplex the principal narration; and, over and above these objections, the design is not brought to a conclusion, so that the plan appears meagre and defective. He himself pleads guilty to some part of the charge, in the sentence pronounced by the curate in the first part of *Don Quixote*, who when the barber takes up the *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes; "That same Cervantes, says he, has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and is, to my certain knowledge, more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part which he promises, and then, perhaps, his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied."

Whether the success of *Galatea* encouraged our author to oblige the world with some of those theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the first regular productions of

the Spanish drama, or the whole number of these was written and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all probability, his first essays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the battle of Lepanto and the commencement of his slavery, and the rest published after his redemption.

Unless we suppose him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his subsistence, we must pass over two and twenty years, which afford us no particular information touching the life of *Salvedra*; though, in that period, he married *Donna Catalina de Salazar*, dissipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of those he had befriended in his prosperity, and, after having sustained a series of mortifications and distress, was committed to prison in consequence of the debts he had contracted.

In this dismal situation, he composed that performance which is the delight and admiration of all Europe; I mean, the first part of *Don Quixote*, which he wrote with a view to ridicule and discredit those absurd romances, filled with the most nauseous improbability, and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the taste of mankind, and were indeed a disgrace to common sense and reason. Not that Cervantes had any intention to combat the spirit of knight-errantry, so prevalent among the Spaniards; on the contrary, I am persuaded he would have been the first man in the nation, to stand up for the honour and defence of chivalry, which when restrained within due bounds, was an excellent institution, that inspired the most heroic sentiments of courage and patriotism, and on many occasions conduced to the peace and safety of the commonwealth. In the character of *Don Quixote*, he exhibits a good understanding, perverted by reading romantic stories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His intellects are not supposed to have been damaged by the perusal of authentic histories, which recount the exploits of knights and heroes who really existed; but, his madness seems to have flowed from his credulity and a certain wildness of imagination which was captivated by the marvelous representation of dwarfs, giants, necromancers, and other preternatural extravagance. From these legends he formed his whole plan of conduct; and though nothing can be more ridiculous than the terms upon which he is described to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the regulations of society had rendered the profession unnecessary, and indeed illegal; the criterion of his frenzy consists in that strange faculty of mistaking and confounding the most familiar objects with the fantastical illusions which those romances had engendered in his fancy. So that

that our author did not enter the lists against the memory of the real substantial chivalry, which he held in veneration; but, with design to expel an hideous phantom that possessed the brains of the people, waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.

The success of this undertaking must have exceeded his most sanguine hopes. Don Quixote no sooner made his appearance, than the old romances vanished like mist before the sun: The ridicule was so striking, that even the warmest admirers of Amadis and his posterity seemed to wake from a dream, and reflected with amazement upon their former infatuation. Every dispassionate reader was charmed with the humorous characters of the knight and squire, who straight became the favourites of his fancy; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining incidents; and considered the author's good sense and purity of style with admiration and applause.

He informs us, by the mouth of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that even before the publication of the second part, twelve thousand copies of the first were already in print, besides a new impression then working off at Antwerp: "The very children, says he, handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud the performance. It is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it: in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for, in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic."

Nor was this applause confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The fame of Don Quixote diffused itself through all the civilized countries of Europe; and the work was so much admired in France, that some gentlemen who attended the French ambassador to Madrid, in a conversation with the licentiate Marques Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, expressed their surprize that Cervantes was not maintained from the public treasury, as the honour and pride of the Spanish nation. Nay, this work, which was first published at Madrid in the year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itself: Philip III. standing in a balcony of his palace and surveying the adjacent country, perceived a student on the bank of the Manzanares, reading a book, and every now and then striking his forehead and bursting out into loud fits of laughter. His majesty having observed his emotions for some time; "That student," said he, "is either mad, or reading Don Quixote." Some of the courtiers in attendance had the curiosity to go out and inquire,

inquire, and actually found the scholar engaged in the adventures of our Manchegan.

As the book was dedicated to the duke de Bejar, we may naturally suppose that nobleman, either by his purse or interest, obtained the author's discharge from prison; for, he congratulates himself upon the protection of such a patron, in certain verses prefixed to the book, and supposed to be written by Urganda the unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the count de Lemos, who seems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor; and even enjoyed a small share of the countenance of the cardinal archbishop of Toledo: so that we cannot, with any probability espouse the opinion of those who believe his *Don Quixote* was intended as a satire upon the administration of that nobleman. Nor is there the least plausible reason for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct of Charles V. whose name he never mentions without expressions of the utmost reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indigence was a more severe satire than any thing he could have invented against the ministry of Philip III. for, though their protection kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no man of taste and humanity can reflect upon his character and circumstances, without being shocked at the barbarous indifference of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taste, but the scanty alms of compassion: he was not respected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar.

One would hardly imagine that an author could languish in the shade of poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations, and even sovereigns were found in the number of his admirers: but, Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whose disposition was sordid, and whose talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation: so that his head was altogether untinctured with science, and his heart an utter stranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the least encouragement from his ministry, which was ever weak and wavering. The duke de Lerma seems to have been a proud, irresolute, shallow-brained politician, whose whole attention was employed in preserving the good graces of his master; though, notwithstanding all his efforts, he still fluctuated between favour and disgrace, and at last was fain to shelter himself under the hat of a cardinal. As for the count de Lemos, who had some share in the administration, he affected to patronize men of genius, though he had hardly penetration enough to distinguish merit; and the
little

little taste he possessed, was so much warped by vanity and self conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendship but the road of adulation and panegyric : we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty was so sparingly bestowed upon Cervantes, whose conscious worth and spirit would not suffer him to practise such servility of prostration.

Rather than stoop so far beneath the dignity of his own character, he resolved to endure the severest stings of fortune, and, for a series of years, wrestled with unconceivable vexation and distress. Even in this low situation, he was not exempted from the ill offices of those who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and censured his morals; they construed Don Quixote into an impertinent libel, and endeavoured to depreciate his exemplary novels, which were published at Madrid, in the year 1613. This performance is such as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the best judges of his time. Indeed, it must have been a great consolation to him, in the midst of his misfortunes, to see himself celebrated by the choicest wits of Spain; and, among the rest, by the renowned Lope de Vega, prince of the Spanish theatre, who, both during the life, and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the most respectful terms of * admiration.

But, of all the insults to which he was exposed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him so much as the outrage he sustained, from the insolence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the second part of Don Quixote for the press, in the year 1614, published a performance, intituled, The second Volume of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, containing his third sally. Composed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas; dedicated to the alcade, regidors, and gentlemen of the noble town of Argamesilla, the happy country of Don Quixote de la Mancha. This impostor, not contented with having robbed Cervantes of his plan, and, as some people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him personally, in his preface, in the most virulent manner; accusing him of envy, malice, peevishness, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abused his cotemporary writers, particularly Lope de Vega, under the shade of whose reputation this spurious writer takes shelter, pretending to have been lashed, together with that great genius, in some of our author's critical reflexions.

In spite of the disguise he assumed, Cervantes discovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to transmit to posterity; and, his silence in this particular, was the result either of discretion, or contempt. If he was a person of consequence, as some people suppose, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; because, under the shadow of that pretence, he could the more securely chastise him for his dulness, scurrility, and presumption: but, if he knew him to be a man of no character or estimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his resentment; for, his production was such as could not possibly prejudice our author's interest or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety: the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho are flattened into the most insipid absurdity; the adventures are unentertaining and improbable; and the stile barbarous, swoln, and pedantic.

Howsoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent anticipation, I am persuaded, from the consideration of his magnanimity, that he would have looked upon the attempt with silent disdain, had the fictitious Avelaneda abstained from personal abuse; but finding himself so injuriously upbraided with crimes which his soul abhorred, he gave a loose to his indignation and ridicule, which appear through the preface and second part of Don Quixote, in a variety of animadversions equally witty and severe. Indeed, the genuine continuation, which was published in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other person could complete the plan of the original projector. It was received with universal joy and approbation; and, in a very little time translated into the languages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, though the knight appeared to disadvantage, he was treated as a noble stranger of superlative merit and distinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes ushered into the world a poem, called, *A Voyage to Parnassus*, dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, knight of St. Jago. This performance is an ironical satire on the Spanish poets of his time, written in imitation of Cæsar Caporali, who lashed his cotemporaries of Italy under the same title: though Saavedra seems to have had also another scope; namely, to complain of the little regard that was paid to his own age and talents. Those who will not allow this piece to be an excellent poem, cannot help owning that it abounds with wit and manly satire; and that nothing could be a more keen re-
proach

proach upon the taste and patronage of the times, than the dialogue that passes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having made a bold, yet just recapitulation of his own success in writing, he pathetically complains, that he was denied a seat among his brethren; and takes occasion to observe, that rewards were not bestowed according to merit, but in consequence of interest and favour.

He has, upon other occasions, made severe remarks upon the scarcity of patrons among the nobility of Spain, and even aimed the shafts of his satire at the throne itself. In his dedication of the second part of *Don Quixote*, to the count de Lemos, he proceeds in this ironical strain: "But, no person expresses a greater desire of seeing my *Don Quixote*, than the mighty emperor of China, who, about a month ago sent me a letter by an express, desiring, or rather beseeching, me to supply him with a copy of that performance, as he intended to build and endow a college for teaching the Spanish language from my book, and was resolved to make me rector or principal teacher." I asked if his majesty had sent me any thing towards defraying the charges; and, when he answered in the negative, "Why then, friend, said I, you may return to China as soon as you please; for my own part, I am not in a state of health to undertake such a long journey; besides, I am not only weak in body, but still weaker in purse, and so I am the emperor's most humble servant. In short, emperor for emperor, and monarch for monarch, to take one with the other, and set the hare's head against the goose giblets, there is the noble count de Lemos, at Naples, who, without any rectorships, supports, protects, and favours me to my heart's content."

This facetious paragraph certainly alludes to some unsubstantial promise he had received from the court. At the same time, I cannot help observing, that his gratitude and acknowledgement to the count de Lemos, seem to have greatly exceeded the obligation; for, at this very time, while he is extolling his generosity, he gives us to understand that his circumstances were extremely indigent.

At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increased to such a degree of distress, that he was fain to sell eight plays, and as many interludes, to Juan Villaroel, because he had neither means nor credit for printing them at his own expence. These theatrical pieces, which were published at Madrid in the year 1615, though counted inferior to many productions of Lope de Vega, have, nevertheless, merit enough to persuade the discerning reader that

they would have succeeded in the representation; but, he was no favourite with the players, who have always arrogated to themselves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the productions of the drama; and, as they forbore to offer, he disdained to solicit their acceptance. The truth is, he considered actors as the servants of the public, who, though intitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean themselves with modesty and respect for their benefactors; and he had often professed himself an enemy to the self-sufficiency, insolence, and outrageous behaviour of the king's company, some of whom had been guilty of the most flagrant crimes, and even committed murder with impunity.

It is sometimes in the power of the most inconsiderable wretch to mortify a character of the highest dignity. Cervantes, notwithstanding his contempt of such petty critics, could not help feeling the petulance of a puny player, who presumed to depreciate the talents of this venerable father of the stage. "Some years * ago, says he, I had recourse again to my old amusement, and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a few pieces for the stage; but, found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller told me he would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said that from my prose much might be expected; but, nothing from my verse. I confess, I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself, Either I am quite altered or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present. I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player, to the clearer perception of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious.—Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price: I took his money, without giving myself any further trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world, or, at least, possessed of some merit. Gentle

* In his preface to his plays,

reader,

reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find any thing to thy liking, and afterwards shouldst happen to meet with my back-biting actor, desire him, from me, to take care and mend himself; for, I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities."

The source of this indifference towards Cervantes, we can easily explain, by observing that Lope de Vega had, by this time, engrossed the theatre, and the favour of the public, to such a degree as ensured success to all his performances; so that the players would not run any risque of miscarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to support his theatrical pieces by dint of interest and cabal. Far from being able to raise factions in his favour, he could hardly subsist in the most parsimonious manner, and in all probability would have actually starved, had not the charity of the count de Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The last work he finished was a novel, intituled, *The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda*, which, however, he did not live to see in print. This child of his old age he mentions * in the warmest terms of paternal affection, preferring it to all the rest of his productions; a compliment which every author pays to the youngest offspring of his genius; for, whatever sentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and understanding; and that in refusing the pre-eminence to his last effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We must not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes bestows upon his last performance to this fond partiality alone; because the book has indubitable merit, and, as he himself says, may presume to vie with the celebrated romance of *Heliodorus* † in elegance of diction, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of invention. Before this novel saw the light, our author was seized with a dropsy, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good humour which he appears to have maintained to the last moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with misery, old age, and incurable distemper. The preface and dedication of his *Persiles and Sigismunda*, contain a journal

* Preface to his novels. Dedication of the last part of *Don Quixote*.

† *The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea*.

of his last stage, by which we are enabled to guess at the precise time of his decease. "Loving reader, said he, as two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Esquivias—famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for its illustrious families, and, secondly, for its more illustrious wines, &c. I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger, who, riding up to us upon a she ass, appeared to be a grey student; for, he was cloathed in grey, with country buskins, such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest time, round toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three thread breeds; for, the truth is, he had but two; and, as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. "Gentlemen, said he, you are going, belike, to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king, at least, by your making such haste. In good faith, I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable amble." To this address one of my companions replied, "We were obliged to set on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to signior Miguel de Cervantes." Scarce had the student heard my name, when, springing from the back of his ass, while his pannel fell one way, and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and, taking hold of my stirrup, "Aye, aye, cried he, this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muses!" In order to make some return to these high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so as that he lost his band by the eagerness of my embraces, and told him he was mistaken, like many of my well-wishers. "I am, indeed, Cervantes, said I, but not the darling of the muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have bestowed: be pleased, therefore, good signior, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends the rest of the way." The courteous student took my advice, and as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. "Therefore, Signior Cervantes, added the student, you must totally abstain

stain from drink, but, do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without physic." "I have received the same advice from other people, answered I, but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulse, which, I find, will have finished its course by next Sunday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of shewing how much I am obliged to you for your good will." By this time we had reached the Toledo bridge, where finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill disposed on my horse, as he was ill mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humorous description of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; for, I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish."

After this adventure, which he so pleasantly relates, nay even in his last moments, he dictated a most affectionate dedication to his patron, the count de Lemos, who was at that time president of the supreme council in Italy. He begins facetiously with a quotation from an old ballad, then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unction, and was on the brink of eternity; yet he wished he could live to see the count's return, and even to finish the Weeks of the Garden, and the second part of *Galatea*, in which he had made some progress.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617, and in all probability the author died the very next day, as the ceremony of the unction is never performed until the patient is supposed to be in extremity: certain it is he did not long survive this period; for, in September, a licence was granted to Donna Catalina de Salazar, widow of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, to print the Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda, a northern history, which was accordingly published at Madrid, and afterwards translated into Italian.

Thus have I collected and related all the material circumstances mentioned by history or tradition, concerning the life of Cervantes, which I shall conclude with the portrait of his person, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his novels. His visage was sharp and aquiline, his hair of a chesnut colour, his forehead smooth and high, his nose hookish or hawkish, his eye brisk and chearful, his mouth

mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper lip furnished with large mustachios, his complexion fair, his stature of the middling size: and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the shoulders, and not very light of foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether considered as a writer or a man, will be found worthy of universal approbation and esteem; as we cannot help applauding that fortitude and courage which no difficulty could disturb, and no danger dismay; while we admire that delightful stream of humour and invention, which flowed so plenteous and so pure, surmounting all the mounds of malice and adversity.

THE
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Quality and Amusements of the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha.

IN a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I do not chuse to remember, there lately lived one of those country gentlemen who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and a worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse, to course with a sort of a starved greyhound.

Three-fourths of his income were scarce sufficient to afford a dish of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore no proportion to the beef*, for dinner; a plate of salmagundy commonly at supper†; gripes and grumblings‡ on Saturdays; lentils on Fridays,

* Mutton in Spain is counted greatly preferable to beef.

† *Salpicon*, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef sliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar, and pepper.

‡ Gripes and grumblings, in Spanish *duelos y quebrantos*: the true meaning of which the former translators have been at great pains to investigate, as the importance of the subject (no doubt) required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing else than conjectures, which, for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interpreter

days, and the addition of a pigeon, or some such thing, on the Lord's day. The remaining part of his revenue was consumed in the purchase of a fine black suit, with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same, for holidays; and a coat of homespun which he wore in honour of his country during the rest of the week.

He maintained a female house-keeper, turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a trusty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to saddle the horse or handle the hoe*.

Our Squire, who bordered upon fifty, was of a tough constitution, extremely meagre and hard featured, an early riser, and in point of exercise another Nimrod†. He is said to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Quesada (for in this particular the authors who mention that circumstance disagree); though from the most probable conjecture, we may conclude that he was called by the significant name of Quixada‡: but this is of small importance to the history, in the course of which it will be sufficient if we swerve not a tittle from the truth.

Be it known, therefore, that this said honest gentleman, at his leisure hours, which engrossed the greatest part of the year, addicted himself to the reading books of chivalry, which he perused with such rapture and application, that he not only forgot the pleasures of the chace, but also utterly neglected the management of his estate; nay, to such a pass did his curiosity and madness in this particular drive him, that he sold many good

terprets the phrase into collops and eggs; 'Being, saith he 'a very sorry dish.' In this decision, however, he is contradicted by another commentator; who affirms, 'It is a mess too good to mortify with all: neither can this virtuoso agree with a late editor, who translates the passage in question into an amlet; but takes occasion to fall out with Boyer for his description of that dish, which he most sagaciously understands to be a 'bacon froize,' or rather fryze, from its being fried, from *frit* in French; and concludes with this judicious query; 'After all these learned disquisitions, who knows but the author means a dish of nichils?' If this was his meaning, indeed, surely we may venture to conclude that fasting was very expensive in La Mancha; for the author mentions the *ducha y quebrantos* among those articles that consumed three-fourths of the knight's income.

Having considered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deserves, we, in our turn, present the reader with cucumbers, greens, or pease-porridge, as the fruit of our industrious researches, being thereunto determined by the literal signification of the text, which is not 'grumblings and growlings,' as the last-mentioned ingenious annotator seems to think, but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at such eatables as generate and expel wind: qualities (as every body knows) eminently inherent in those vegetables we have mentioned as our hero's Saturday's repast.

Podadera literally signifies a pruning hook.

† In the original a lover of hunting.

‡ *Quixada* signifies jaws, of which our knight had an extraordinary provision.

acres of Terra Firma, to purchase books of knight-errantry, with which he furnished his library to the utmost of his power; but none of them pleased him so much as those that were written by the famous Feliciano De Silva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his prose, and the beautiful perplexity of his expression. How was he transported, when he read those amorous complaints, and doughty challenges, that so often occur in his works!

‘The reason of the unreasonable usage my reason has met with, so unreasons my reason, that I have reason to complain of your beauty!’ And how did he enjoy the following flower of composition! ‘The high heaven of your divinity, which with stars divinely fortifies your beauty, and renders you meritorious of that merit which by your highness is merited.’

The poor gentleman lost his senses in poring over and attempting to discover the meaning of these and other such rhapsodies, which Aristotle himself would not be able to unravel, were he to rise from the dead for that purpose only. He could not comprehend the probability of those direful wounds, given and received by Don Bellianis; whose face and whole carcase must have remained quite covered with marks and scars, even allowing him to have been cured by the most expert surgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithstanding, bestowed great commendations on the author, who concludes his book with the promise of finishing that interminable adventure! and was more than once inclined to seize the quill, with a view of performing what was left undone: nay, he would have actually accomplished the affair, and published it accordingly, had not reflections of greater moment employed his imagination, and diverted him from the execution of that design.

Divers and obstinate were the disputes he maintained against the parson of the parish (a man of some learning, who had taken his degrees at Siguenza *), on that puzzling question whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis De Gaul, was the most illustrious knight-errant. But master Nicholas, who acted as a barber to the village, affirmed that none of them equalled the Knight of the Sun, or indeed could be compared to him in any degree, except Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for his disposition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither such a precise nor such a puling coxcomb as his brother, and in point of valour his equal at least.

* Siguenza, a town situated on the banks of Henares in New Castile, in which there is a small university.

So eager and entangled was our *hidalgo** in this kind of history, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till at last the moisture of his brain being quite exhausted with indefatigable watching and study, he fairly lost his wits. All that he had read of quarrels, enchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full possession of his fancy; and he believed all those romantic exploits so implicitly, that, in his own opinion, the Holy Scripture was not more true. He observed that Cid Rudias was an excellent knight, but not equal to the lord of the flaming sword, who with one back-stroke had cut two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. He had still a better opinion of Bernardo Del Carpio; who, at the battle of Roncevalles, put the enchanted Orlando to death †, by the same means that Hercules used when he strangled the earth-born Anteus. Neither was he silent in the praise of Morgante; who, though of that gigantic race which is noted for insolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well-bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalban, whom he hugely admired for his prowess in sallying from his castle to rob travellers; and, above all things, for his dexterity in stealing that idol of the impostor Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor Galalon ‡, he would willingly have given his housekeeper, body, and soul; nay, and his niece into the bargain. In short, his understanding being quite perverted, he was seized with the strangest whim that ever entered the brain of a madman: this was no other than a full persuasion that it was highly expedient and necessary, not only for his own honour, but also for the good of the public, that he should profess knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms to seek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of these itinerant heroes whose exploits he had read; redressing all manner of grievances, and courting all occasions of exposing himself to such dangers as in the event would entitle him to everlasting renown. This poor lunatic looked upon himself already as good as seated, by his own single valour, on the throne of Trebisond;

* *Hidalgo* has much the same application in Spain as squire in England: though it literally signifies the son of something, in contradiction to those who are the sons of nothing.

† Orlando, the supposed nephew of Charlemagne, and poetical hero of Boiardo and Ariosto, is said to have been invulnerable in all parts of his body, except the soles of his feet, which he therefore took care to secure with double plates of armour.

‡ Galalon is said to have betrayed Charlemagne's army at Roncevalles, where it was roughly handled by the Moors, in his retreat from Spain.

and,

and, intoxicated with these agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, resolved to put his design in practice forthwith.

In the first place he cleaned up an old suit of armour, which had belonged to some of his ancestors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for several ages, quite covered over with mouldiness and rust; but having scoured and put it to rights as well as he could, he perceived that instead of a complete helmet, there was only a simple head-piece without a beaver. This unlucky defect, however, his industry supplied by a vizor, which he made of pasteboard, and fixed so artificially to the morion, that it looked like an entire helmet. True it is that, in order to try if it was strong enough to risk his jaws in, he unsheathed his sword, and bestowed upon it two hearty strokes, the first of which in a twinkling undid his whole week's labour. He did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and therefore, to secure himself from any such danger in future, went to work anew. He faced it with a plate of iron, in such a manner as that he remained satisfied of its strength without putting it to a second trial, and looked upon it as the most finished piece of armour.

He next visited his horse, which (though he had more corners than a rial *, being as lean as Gonela's, that *tantum pellis et ossa fuit*) nevertheless, in his eye appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babieca. Four days he consumed in inventing a name for this remarkable steed; suggesting to himself what an impropriety it would be if an horse of his qualities, belonging to such a renowned knight, should go without some sounding and significant appellation: he therefore resolved to accommodate him with one that should not only declare his past, but also his present capacity; for he thought it but reasonable, that since his master had altered his condition, he should change his horse's name, and invest him with some sublime and sonorous epithet, suitable to the new order and employment he professed. Accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved, a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante †, an appellation in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and expressive, not only of his former, but likewise of his present situation, which entitled him to the preference over all other horses under the sun. Having thus denominated his horse, so much to his own satisfaction, he was

* This is a joke upon the knight's steed, which was so meagre that his bones stuck out like out the corners of a Spanish rial, a coin of very irregular shape, not unlike the figure in geometry, called a trapezium.

† Rozinante implies that which was formerly an ordinary horse, though the *ante* seems to have been intended by the knight as a badge of distinction, by which he was ranked before all other horses.

desirous of doing himself the like justice; and, after eight days study, actually assumed the title of Don Quixote: from whence, as hath been observed, the authors of this authentic history concluded that his former name must have been Quixhada, and not Queseda, as others are pleased to affirm. But recollecting that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with that simple appellation, added to it that of his country, and, in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himself Amadis de Gaul, he resolved, like a worthy knight, to follow such an illustrious example, and assume the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expressed his generation, and at the same time reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly, his armour being scoured, his beaver fitted to his head-piece, his steed accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with these additions, he reflected that nothing else was wanting but a lady to inspire him with love; for a knight-errant without a mistress, would be like a tree destitute of leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul. 'If,' said he, 'for my sins, or rather for my honour, I should engage with some giant, an adventure common in knight-errantry, and overthrow him in the field, by cleaving him in twain, or in short disarm and subdue him, will it not be highly proper that I should have a mistress, to whom I may send my conquered foe; who, coming into the presence of the charming fair, will fall upon his knees, and say, in an humble and submissive tone, 'Incomparable Princess, I am the giant Carculiambro, lord of the island Malindrapia, who being vanquished in a single combat by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, am commanded by him to present myself before your beauty, that I may be disposed of according to the pleasure of your highness!' How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy when he had uttered this address; and still more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection! This, they say, was a hale buxom, country wench, called Aldonza Lorenzo, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love; though, by all accounts, she never knew nor gave herself the least concern about the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all respects, to be the queen of his inclinations; and putting his invention again to the rack for a name that should bear some affinity with her own, and at the same time become a princess, or a lady of quality; he determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that place; a name, in his opinion, musical, romantic, and expressive, like the rest which he had appropriated to himself and his concerns.

CHAPTER II.

Of the sage Don Quixote's first Sally from his own Habitation.

THESE preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of executing his design; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occasioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redressed, wrongs to be rectified, errors to be amended, abuses to be reformed, and doubts to be removed. He, therefore, without communicating his intentions to anybody, or being seen by a living soul, one morning before day, in the scorching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, seized his lance, and through the back-door of his yard sallied into the fields in a rapture of joy, occasioned by this easy and successful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but scarce was he clear of the village, when he was assaulted by such a terrible objection as had well-nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprise directly: for he recollected that he had never been knighted; and, therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could or ought to enter the lists with any antagonists of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of distinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device on his shield, until such time as his valour should entitle him to that honour*.

These cogitations made him waver a little in his plan; but his madness prevailing over every other consideration, suggested that he might be dubbed by the first person he should meet, after the example of many others who had fallen upon the same expedient; as he had read in those mischievous books which had disordered his imagination†. With respect to the white armour, he proposed, with the first opportunity, to scower his own, until it should be fairer than ermine; and having satisfied his conscience in this manner, he pursued his design, without following any other road than that which his horse was pleased to chuse: being persuaded that, in so doing, he manifested the true spirit of adventure. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the following soliloquy:

* According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was entitled to the rank and degree of knighthood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a prisoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I. king of France, was knighted at his own desire, by the Chevalier Bayard, who was looked upon as the flower of chivalry.

‘Doubtless, in future ages, when the true history of my famed exploits shall come to light, the sage author, when he recounts my first and early sally, will express himself in this manner: “Scarce had ruddy Phœbus o’er this wide and spacious earth displayed the golden threads of his refulgent hair, and scarce the little painted warblers with their forked tongues in soft mellifluous harmony, had hailed the approach of rosy winged Aurora, who, stealing from her jealous husband’s couch, through the balconies and aerial gates of Mancha’s bright horizon, stood confessed to wondering mortals; when lo! the illustrious knight Don Quixotte de La Mancha, up-springing from the lazy down, bestrode famed Rozinante, his unrivalled steed! and through Montiel’s ancient well-known field,” which was really the case, “pursued his way*.” Then he added, ‘O fortunate age! O happy times! in which shall be made public my incomparable atchievements, worthy to be engraved on brass, on marble sculptured, and in paintings shewn, as great examples to futurity! And O thou sage enchanter; whosoever thou mayest be, doomed to record the wondrous story, forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the firm companion of my various fate!’ Then making a sudden transition, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, ‘O Dulcinea! sovereign princess of this captive heart, what dire affliction hast thou made me suffer, thus banished from thy presence with reproach, and fettered by thy rigorous command, not to appear again before thy beauteous face! Deign, princess, to remember this thy faithful slave, who now endures such misery for love of thee!’ These, and other such rhapsodies, he strung together, imitating as much as in him lay, the style of those ridiculous books which he had read; and, jogging along, in spite of the sun, which beamed upon him so intensely hot that surely his brains, if any had remained, would have been fried in his skull, that whole day did he travel without encountering any thing worth mentioning: a circumstance that grieved him sorely, for he had expected to find some object on which he could try the prowess of his valiant arm*.

Some authors say, his first adventure was that of the pass of Lapice; but others affirm that the windmills had the maidenhead of his valour: all that I can aver of the matter, in consequence of what I found recorded in the annals of La Mancha, is, that having travelled the whole day, his horse and he, about twilight, found themselves excessively wearied and half dead with hunger; and that looking around for some castle or sheepecote, in which

* He might have imitated the young knight described in *Perce Forest*, who having been dubbed by king Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with such fury and address, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his prowess and dexterity,

he

he might allay the cravings of nature by repose and refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the star that would guide him to the porch if not the palace of his redemption. In this hope he put spurs to his horse, and just in the twilight reached the gate, where at that time there happened to be two ladies of the game; who, being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.

As our hero's imagination converted whatsoever he saw, heard, or considered, into something of which he had read in books of chivalry, he no sooner perceived the inn than his fancy represented it as a stately castle, with its four towers and pinnacles of shining silver, accommodated with a draw-bridge, deep moat, and all other conveniences that are described as belonging to buildings of that kind.

When he was within a small distance of this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he drew bridle, and stopped Rozinante, in hope that some dwarf would appear upon the battlements and signify his arrival by sound of trumpet: but as this ceremony was not performed so soon as he expected, and his steed expressed great eagerness to be in the stable, he rode up to the gate, and observing the battered wenchies before-mentioned, mistook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the castle gate. At that instant a swine-herd, who in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs (with leave be it spoken), chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his scattered subjects; immediately the knight's expectation was fulfilled, and concluding that now the dwarf had given the signal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite satisfaction. The ladies no sooner perceived such a strange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were seized with consternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, guessing their terror by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard vizor, and discovering his meagre lantern jaws, besmear'd with dust, addressed them thus, with gentle voice and courteous demeanor: 'Fly me not, ladies, nor dread the least affront: for it belongs not to the order of knighthood, which I profess, to injure any mortal, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance declares you to be.'

The wenchies, who stared at him with all their curiosity, in order to discover his face, which the sorry beaver concealed, hearing themselves stiled HIGH-BORN DAMSELS, an epithet so foreign to their profession, could contain themselves no longer, but burst out into a fit of laughter, that Don Quixote, being offended, rebuked them in these words: 'Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women than modesty, and nothing more

ridiculous than laughter proceeding from a slight cause: but this I mention, not as a reproach, by which I may incur your indignation; on the contrary, my intention is only to do you service.²

This address, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increased their mirth; which kindled the knight's anger, and he began to wax wroth; when luckily the landlord interposed. The inn-keeper, who, by reason of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacific disposition, no sooner beheld the preposterous figure of our hero, equipped with such ill-suited accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target, and corslet composed, than he was seized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unreasonable merriment; but being justly afraid of incensing the owner of such unaccountable furniture, he resolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accosted him in these words: 'Sir knight, if your worship wants lodging, you may be accommodated in this inn with every thing in great abundance, except a bed: for at present we have not one unengaged.' Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the castle, for such he supposed the landlord to be, answered 'For me, Signior Castellano, any thing will suffice; my dress is armour, battles my repose, &c.' Mine host imagining that he called him Castellano*, because he looked like an hypocritical rogue, though, indeed, he was an Andalusian, born on the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and more mischievous than a collegian, or a page, replied with a sneer, 'If that be the case, I suppose your worship's couch is no other than the flinty rock, and your sleep perpetual waking; so that you may alight with the comfortable assurance that you will find, in this mansion, continual opportunities of defying sleep, not only one night but for a whole year, if you please to try the experiment.' With these words, he laid hold of the stirrup of Don Quixote; who, dismounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occasioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreshment, bade the landlord take special care of his steed; for, he observed, a better piece of horse-flesh had never broke bread.

The inn-keeper, though with his penetration he could not discern any qualities in Rozinante sufficient to justify one half of what was said in his praise, led him civilly into the stable; and, having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other guest, whom he found in the hands of his high-born damsels; who having by this time reconciled themselves to him were busied in taking off his armour. They had already disencumbered him of his back and breast-plates, but

* *Sana de Castilla* signifies a crafty knave.

could fall upon no method of disengaging his head and neck from his ill-contrived helmet and gorget, which were fast tied with green ribbands, the Gordian knots of which no human hands could loose, and he would by no means allow them to be cut: so that he remained all night armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a spectacle as ever was seen*. While these kind haridans, whom he supposed to be the constables lady and daughter, were employed in this hospitable office, he said to them with a smile of inconceivable pleasure, 'Never was knight so honoured by the service of ladies as Don Quixote; when he first ushered himself into the world, ladies ministered unto him, and princesses took charge of his Rozinante. O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, is the name of my steed, and Don Quixote de La Mancha the appellation of his master); not that I intended to have disclosed myself until the deeds atchieved in your service should have made me known; but, in order to accommodate my present situation to that venerable romance of Sir Launcelot, I am obliged to discover my name a little prematurely: yet the time will come, when your highnesses shall command, and I will obey, and the valour of this arm testify the desire I feel of being your slave.'

The charmers, whom nature never designed to expose to such extraordinary compliments, answered not a syllable, but asked if he chose to have any thing for supper. To which kind question Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he believed nothing eatable could come amiss. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than some bundles of that fish which is called *abadexo* in Castile, *baccalao* in Andalusia, *curadillo* in some parts of Spain, and *truchuela* in others; so that they inquired if his worship could eat *truchuela*; for there was no other fish to be had. 'A number of troutlings,' answered the knight, 'will please me as much as one trout: for in my opinion, eight single rials are equivalent to one piece of eight; besides, those troutlings may be as much preferable to trouts, as veal to beef, or lamb to mutton†: be that as it will, let the fish be immediately produced; for the toil and burden of arms are not to be borne without satisfying the cravings of the stomach.' A table being

* This circumstance of the ladies disarming the knight is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry; though his refusing to lay aside his helmet is no great argument of his courtesy or attachment to the laws and customs of his profession: for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indispensable mark of respect to appear without the helmet in church, and in presence of ladies, or respectable personages, and indeed, in those iron times, this was considered as a necessary mark and proof of peaceable intention: hence we derive the custom of uncovering the head in salutation.

† In the original, "Or kid to the goat."

therefore covered at the inn-door, for the benefit of the air; mine host brought out a cut of baccalao, wretchedly watered, and villainously cooked, with a loaf as black and greasy as his guest's own armour: but his manner of eating afforded infinite subject for mirth; for his head being enclosed in his helmet, and the beaver lifted up, his own hands could be of no service in reaching the food to his mouth; and therefore one of the ladies undertook to perform that office. But they found it impossible to convey drink in the same manner; and our hero must have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and, putting one end of it in his mouth, poured some wine into the other; an operation he endured with patience, rather than suffer the ribbands of his helmet to be destroyed.

While they were thus employed, a sow-gelder happened to arrive at the inn, and winding thrée or four blasts with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion that he sat in some stately castle, entertained with music during his repast, which consisted of delicate troutling and bread of the finest flour; was served up, not by a brace of harlots and a thievish innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies, and the courteous governor of the place. This conceit justified his undertaking, and rendered him very happy in the success of his first sally: but he was mortified when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted; because he thought he could not lawfully atchieve any adventure without having been first invested with that honourable order.

CHAPTER III.

The diverting Expedient Don Quixote falls upon in order to be Knighted.

HARASSED by this reflection, he abridged his sorry meal, and called for the landlord; with whom having shut himself up in the stable, he fell upon his knees, and addressed the supposed constable in these words:—‘Never will I rise from this suppliant posture, thrice valiant knight, until your courtesy shall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon that will not only redound to your particular praise, but also to the inestimable benefit of mankind in general *.’ The inn-keeper, hearing such discourse proceed from the mouth of his guest, who kneeled before him, was astonished, and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to say or do: at length, however, he intreated him to rise; but

* This request was a little premature, inasmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authorise the suppliant to ask a boon of his godfather until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.



F. Hayman, del.

M. N. Butt, sculp.

BOOK I. CHAP. 3.

Don Quixote Knighted by the Constable.

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this request was absolutely refused, until he assured him that his boon should be granted. 'Signior,' said Don Quixote, 'I could expect no less from the courtesy of your magnificence: I will now therefore tell you that the boon which I have begged, and obtained from your generosity, is that you will, to-morrow morning, vouchsafe to confer upon me the honour of knighthood. This night will I watch my arms in the chapel of your castle, that the morning, as I said, may fulfil my eager desire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverse the four corners of the world in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of those knights-errant, in imitation of whom my genius is strongly addicted to such atchievement.

The landlord, who, as we have already observed, was a sort of a wag, and had from the beginning suspected that his lodger's brain was none of the soundest, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter; and, in order to regale himself and the rest of his guests with a dish of mirth, resolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him that nothing could be more just and reasonable than his request, his conceptions being extremely well-suited and natural to such a peerless knight as his commanding presence and gallant demeanour demonstrated him to be; that he himself had in his youth, exercised the honourable profession of errantry, strolling from place to place in quest of adventures; in the course of which he did not fail to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Granada, the bay of St. Lucar, the spout of Cordova*, the public-houses of Toledo, and many other places, in which he had exercised the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightness of his heels; doing infinite mischief, courting widows without number, debauching damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, making himself known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain: that, at length he had retired to the castle, where he lived on his own means, together with those of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree, solely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in return for his hospitality. He moreover informed him that there was no chapel in the castle at present, where he could watch his armour, it having been demolished in order to be rebuilt; but that, in case of necessity, as he very well knew, he might chuse any other place; that the court-yard of the castle would very well serve the pur-

* Literally the colt of Cordova, because the water gushes out of a fountain resembling an horse's mouth. These are places of resort frequented by thieves and sharpers.

pose; where, when the knight should have watched all night, he, the host, would in the morning, with God's permission, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but such a one as should not have his fellow in the whole universe.

He then asked if he carried any money about with him: and the knight replied that he had not a sous; for he had never read in the history of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themselves with any incumbrance. The innkeeper assured him that he was very much mistaken; for that though no such circumstance was to be found in those histories, the authors having thought it superfluous to mention things that were so plainly necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed that their heroes travelled without supplies of both: he might, therefore, take it for granted and uncontrovertable, that all those knights, whose actions are so voluminously recorded, never rode without their purses well lined in cases of emergency*; not forgetting to carry a stock of linen, with a small box of ointment, to cure the wounds they might receive in the course of their adventures; for it was not to be imagined that any other relief was to be had every time they should have occasion to fight and be wounded in fields and desarts, unless they were befriended by some sage enchanter, who would assist them by transporting through the air, in a cloud, some damsel or dwarf, with a cordial of such virtue, that one drop of it would instantly cure them of their bruises and wounds, and make them as sound as if no such mischance had happened: but the knights of former ages, who had no such assistance to depend upon, laid it down as a constant maxim to order their 'squires to provide themselves with money and necessaries, such as ointment and lint for immediate application; and when the knight happened to be without a 'squire, which was very seldom the case, he himself kept them in very small bags, that hung scarce perceptible at his horse's rump, as if it were a treasure of much greater importance—though, indeed, except upon such an occasion, that of carrying bags was not much for the honour of knight-errantry; for which reason he advised Don Quixote, and now that he was on the brink of being his god-son, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispensable necessaries, with which he should provide himself as

* Here the landlord was more selfish than observant of the customs of chivalry; for knights were actually exempted from all expence whatever; except when damages were awarded against them in a court of justice, and in that case they paid for their rank. This they looked upon as a mark of their pre-eminence: in consequence of which, at the siege of Don le Roy, in the year 1411, each knight was ordered to carry eight fascines, while the 'squire was quit for half the number.

soon

soon as possible; and then he would, when he least thought of it, find his account in having made such provision.

The knight promised to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality, and thereupon received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one side of the inn: where having gathered the several pieces on a heap, he placed them in a cistern that belonged to the well. Then bracing on his target and grasping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the cistern, beginning this knightly exercise as soon as it was dark.* The roguish landlord having informed every lodger in his house of our hero's frenzy, the watching of his armour, and his expectation of being dubbed a knight, they were astonished at such a peculiar strain of madness, and going out to observe him at a distance, beheld him with silent gesture sometimes stalking along, sometimes leaning on his spear, with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a considerable space of time. Though it was now night, the moon shone with such splendour as might even vie with the source from which she derived her brightness, so that every motion of our novice was distinctly perceived by all present. At this instant a carrier, who lodged in the inn, took it in his head to water his mules; and, it being necessary for this purpose to clear the cistern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour, when a loud voice accosted him in these words: 'O thou, whosoever thou art, bold and insolent knight! who presumest to touch the armour of the most valiant errant that ever girded himself with cold iron, consider what thou art about to attempt, and touch it not, unless thou art desirous of yielding thy life as a price for thy temerity.'

The carrier, far from regarding these threats, which had he regarded his own carcase he would not have despised, laid hold on the sacred deposit, and threw it piece-meal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this profanation, than lifting up his eyes to Heaven, and addressing himself, in all likelihood, to his mistress Dulcinea, he said, 'Grant me thy assistance, dear lady of my heart! in this insult offered to thy lowly vassal, and let me not be deprived of thy favourable protection in this my first perilous achievement.' Having uttered this and some other ejaculation, he quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good will on the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually mauled, that, had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion

* This custom of watching armour in church or chapel, was a religious duty imposed upon knights, who used to consume the whole night in prayer to some saint, whom they chose as their patron; and this exercise of devotion was performed on the night preceding the said saint's day. The same ceremony was observed by those who were sentenced to the combat proof.

sion to call a surgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former composure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion, who still lay without sense or motion, arrived with the same intention of watering his mules, and went straight up to the cistern, in order to remove the armour; when Don Quixote, without speaking a syllable, or asking leave of any living soul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of its hardness upon the pate of the second carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the noise of this encounter, every body in the house, innkeeper and all, came running to the field; at sight of whom Don Quixote, snatching up his target, and drawing his sword, pronounced aloud, 'O lady of transcendent beauty, the force and vigour of my enfeebled heart! now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn thy princely eyes on this thy caitiff knight, who is on the eve of so mighty an adventure.' So saying, he seemed to have acquired such courage, that had he been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe, he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded, seeing how their friends had been handled, began at a distance to discharge a shower of stones upon the knight; who, as well as he could, sheltered himself under his shield, not daring to leave the cistern, lest some mischance should happen to his armour. The innkeeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off; for, as he told them before, the man being mad would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even though he should put every soul of them to death. At the same time Don Quixote, in a voice louder still, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the constable of the castle a worthless and base-born knight, for allowing his guest to be treated in such an inhospitable manner; swearing that if he had received the honour of knighthood he would make him repent his discourteous behaviour, 'But as for you,' said he, 'ye vile, ill-mannered scum, ye are beneath my notice. Discharge, approach, come forward, and annoy me as much as you can, you shall soon see what reward you will receive for your insolent extravagance.' These words, delivered in a bold and resolute tone, struck terror into the hearts of the assailants; who, partly from this menace and partly on account of the landlord's persuasion, gave over their attack; while he, on his side, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch with his former ease and tranquillity.

These pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who resolved to abridge the ceremony, and bestow this unlucky order of knighthood immediately, before any other mischief

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chief should happen. Approaching him therefore, he disclaimed the insolence with which his guest had been treated by those saucy plebeians, without his knowledge or consent; and observed that they had been justly chastised for their impudence; that, as he had told him before, there was no chapel in the castle, nor indeed for what was to be done was it at all necessary, nothing of the ceremony now remaining unperformed except the cuff on the neck and the thwack on the shoulders, as they are prescribed in the ceremonial of the order, and that this part might be executed in the middle of a field: he assured him also that he had punctually complied with every thing that regarded the watching of his armour, which might have been finished in two hours, though he had already remained double the time on that duty. Don Quixote believing every syllable that he spoke, said he was ready to obey him in all things, and besought him to conclude the matter as soon as possible: for in case he should be attacked again, after having been knighted, he would not leave a soul alive in the castle, except those whom he should spare at his request.

The constable, alarmed at this declaration, brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and straw that was expended for the use of the carriers, and attended by a boy with a candle's end in his hand, together with the two ladies before-mentioned, came to the place where Don Quixote stood; then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up some very devout petition; in the midst of which he lifted up his hand, and gave him an hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own sword, bestowed an handsome application across his shoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation.* This article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with great dexterity and discretion, of which there was no small need, to restrain her laughter at each particular of this strange ceremony; but the effects they had already seen of the knight's disposition kept their mirth effectually under the rein.

When this good lady had girded on his sword, 'Heaven preserve your worship! adventurous knight,' said she, 'and make you fortunate in all your encounters.' Don Quixote then begged to know her name, that he might thenceforward understand to whom he was obliged for the favour he had received at her hands, and to whom he might ascribe some part of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his invincible arm. She answered with

* The slap on the shoulders and the box on the ear being bestowed, the godfather pronounced, 'In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight: be worthy, bold, and loyal.'

with great humility, that her name was Tobosa, the daughter of an honest butcher in Toledo, who lived in one of the stalls of Sancho Minaya; that she should always be at his service, and acknowledge him for her lord and master. The knight professed himself extremely obliged to her for her love; and begged she would, for the future, dignify her name by calling herself Donna Tobosa. This request she promised faithfully to comply with; and a dialogue of the same kind passed between him and the other lady who buckled on his spur: when he asked her name, she told him it was Mollinera; and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to ennoble her name with the same title of Donna, loaded her with thanks, and made a tender of his service. These hitherto-unseen ceremonies being dispatched, as it were with post-haste, Don Quixote, impatient to see himself on horseback, in quest of adventures, saddled and mounted Rozinante forthwith, and embracing his host, uttered such a strange rhapsody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight, that it is impossible to rehearse the compliment. The landlord, in order to get rid of him the sooner, answered in terms no less eloquent, though something more laconic, and let him march off in a happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

CHAPTER IV.

Of what befell our Knight when he sallied from the Inn.

IT was early in the morning when Don Quixote sallied from the inn, so well satisfied, so sprightly, and so glad to see himself invested with the order of knighthood, that the very girth of his horse vibrated with joy: but remembering his landlord's advice with regard to the necessaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular the money and clean shirts, he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself not only with these, but also with a squire. For this office he fixed in his own mind upon a poor ploughman, who lived in his neighbourhood, maintaining a family of children by his labour; a person in all respects qualified for the lower services of chivalry. With this view he steered his course homeward: and Rozinante, as if he had guessed the knight's intention, began to move with such alacrity and nimbleness, that his hoofs scarce seemed to touch the ground.

He had not travelled far, when, from the thickest part of a wood that grew on the right hand, his ear was saluted with shrill repeated cries, which seemed to issue from the mouth of some creature in grievous distress. No sooner did our hero hear this

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this lamentation, than he exclaimed, 'Heaven be praised for the favour with which it indulges me, in giving me an opportunity so soon of fulfilling the duties of my profession, and reaping the fruit of my laudable intention! These cries doubtless proceed from some miserable male or female, who stands in need of my immediate aid and protection.' Then turning Rozinante, he rode towards the place whence the complaint seemed to come; and having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tied to one oak, and a lad about fifteen, naked from the waist upwards, made fast to another. This was he who screamed so piteously, and indeed, not without reason; for a sturdy peasant was employed in making applications to his carcase with a leathern strap, accompanying each stripe with a word of reproof and advice. Above all things, laying upon him strong injunctions to use his tongue less, and his eyes more. The young fellow replied with great fervency, 'I will never do so again, master, so help me God! I wont do so any more; but for the future take more care and use more dispatch.'

Don Quixote observing what passed, pronounced aloud, with great indignation, 'Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to attack one who cannot defend himself; mount thy steed, couch thy lance,' (for there was actually a lance leaning against the tree to which the mare was tied,) 'and I will make thee sensible of the cowardice of the action in which thou art now engaged.' The peasant seeing this strange figure, buckled in armour, and brandishing a lance over his head, was mortally afraid, and with great humility replied, 'Sir knight, this lad whom I am chastising, is my own servant, hired to keep a flock of sheep, which feed in these fields; but he is so negligent, that every day I lose one of the number, and because I punish him for his carelessness, or knavery, he says that I scourge him out of avarice, rather than pay him his wages; though, upon my conscience, and as I shall answer to God, he tells a lie.'—'How! a lie, before me, base traitiff!' cried Don Quixote; 'by the sun that enlightens this globe, I have a good mind to thrust this lance through thy body! Pay the young man his wages straight, without reply; or, by the power that rules us, I will finish and annihilate thee in an instant! Unbind him therefore without hesitation!'

The countryman hung his head, and, without speaking a syllable, untied his man; who, being asked by the knight how much money was due to him, said his master owed him for three quarters, at the rate of six rials a month. His deliverer having cast it up, found that the whole amounted to fifty-four rials, and ordered the peasant to disburse them instantly, unless he had a mind to perish under his hands. The affrighted farmer affirmed,
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by the grievous situation in which he was, and the oath he had already taken, though, by the bye, he had taken no oath at all, that the sum did not amount to so much; for that he was to discount and allow for three pair of shoes he had received, and a rial for two bleedings while he was sick. 'Granting that to be true,' replied Don Quixote, 'the shoes and the bleeding shall stand for the stripes you have given him without cause; for, if he has worn out the leather of the shoes that you paid for, you have made as free with the leather of his carcase; and if the barber let out his blood, when he was sick, you have blooded him when he was well; he therefore stands acquitted of these debts.'—'The misfortune, Sir Knight,' said the peasant, is this; 'I have no coin about me: but if Andrew will go home to my house, I will pay him honestly in ready money.'—'Go with you!' cried the lad; 'the devil fetch me if I do! No, no, master, I must not think of that: were I to go home with him alone, he would slay me like another Saint Bartholomew.'—'He won't do so,' replied the knight, 'but shew more regard to my commands; and if he will swear to me by the laws of that order of knighthood which he has received, that he will pay you your wages, I will set him free, and warrant the payment.'—'Lord, how your worship talks!' said the boy: 'this master of mine is no gentleman, nor has he received any order of knighthood, but is known by the name of Rich John Haldudo, and lives in the neighbourhood of Quintanar.'—'No matter,' replied Don Quixote, 'there may be knights among the Haldudos, especially as every one is the son of his own works.'—'True,' said Andrew; 'but what works is my master the son of, since he refuses to pay me for my labour, and the sweat of my brows?'—'I don't refuse, honest Andrew,' answered the peasant; 'thou wilt do me a pleasure in going home with me; and I swear by all the honours of knighthood in the universe, that I will pay thee thy wages, as I said before, in ready-money; nay, you shall have it perfumed into the bargain.'—'Thank you for your perfumes!' said the knight; 'pay him in lawful coin, and I shall be satisfied: and be sure you fulfil the oath you have taken; for, by the same obligation, I swear, that in case you fail, I will return to chastise you, and ferret you out, even though you should be more concealed than a lizard. If you would understand who it is that lays such commands upon you, that you may find yourself under a necessity of performing them with reverence and awe, know that I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs, and scourge of injustice: so farewell. Remember not to belie your promise and oath, on pain of the penalty prescribed.' With these words, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was out of sight in a moment.

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The countryman followed him with his eyes, till he saw him quite clear of the wood; then turning to Andrew, said, 'Come hither child, I must pay what I owe you, according to the order of that redresser of wrongs.'—'And, adad,' said Andrew, 'you had best not neglect the order of that worthy knight, who (blessing on his heart!) is equally valiant and upright; for, odds bobs, if you do not pay me, he will return and be as good as his word.'—'In faith I am of the same opinion,' replied the peasant; 'but out of my infinite regard for you, I am desirous of increasing the debt, that the payment may be doubled.' So saying, he laid hold of his arm, and tying him again to the tree, flogged him so severely, that he had like to have died on the spot. 'Now is the time, Andrew,' said the executioner, 'to call upon the redresser of grievances, who will find it difficult to redress this, which by the bye I am loth to finish, being very much inclined to justify your fear of being flayed alive.' At length, however, he unbound, and left him at liberty to find out his judge, who was to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew sneaked off, not extremely well satisfied: on the contrary, vowing to go in quest of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, and inform him punctually of every thing that happened; an account which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman seventy-fold.

In spite of this consolation, however, he departed blubbering with pain, while his master remained weeping with laughter. And thus was the grievance redressed by the valiant Don Quixote; who, transported with the success, and the happy and sublime beginning which he imagined his chivalry had been favoured with, jogged on towards his own village with infinite self-satisfaction, pronouncing with a low voice, 'O Dulcinea del Tobosa; fairest among the fair! well mayest thou be counted the most fortunate beauty upon the earth, seeing it is thy fate to keep in subjection, and wholly resigned to thy will and pleasure, such a daring and renowned knight as Don Quixote de la Mancha now is, and always will remain. He who, as all the world knows, but yesterday received the honour of knighthood, and has this day redressed the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice hatched, and cruelty committed! To-day he wrested the lash from the hand of the merciless enemy, who so unjustly scourged the body of that tender infant!' Having uttered this exclamation, he found himself in a road that divided into four paths, and straight his imagination suggested those cross-ways that were wont to perplex knights-errant in their choice; in imitation of whom, he paused a little, and after mature deliberation, threw the reins on Rozinante's neck, leaving the decision to him, who, following his first intention, took the path that led directly to his own stable.

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Having travelled about two miles farther, Don Quixote descried a number of people, who, as was afterwards known, were six merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks at Mercia, and who travelled with umbrellas, attended by four servants on horseback, and three mule drivers on foot. Don Quixote no sooner perceived them at a distance, than he imagined them to be some new adventurers; and in order to imitate, as much as in him lay, those scenes he had read in his books of chivalry, he thought this was an occasion expressly ordained for him to execute his proposed achievement.

He therefore, with gallant and resolute deportment, seated himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, braced on his target, and, posting himself in the middle of the road, waited the arrival of those knights-errant, for such he judged them to be. When they were near enough to hear him, he pronounced in a loud and arrogant tone, 'Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess that there is not in the whole universe a more beautiful damsel than the peerless Dulcinea del Tobosa, the high and mighty Empress of La Mancha.'

The merchants hearing this declaration, and seeing the strange figure from which it proceeded, were alarmed at both, and halting immediately, at a distance reconnoitred the madness of the author. Curious, however, to know the meaning of that confession which he exacted, one of them, who was a sort of a wag, though at the same time a man of prudence and discretion, accosted him thus: 'Sir Knight, as we have not the honour to know who this worthy lady is, be so good as to produce her; and if we find her so beautiful as you proclaim her to be, we will gladly, and without any sort of reward, confess the truth, according to your desire.'—'If I produce her,' replied Don Quixote, 'what is the mighty merit of your confessing such a notorious truth? The importance of my demand consists in your believing, acknowledging, and affirming upon oath, and defending her beauty, before you have seen it. And this ye shall do, ye insolent and uncivil race, or engage with me in battle forthwith. Come on then, one by one, according to the laws of chivalry, or all together, as the treacherous custom is among such wretches as you; here I expect you, with full hope and confidence in the justice of my cause.'—'Sir Knight,' replied the merchant, 'I humbly beg, in the name of all these princes here present, that your worship will not oblige us to burden our consciences, by giving testimony to a thing that we have neither seen nor heard, especially as it tends to the prejudice of the queens and princesses of Alcaria and Estremadura; but if your worship will be pleased to shew us
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any sort of a picture of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, so as we can judge the clue by the thread, we will be satisfied with this sample, and you shall be obeyed to your heart's content; for I believe we are already so prepossessed in her favour, that though the portrait should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone with the other, we will, notwithstanding, in compliance to your worship, say what you desire in her favour.'—'Her eyes, infamous wretch!' replied Don Quixote, in a rage, 'distil not such productions, but teem with amber and rich perfume; neither is there any defect in her sight, or in her body, which is more straight than a Guadarama spindle; but you shall suffer for the licentious blasphemy you have uttered against the unparalleled beauty of my sovereign mistress.' So saying, he couched his lance, and attacked the spokesman with such rage and fury, that had not Rozinante luckily stumbled and fallen in the midst of his career, the merchant would have had no cause to rejoice in his rashness; but when the unhappy steed fell to the ground, the rider was thrown over his head, and pitched at a good distance upon the field, where he found all his endeavours to get up again ineffectual, so much was he encumbered with his lance, target, helmet, and spurs, together with the weight of his ancient armour.

While he thus struggled, but in vain, to rise, he bellowed forth, 'Fly not, ye cowardly crew; tarry a little, ye base caitiffs: not through any fault of my own, but of my horse, am I thus discomfited.' One of the mule drivers, who seems not to have been of a very milky disposition, could not bear this arrogant language of the poor overthrown knight, without making a reply upon his ribs. Going up to him, therefore, he laid hold on his lance, and breaking it, began to thresh him so severely, that, in spite of the resistance of his armour, he was also beaten into mummy; and though the fellow's master called him to forbear, he was so incensed, that he could not leave off the game, until he had exhausted the whole of his choler. Gathering the other pieces of the lance, he reduced them all to shivers, one after another, on the miserable carcase of the Don, who, notwithstanding the storm of blows which descended on him, never closed his mouth, but continued threatening heaven and earth on those banditti, for such he took the merchants to be.

The driver was tired at length of his exercise, and his masters pursued their journey, carrying with them sufficient food for conversation about this poor battered knight; who no sooner found himself alone, than he made another effort to rise; but if he found this design impracticable when he was safe and sound, much less could he accomplish it now, that he was dis-

abled, and as it were wrought into a paste. He did not, however, look upon himself as unhappy, because this misfortune was in his opinion peculiar to knights-errant; and that he was not able to rise on account of the innumerable bruises he had received, he ascribed entirely to the fault of his horse.

CHAPTER V.

In which the Story of our Knight's Misfortune is continued.

FINDING it therefore impossible to move, he was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read; and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a piece of history that every body knows, that every young man is acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more, believed, by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet: nevertheless, it occurred to him as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. Therefore with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with a languid voice exclaim, in the words of the wounded knight of the wood—

‘Where art thou, lady of my heart,

‘Regardless of my misery!

‘Thou little know’st thy lover’s smart,

‘Or faithless art and false, pardie!’

In this manner he went on repeating the romance until he came to these lines:

‘O noble prince of Mantuan plains,

‘My carnal kinsman, and my lord!’

Before he could repeat the whole couplet, a peasant, who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass, in his way from the mill, where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman seeing a man lying stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously. Don Quixote doubtless believed that this was his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply but the continuation of his romance, in which he gave an account of the amour betwixt his wife and the emperor’s son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been beaten to pieces by the mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with dust, and immediately knew the
unfortunate

unfortunate Knight. 'Signior Quixada,' said he, (for so he was called before he lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober country gentleman into a knight-errant,) 'who has left your worship in such a woful condition? But he, without minding the question that was put to him, proceeded as before, with his romance; which the honest man perceiving, went to work, and took off his back and breast plates, to see if he had received any wound, but he could perceive neither blood nor scar upon his body. He then raised him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beast, which appeared to him a safer carriage than the Knight's steed.

Having gathered up his armour, even to the splinters of his lance, he tied them upon Rozinante, and taking hold of the reins, together with the halter of his own ass, jogged on toward the village, not a little concerned to hear the mad exclamations of Don Quixote, who did not find himself extremely easy; for he was so battered and bruised, that he could not sit upright upon the beast, but from time to time vented such dismal groans, as obliged the peasant to ask again what was the matter with him. Indeed, one would have thought, that the devil had assisted his memory in supplying him with tales accommodated to the circumstances of his own situation; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the story of Abindarraez the Moor, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, took prisoner, and carried into captivity to the place of his residence; so that when the countryman repeated his desire of knowing where he had been, and what was the matter with him, he answered to the purpose, nay, indeed, in the very words, used by the captive Abindarraez, to the said Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be seen in the *Diana* of George Monte-major, which he had read, and so well adapted to his purpose, that the countryman, hearing such a composition of folly, wished them both at the devil.

It was then he discovered that his neighbour was mad; and therefore made all the haste to the village, that he might be the sooner rid of his uneasiness at the unaccountable harangue of Don Quixote; who had no sooner finished this exclamation, 'Know then, valiant Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this same beautiful Xarifa, whom I have mentioned, is no other than the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have performed, undertake, and will achieve, the most renowned exploits that ever were, are, or will be seen on earth. To this address the countryman replied, with great simplicity, — 'How your worship talks! As I am a sinner, I am neither Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbour; nor is your worship either Val-

dovinos,

dovinos, or Abindar-raez, but the worthy gentleman Signior Quixada.'—'I know very well also I am,' replied Don Quixote; 'and that it is possible for me to be not only those whom I have mentioned, but also the whole twelve peers of France, and even the Nine Worthies, seeing that my achievements will excel not only those of each of them singly, but even the exploits of them all joined together.'

Discoursing in this manner, they arrived at the village about twilight; but the peasant staid till it was quite dark, that the poor rib-roasted knight might not be seen in such a woful condition. Then he conducted Don Quixote to his own house, which was all in confusion. When he arrived, the curate and the barber of the village, two of his best friends and companions, were present, and his housekeeper was just saying, with a woful countenance, 'Mr. Licentiate Pero Perez,' that was the curate's name, 'some misfortune must certainly have happened to my master; for six days, both he and his horse, together with the target, lance, and armour, have been missing: * as I am a sinner, it is just come into my head, and it is certainly as true as that every one is born to die, those hellish books of knight-errantry, which he used to read with so much pleasure, have turned his brain; for now I remember to have heard him say to himself more than once, that he longed to be a knight-errant, and stroll about in quest of adventures. May the devil and Barabbas lay hold of such legends, which have perverted one of the soundest understandings in all La Mancha!'

To this remark the niece assented, saying—'Moreover, you must know, Mr. Nicholas,' (this was the name of the barber,) 'my uncle would frequently, after having been reading in these profane books of misadventures, for two whole days and nights together, start up, throw the book upon the ground, and drawing his sword, fence with the walls till he was quite fatigued; then affirm that he had killed four giants as big as steeples, and swear that the sweat of his brows, occasioned by this violent exercise, was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle; then he would drink off a large pitcher of cold water, and remain quiet and refreshed, saying, that the water was a most precious beverage, with which he was supplied by the sage Isquife, a mighty enchanter and friend of his: but I take the whole blame on myself, for not having informed your worship of my dear uncle's extravagancies, that some remedy might have been applied before they had proceeded to such excess; and that you might have burnt all those excommunicated books,

* The author seems to have committed a small oversight in this paragraph; for the knight had not been gone above two days, and one night which he spent in watching his armour.

books, which deserve the fire as much as if they were crammed with heresy.'

'I am of the same opinion,' said the curate; 'and assure you, before another day shall pass they shall undergo a severe trial, and be condemned to the flames, that they may not induce other readers to follow the same path which I am afraid my good friend has taken.' Every syllable of this conversation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide; which last had now no longer doubt of his neighbour's infirmity, and therefore announced with a loud voice—'Open your gate to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great Marquis of Mantua, who comes home wounded from the field, together with the Moor Abindarraez, who drags in captivity the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera.'

Alarmed at these words, they came all to the door, and perceiving who it was, the barber and curate went to receive their friend, and the women ran to embrace their master and kinsman; who, though he had not as yet alighted, for indeed it was not in his power, proclaimed aloud—'Let the whole world take notice, that the wounds I have received were owing to the fault of my horse alone; carry me therefore to bed, and send if possible for the sage Urgunda,* to search and cure them.'—'See now in an evil hour,' cried the housekeeper, hearing these words, 'if I did not truly foretell of what leg my master was lame! Your worship shall understand in good time, that without the assistance of that sage Urgunda, we know how to cure the hurts you have received; and cursed, I say, nay, a hundred and a hundred times cursed be those books of chivalry, which have so disordered your honour's brain!' Having carried him to his bed, they began to search for his wounds, but could find none; and he told them that his whole body was one continued bruise, occasioned by the fall of his horse Rozinante, during his engagement with ten of the most insolent and outrageous giants that ever appeared upon the face of the earth.. 'Ah, ah!' cried the curate, 'have we got giants too in the dance! Now, by the faith of my function, I will reduce them all to ashes before to-morrow night!'

A thousand questions did they ask of the knight, who made
no

* The name of a good-natured enchantress in Amadis de Gaul. → During the age of knight-errantry, it was usual for ladies to study the art of surgery, in order to dress the wounds of those knights who were their servants. One of the heroines of Perce Forest says to Norgal, 'Fair nephew, methinks your arm is not at ease.'—'In faith, dear lady,' answered Norgal, 'you are in the right; and I beseech you to take it under your care.' Then she called her daughter Helen, who entertained her cousin with good cheer, and afterwards reduced his arm which was dislocated.

no other answer, but desired them to bring him some food and leave him to his repose, which indeed was what he had most occasion for. They complied with his request, and the curate informed himself at large of the manner in which he had been found by the countryman, who gave him full satisfaction in that particular, and repeated all the nonsense he had uttered when he first found him, as well as what he had afterwards spoke in their way home. This information confirmed the licentiate in his resolution, which was executed next day, when he brought his friend master Nicholas the barber along with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the diverting and minute Scrutiny performed by the Curate and the Barber, in the Library of our sagacious Hero.

WHILE the knight was asleep, his friends came and demanded of his niece the key of his closet in which those books, the authors of his misfortunes, were kept; and she delivering it with great cheerfulness, they went into it in a body, house-keeper and all, and found upwards of a hundred volumes, great and small, extremely well bound; which were no sooner perceived by the governante, than she ran out with great eagerness, and immediately returned with a porging of holy water, and a sprig of hyssop, saying—‘Here, Master Licentiate, pray take and sprinkle the closet, lest some one of the many enchanters contained in these books should exercise his art upon us, as a punishment for our burning and banishing them from the face of the earth.’

The licentiate, smiling at the old housekeeper's simplicity, desired the barber to hand him the books one by one, that he might see of what subjects they treated, because they might possibly find some that did not deserve to be purged by fire. ‘There is not one of them,’ replied the niece, ‘which deserves the least mercy; for they are all full of mischief and deceit. You had better, therefore, throw them out of the window into the court-yard, and there set fire to them in a heap: or let them be carried into the back-yard, where the bonfire may be made, and the smoke will offend nobody.’ The housekeeper assented to this proposal, so eager were they both to destroy those innocents: but the curate would by no means encourage such barbarity, without reading first, if possible, the title-pages.

The first that Master Nicholas delivered into his hand, were the four volumes of Amadis de Gaul. ‘There is,’ said the

good man, 'something mysterious in this circumstance; for, as I have heard, that was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, from which all the rest have derived their origin and plan; and therefore, in my opinion, we ought to condemn him to the fire without hesitation, as the lawgiver of such a pernicious sect.'—'By no means,' cried the barber; 'for I have also heard that this is the best book of the kind that ever was composed; and therefore ought to be pardoned, as an original and model in its way.'—'Right,' said the curate; 'and for that reason he shall be spared for the present. Let us see that author who stands next to him.'—'This,' said the barber, 'contains the achievements of Esplandian, the lawful son of Amadis de Gaul.'—'Truly, then,' said the curate; 'the virtues of the father shall not avail the son. Here, Mrs. Housekeeper, open that window, and toss him into the yard, where he shall serve as a foundation for the bonfire we intend to make.'

This task the Housekeeper performed with infinite satisfaction; and the worthy Esplandian took his flight into the yard, to wait in patience for the fire with which he was threatened.—'Proceed,' cried the curate.—'This that comes next,' said the barber, 'is Amadis of Greece; and I believe all the authors on this shelf are of the same family.'—'To the yard, then, with all of them,' replied the curate; 'for rather than not burn Queen Pintaguinestra, and the shepherd Darinel with his eclogues, together with the unintelligible and bedeviled discourses of his author, I would even consume the father who begat me, should he appear in the figure of a knight-errant.'—'I am of your opinion,' said the barber.—'And I,' cried the Niece.—'Since that is the case,' said the Housekeeper, 'to the yard with them immediately.' Accordingly they delivered a number into her hands; and she, out of tenderness for the stair-case, sent them all out of the window.

'Who may that tun-like author be?' said the curate. 'This hero,' answered the barber, 'is Don Olivante de Laura.'—'The very same,' replied the curate, 'who composed the Garden of Flowers; and truly it is hard to determine which of his two books is the most true, or rather which of them is least false: all that I know is, that he shall go to the pile for his arrogance and folly.'—'He that follows,' says the barber, 'is Florismarte of Hircania.'—'What Signior Florismarte?' replied the curate, 'in faith, then, he must prepare for his fate; notwithstanding his surprising birth, and mighty adventures, and the unparalleled stiffness and sterility of his style.—Down with him, Mrs. Housekeeper! and take this other along with you also.'—'With all my heart, dear Sir!' replied the governante; who executed his commands with vast alacrity.

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‘He that comes next,’ said the barber, ‘is the knight Platin.’ — ‘That is an old book,’ said the clergyman; ‘but as I can find nothing in him that deserves the least regard, he must even keep the rest company.’ He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther question. The next book they opened was intitled, *The Knight of the Cross*; which the curate having read—‘The ignorance of this author,’ said he, ‘might be pardoned, on account of his holy title; but according to the proverb, “The devil skulks behind the cross;” and therefore let him descend into the fire.’ Master Nicholas taking up another book, found it was *The Mirror of Chivalry*. ‘Oh, ho!’ cried the curate, ‘I have the honour to know his worship. Away with Signior Rinaldo de Mont-alban, with his friends and companions, who were greater thieves than Cacus, not forgetting the Twelve Peers, together with Turpin, their candid historian. Though, truly, in my opinion, their punishment ought not to exceed perpetual banishment, because they contain some part of the invention of the renowned Marco Boyardo, on which was weaved the ingenious web of the Christian poet Lodovico Ariosto; to whom, should I find him here speaking in any other language than his own, I would pay no regard; but, if he talks in his own idiom, I would place him on my head, in token of respect.’—‘I have got him at home,’ said the barber, ‘in Italian, but I don’t understand that language.’—‘Nor is it necessary you should,’ replied the curate; and here let us pray Heaven to forgive the captain, who has impoverished him so much, by translating him into Spanish, and making him a Castilian. And, indeed, the same thing will happen to all those who pretend to translate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in spite of all their care and ability, they will find it impossible to give the translation the same energy which is found in the original. In short, I sentence this book, and all those which we shall find treating of French masters to be thrown and deposited in a dry well, until we can determine, at more leisure, what fate they must undergo, except Bernardo del Carpio, and another called Roncesvalles, which, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into those of the housekeeper, and thence into the fire, without any mitigation.’

This was approved of as an equitable decision, and accordingly confirmed by the barber, who knew the curate to be such a good Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not be guilty of an equivocation for the whole universe.’ The next volume he opened was *Palmerin D’Oliva*; and hard by him stood another, called *Palmerin of England*; which was no sooner perceived by the licentiate, than he cried—‘Let that Oliva be hewn in pieces, and burned, so as not so much as a cinder

cinder of him shall remain; but let the English Palmarin be defended, and preserved as an inestimable jewel, and such another casket be made for him as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and destined as a case for the works of Homer. That book, neighbour, is venerable for two reasons; first, because it is in itself excellent; and, secondly, because it is said to have been composed by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are incomparable, and contrived with infinite art; the language perspicuous and elegant, and the characters supported with great propriety of sentiment and decorum. I propose, Mr. Nicholas, saving your better judgment, to exempt this book and Amadis de Gaul from the flames, and let all the rest perish without further inquiry.

‘Pardon me, neighbour,’ replied the barber; ‘I have here got in my hand the renowned Don Bellianis.’—‘Even he,’ answered the priest, ‘with the second, third, and fourth parts, stands very much in need of a little rhuburb to purge his excessive choler, and ought to be pruned of that whole Castle of Fame, and other more important impertinencies. For which reason let the sentence be changed into transportation; and, according as he reforms, he shall be treated with lenity and justice. In the mean time, friend Nicholas, keep him safe in your house, out of the reach of every reader.’—‘With all my soul,’ answered the barber; and without giving themselves the trouble of reading any more titles, they ordered the housekeeper to dismiss all the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a person who was either doting or deaf, but to one who was much more inclined to perform that office, than to compose the largest and finest web that was ever seen. Taking up, therefore, seven or eight at a time, she heaved them out of the window with incredible dispatch. While she was thus endeavouring to lift a good many together, one of them chanced to fall at the feet of the barber, who being seized with an inclination of knowing the contents, found, upon examination, that it was called the History of the famous Knight Tirante the White.—‘Heaven be praised!’ cried the curate, aloud, ‘that we have discovered Tirante the White in this place: pray give it me, neighbour; for in this book I reckon I have found a treasure of satisfaction, and a rich mine of amusement. Here is the famous God-a-mercy* of Mont-alban, and his brother Thomas of Mont-alban, and the knight Fonseca; as also an account of the battle fought between Alano and

* In the original *Quirielyson*, from the Greek words *Κύρις ἰλιέσων*, signifying, ‘Lord have mercy.’

and the valiant Detriante, together with the Witticisms of the Young Lady, Joy of my Life, with the amorous stratagems of the Widow Quiet, and her Highness the Empress, who was enamoured of Squire Hippolito. I do assure you, upon my word, Mr. Nicholas, that in point of style, this is the best book that ever was written. Here the knights eat, sleep, and die in their beds, after having made their wills, with many circumstances, that are wanting in other books of the same kind. Notwithstanding, the author who composed it certainly deserved to be sent to the galleys for life, for having spent his time in writing so much nonsense. Take and read him at home, and you shall find what I say is true.—‘Very like,’ replied the barber: ‘what shall we do with these small books that remain?’

‘These,’ said the curate, ‘cannot be books of chivalry, but must be poems.’ Accordingly, opening one, he found it was the Diana of George de Monte-major, and taking it for granted that all the rest were of the same kind, said, ‘These books do not deserve to be burnt with the rest; for they neither are nor ever will be guilty of so much mischief as those of chivalry have done; being books of entertainment, and no ways prejudicial to religion.’—‘Pray, Sir,’ said the niece, ‘be so good as to order these to be burnt with the rest; for my uncle will no sooner be cured of his knight-errantry, than by reading these, he will turn shepherd, and wander about the groves and meadows piping and singing. Nay, what is worse, perhaps turn poet, which they say is an infectious and incurable distemper.’—‘The young woman is in the right,’ said the curate; ‘and therefore it won’t be amiss to remove this temptation and stumbling-block out of our friend’s way. Since we have therefore begun with the Diana of Monte-major, I am of opinion that we should not burn him, but only expunge what relates to the sage Felicia, and the enchanted water, together with all the larger poems, and leave to him, a God’s-name, all the prose, and the honour of being the ringleader of the writers of that class.

‘This that follows,’ said the barber, ‘is called Diana the Second of Salmantino; and this other, that bears the same name, is written by Gil Polo.’—‘Let Salmantino,’ replied the curate, ‘increase the number of those that are already condemned to the yard; but let Gil Polo be preserved as carefully as if it was the production of Apollo himself. Protect, friend Nicholas, and let us dispatch, for it grows late.’—This he book,’ said the barber, opening the next, ‘is called the Ten Books of the Fortune of Love, the production of Antonio Lofrasco, a Sardinian poet.’—‘By my holy orders,’ cried the curate,

curate, 'since Phœbus was Apollo, the Muses the daughters of Jove, and bards delighted in poetry, there never was such a pleasant and comical performance composed as this, which is the best and most original of the kind which ever saw the light; and he who has not read it may assure himself that he has never read any thing of taste: reach it me, neighbour; it gives me more pleasure to have found this, than if I had received a cassock of Florence silk.'

Accordingly he laid it carefully by, with infinite pleasure, and the barber proceeded in his task, saying, 'Those that come next are, the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Undeceptions of Jealousy.'—'Then there is no more to do,' said the priest, 'but to deliver them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and do not ask me why, else we shall never have done.'—'Here comes the Shepherd of Filida,'—'He is no Shepherd,' cried the curate, 'but a very elegant courtier, and therefore preserve him as a precious jewel.' Then the barber laid hold of a very large volume, which was intitled, the Treasure of Poetry.—'If there was not so much of him, he would be more esteemed,' said the licentiate: 'that book ought to be weeded and cleared of certain meannesses, which have crept into the midst of its excellencies; take care of it, for the author is my friend, and deserves regard for some other more heroic and elevated works which he has composed.'—'And this,' continued the barber, 'is a Collection of Songs, by Lopez Maldonado.'—'That author is my very good friend also,' replied the curate; 'and his own verses, out of his own mouth, are the admiration of every body; for he chaunts them with so sweet a voice, that the hearers are enchanted. His eclogues are, indeed, a little diffuse; but there cannot be too much of a good thing. Let them be preserved among the elect: but pray what book is that next to it?' When the barber told him it was the Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes; 'That same Cervantes,' said he, 'has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and is, to my certain knowledge, more conversant with misfortunes than poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part, which he promises, and then perhaps his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied; until that happen, let him be close confined in your closet.'

'With all my heart,' replied the barber; 'but here come three more together, the Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla, the Austriada of Juan Ruso Jurado de Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christoval de Virues, a Valentian poet.'—'These three books,' said the curate, 'are the best epic poems in the Castilian

Castilian language, and may be compared with the most renowned performances of Italy. Let them be kept as the inestimable pledges of Spanish poetry.' The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the rest, contents unknown, if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica. 'I should have shed tears for my rashness,' said the curate, hearing the name, 'if I had ordered that book to be burned: for its author was one of the most celebrated poets, not only of Spain, but of the whole world; and in particular, extremely successful in translating some of the Metamorphoses of Ovid.'

CHAPTER VII.

The second Sally of our worthy Knight Don Quixote De La Mancha.

WHILE they were busied in this manner Don Quixote began to cry aloud, 'This way, this way, ye valiant knights! now is the time to shew the strength of your invincible arms, that the courtiers may not carry off the honour of the tournament.' The scrutiny of the books that remained was deserted by the curate and barber, who hastened to the author of this noisy exclamation; and it is believed that all were committed to the flames, unseen, unheard, not even excepting the Carolea and Lyon of Spain, together with the exploits of the Emperor, composed by Don Louis D'Avila; which were, doubtless, among those committed to the fire; though, perhaps, had the curate seen them, they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

When they arrived in Don Quixote's chamber, they found him on the floor, proceeding with his rhapsody, and fencing with the walls, as broad awake as if he had never felt the influence of sleep. Laying hold on him by force, they re-conveyed him to his bed; where, after having rested a little, he returned to his ravings, and addressed himself to the curate in these words: 'Certainly, my Lord Archbishop Turpin, we, who are called the Twelve Peers of France, will be greatly disgraced if we allow the court-knights to win the victory in this tournament; after we, the adventurers, have gained the prize in the three preceding days.'—'Give yourself no trouble about that consideration, my worthy friend,' said the curate; 'for Providence may turn the scale, and what is lost to-day may be retrieved to-morrow. In the mean time, have a reverend care of your health, for you seem to be excessively fatigued, if not wounded

wounded grievously.' — 'I am not wounded,' replied the knight: 'but that I am battered and bruised; there is no manner of doubt; for the bastard Don Orlando has mauled me to mummy with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he saw that I alone withstood his valour. But may I no longer deserve the name of Reynaldos de Mont-alban, if, when I rise from this bed, I do not repay him in his own coin, in spite of all his enchantments! Meanwhile bring me some food, which is what I chiefly want at present, and let me alone to take vengeance for the injury I have received.'

In compliance with his desire, they brought him something to eat, and left him again to his repose, not without admiration of his madness and extravagance. That very night the housekeeper set fire to and consumed, not only all the books that were in the yard, but also every one she could find in the house; and no doubt many were burned which deserved to have been kept as perpetual archives. But this their destiny, and the laziness of the inquisitors, would not allow; so that in them was fulfilled the old proverb, *a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner*. Another remedy which the curate and barber prescribed for the distemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that upon his getting up, he should not find them, and the cause being taken away, the effect might cease; and that, upon his inquiry, they should tell him an enchanter had carried them off, closet and all: this resolution was executed with all imaginable dispatch, during the two-days that Don Quixote kept his bed.

The first thing he did when he got up, was to go and visit his books, and not finding the apartment where he had left it, he went from one corner of the house to the other, in quest of his study. Coming to the place where the door stood, he endeavoured, but in vain, to get in, and cast his eyes all around without uttering one syllable; but after he had spent some time in this sort of examination, he inquired of his housekeeper whereabouts he might find his book-closet. She being well instructed, readily answered, 'What closet, or what nothing, is your worship in search of? There are neither books nor closet in this house; for the devil himself has run away with both.' — 'It was not the devil,' cried the niece, 'but an enchanter, that conveyed himself hither in a cloud, one night after your worship's departure; and alighting from a dragon on which he was mounted, entered the closet, where I know not what he did, but having staid a very little while, he came flying through the roof, leaving the whole house full of smoke. And when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find books nor closet; only the housekeeper and I can very well remember,

ber, that when the old wicked conjurer went away, he cried in a loud voice, that from the hatred he bore to the master of those books and closet, he had done that mischief, which would afterwards appear: he said also, that his name was the sage Munaton.—‘You mean Freston,’ said Don Quixote. ‘I do not know,’ answered the housekeeper, ‘whether it was Freston or Friton; but this I am certain of, that his name ended in ton.’—‘The case then is plain,’ said the knight; ‘that same sage enchanter is one of my greatest enemies; who bears me a grudge, because he knows, by the mystery of his art, that the time will come when I shall fight and vanquish in single battle a certain knight, whom he favours, in spite of all he can do to prevent my success; and for this reason he endeavours to give me every mortification in his power; but let me tell him he won’t find it an easy matter to contradict or evade what heaven has decreed.’—‘Who ever doubted that?’ said the niece: ‘but what business have you, dear uncle, with these quarrels? Would it not be better to live at home in peace, than to stray up and down the world in search of superfine bread, without considering that many a one goes out for wool, and comes home quite shorn.’—‘My dear niece, replied Don Quixote, ‘you are altogether out of your reckoning. Before I be shorn, I will pull and pluck off the beards of all those who pretend to touch a single hair of my mustachio.’

The two women did not chuse to make any further answer, because they perceived that his choler was very much inflamed. After this transaction, however, he staid at home fifteen days in great tranquillity, without giving the least sign or inclination to repeat his folly: during which time, many infinitely diverting conversations passed between him and his friends, the curate and the barber; wherein he observed, that the world was in want of nothing so much as of knights-errant, and that in him this honourable order was revived. The clergyman sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes assented to what he said; because, without this artful conduct, he would have had no chance of bringing him again to reason.

About this time too, the knight tampered with a peasant in the neighbourhood, a very honest fellow; if a poor man may deserve that title, but one who had a very small quantity of brains in his skull. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments to persuade, and promised him such mountains of wealth, that this poor simpleton determined to follow and serve him in quality of a squire. Among other things, that he might be disposed to engage cheerfully, the knight told him that an adventure might one day happen, in which he should win some island in the twinkling of an eye, and appoint him governor

governor of his conquest. Intoxicated with these and other such promises, Sancho Panza (so was the countryman called) deserted his wife and children, and listed himself as his neighbour's squire.

Thus far successful, Don Quixote took measures for supplying himself with money: and what by selling one thing, mortgaging another, and making a great many very bad bargains, he raised a tolerable sum. At the same time accommodating himself with a target, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up the remains of his vizor as well as he could, he advertised his squire Sancho of the day and hour in which he resolved to set out, that he might provide himself with those things which he thought most necessary for the occasion; above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet. Sancho promised to obey his orders; and moreover said he was resolved to carry along with him an excellent ass which he had, as he was not designed by nature to travel far on foot.

With regard to the ass, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect some knight-errant who had entertained a squire mounted on an ass; but as no such instance occurred to his memory, he was nevertheless determined to allow it on this occasion, on a supposition that he should be able to accommodate him with a more honourable carriage, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet with. He also laid in a store of linen, and every thing else in his power, conformable to the advice of the innkeeper.

Every thing being thus settled and fulfilled, Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife, and Don Quixote without bidding adieu to his niece and housekeeper, sallied forth from the village one night, unperceived by any living soul, and travelled so hard, that before dawn they found themselves secure from all search, if any such had been made; Sancho Panza journeying upon his ass like a venerable patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing extremely to see himself settled in the government of that island which was promised him by his master.

The knight happened to take the same route and follow the same road in which he travelled at his first sally through the field of Montiel, over which he now passed with much less pains than formerly, because it was now early in the morning, the rays of the sun were more oblique, consequently he was less disturbed by the heat. It was hereabouts that Sancho first opened his mouth, saying to his master, 'Sir Knight-errant, I hope your worship will not forget that same island which you have promised me, and which I warrant myself able to govern, let it be as great as it will.' To this remonstrance Don Quix-

ote

ote replied, 'You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was an established custom among the ancient knights-errant, to invest their squires with the government of such islands and kingdoms as they had laid under their subjection; and I am firmly resolved that such a grateful practice shall never fail in me, who, on the contrary, mean to improve it by my generosity; for they sometimes, nay generally, waited till their squires turned grey-haired, and then, after they were worn out with service, and had endured many dismal days and doleful nights, bestowed upon them the title of count or marquis, at least of some valley or province, more or less; but if Heaven spares thy life and mine, before six days be at an end, I may chance to acquire such a kingdom as shall have others depending upon it, as if expressly designed for thee to be crowned sovereign of one of them. And thou oughtest not to be surprised that such incidents and accidents happen to knights-errant, by means never before known or conceived, as will enable me even to exceed my promise.'—'In that case,' replied Sancho Panza, 'if I should ever become a king, by any of those miracles which your worship mentions, my duck Juana Gutierrez would also be a queen, and each of my daughters an infanta.'—'Certainly,' said the knight; 'who doubts that?'—'That do I,' said the squire; 'for certain I am, that though it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would sit seemly on the head of Mary Gutierrez:* your worship must know she is not worth a farthing for a queen; she might do indeed for a countess, with the blessing of God, and good assistance.'—'Recommend the matter to Providence,' replied Don Quixote, 'which will bestow upon thee what will be best adapted to thy capacity; but let not thy soul be so far debased as to content itself with any thing less than a vice-royalty.'—'That it will not,' answered Sancho, 'especially as I have a powerful master in your worship, who will load me with as much preferment as I can conveniently bear.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the happy Success of the valiant Don Quixote, and the dreadful and inconceivable Adventure of the Windmills, with other Incidents worthy to be recorded by the most able Historian.

IN the midst of this their conversation, they discovered thirty or forty windmills all together on the plain, which the knight no sooner perceived, than he said to his squire, 'Chance has conducted our affairs even better than we could either wish

* How comes Juana to be so suddenly metamorphosed into Mary?

wish or hope for: look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants, with whom I intend to engage in battle, and put every soul of them to death, so that we may begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for it is a meritorious warfare, and serviceable both to God and man, to extirpate such a wicked race from the face of the earth.'—'What giants do you mean?' said Sancho Panza, in amaze. 'Those you see yonder,' replied his master, 'with vast extended arms; some of which are two leagues long.'—'I would your worship would take notice,' replied Sancho, 'that those you see yonder are no giants, but windmills; and what seem arms to you, are sails, which being turned with the wind, make the mill-stone work.'—'It seems very plain,' said the knight, 'that you are but a novice in adventures: these I affirm to be giants; and if thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat.' So saying, he put spurs to his steed Rozinante, without paying the least regard to the cries of his squire Sancho, who assured him that those he was going to attack were no giants, but innocent windmills: but he was so much possessed with the opinion that they were giants, that he neither heard the advice of his squire Sancho, nor would use the intelligence of his own eyes, though he was very near them; on the contrary, when he approached them, he called aloud, 'Fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you.' At that instant a breeze of wind springing up, the great sails began to turn; which being perceived by Don Quixote, 'Though you wield' said he, 'more arms than ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I will make you pay for your insolence.' So saying, and heartily recommending himself to his Lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to succour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and setting his lance in the rest, he put his Rozinante to full speed, and assailing the nearest wind-mill, thrust it into one of the sails, which was drove about by the wind with so much fury, that the lance was shivered to pieces, and both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass could carry him to his assistance; and when he came up, found him unable to stir, by reason of the bruises which he and Rozinante had received. 'Lord have mercy upon us!' said the squire, 'did not I tell your worship to consider well what you were about? Did not I assure you, they were no other than wind-mills? Indeed, nobody could mistake them for any thing else, but one who has wind-mills in his own head!'—'Pry'thee, hold thy peace, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'the affairs of war are more than any thing

thing subject to change. How much more so, as I believe, nay am certain, that the sage Ereton, who stole my closet and books, has converted those giants into mills, in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow; such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end, all his treacherous arts will but little avail against the vigour of my sword.'—'God's will be done!' replied Sancho Panza, who helped him to rise and mount Rozinante, that was almost disjoined.

While they conversed together upon what had happened, they followed the road that leads to the Pass of Lapice; for in that, which was a great thoroughfare, as Don Quixote observed, it was impossible but they must meet with many and divers adventurers. As he passed along, a good deal concerned for the loss of his lance, he said to his squire, 'I remember to have read of a Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, who, having broke his sword in battle, tore off a mighty branch or bough from an oak, with which he performed such wonders, and felled so many Moors, that he retained the name of Machuca, or the Feller, and all his descendants from that day forward have gone by the name of Vargas and Machuca. This circumstance I mention to thee, because, from the first ash or oak that I meet with, I am resolved to rend as large and stout a bough as that, with which I expect and intend to perform such exploits as thou shalt think thyself extremely happy in being thought worthy to see, and give testimony to feats otherwise incredible.'—'By God's help,' says Sancho, 'I believe that every thing will happen as your worship says: but pray, Sir, sit a little more upright; for you seem to lean strangely to one side, which must proceed from the bruises you received in your fall.'—'Thou art in the right,' answered Don Quixote; 'and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound they receive, even though their bowels should come out of their bodies.'—'If that be the case, I have nothing to reply,' said Sancho; 'but God knows, I should be glad your worship would complain when any thing gives you pain: this I know, that, for my own part, the smallest prick in the world would make me complain, if that law of not complaining does not reach to the squires as well as the knights.' Don Quixote could not help smiling at the simplicity of his squire, to whom he gave permission to complain as much and as often as he pleased, whether he had cause or no; for, as yet, he had read nothing to the contrary in the history of knight-errantry.

Then Sancho observing that it was dinner-time, his master told him that for the present he had no occasion for food; but
that

that he, his squire, might go to victuals when he pleased. With this permission, Sancho adjusted himself as well as he could upon his ass, and taking out the provision with which he had stuffed his wallet, he dropped behind his master a good way, and kept his jaws agoing as he jogged along, lifting the bottle to his head, from time to time, with so much satisfaction, that the most pampered vintner of Malaga might have envied his situation.

While he travelled in this manner, repeating his agreeable draughts, he never thought of the promise which his master had made to him, nor considered it as a toil, but rather as a diversion, to go in quest of adventures, how dangerous soever they might be : in fine that night they passed under a tuft of trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch to serve instead of a lance; and fitted to it the iron head he had taken from that which was broken. All night long the knight closed not an eye, but mused upon his Lady Dulcinea, in order to accommodate himself to what he had read of those errants who had passed many sleepless nights in woods and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses.

This was not the case with Sancho Panza, whose belly being well replenished, and that not with plantane-water, made but one nap of the whole night, and even then would not have waked, unless his master had called to him, notwithstanding the sunbeams that played upon his face, and the singing of the birds, which in great numbers and joyous melody, saluted the approach of the new day. The first thing he did, when he got up, was to visit his bottle, which finding considerably more lank than it was the night before, he was grievously afflicted, because in the road that they pursued, he had no hopes of being able in a little time to supply its defect. Don Quixote refusing to breakfast, because, as we have already said, he regaled himself with the savoury remembrance of his mistress, they pursued their journey towards the Pass; which, after three days travelling, they discovered. 'Here,' cried Don Quixote; 'here, brother Sancho Panza, we shall be able to dip our hands up to our elbows in what is called adventure; but take notice, although thou seest me beset with the most extreme danger, thou must by no means even so much as lay thy hand upon thy sword, with design to defend me, unless I am assaulted by vulgar and low-born antagonists; in which case thou mayest come to my assistance: but if they are knights, thou art by no means permitted or licensed, by the laws of chivalry, to give me the least succour, until thou thyself hast received

the honour of knighthood *.'—'As for that matter,' replied Sancho, 'your worship shall be obeyed to a tittle; for I am a very peaceable man, and not at all fond of meddling with riots and quarrels. True, indeed, in the defence of my own person, I shall not pay much regard to the said laws, seeing every one that is aggrieved is permitted to defend himself by all the laws of God and man.'—'I say nothing to the contrary,' replied Don Quixote; 'but in the affair of assisting me against knights, thou must keep thy natural impetuosity under the rein.'—'That will I,' answered Sancho, 'and keep your honour's command as strictly as I keep the Lord's day.'

While they were engaged in this conversation, there appeared before them two Benedictine monks mounted upon dromedaries, for their mules were not much less, with their travelling spectacles and umbrellas: after them came a coach, accompanied by four or five people on horseback, and two mule-drivers on foot. In this earriage, it was afterwards known, a Biscayan lady was travelling to Seville to her husband, who was bound to the Indies with a rich cargo.

Don Quixote no sooner perceived the friars, (who though they travelled the same road, were not of her company) then he said to his squire, 'If I am not very much mistaken, this will be the most famous adventure that ever was known; for those black apparitions on the road must doubtless be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach some princess they have stolen; and there is a necessity for my exerting my whole power in redressing her wrongs.'—'This will be worse than the windmills,' cried Sancho: 'for the love of God! Sir, consider that these are Benedictine friars; and those who are in the coach can be no other than common travellers. Mind what I say, and consider what you do, and let not the devil deceive you.'—'I have told thee already Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that with regard to adventures, thou art utterly ignorant: what I say is true, and in a moment thou shalt be convinced.'

So saying, he rode forward, and placed himself in the middle of the highway through which the friars were to pass; and when he thought them near enough to hear what he said, he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'Monstrous and diabolical race! surrender, this instant, those high-born princesses, whom you carry captives in that coach; or prepare to receive immediate

* Here Don Quixote seems to have been too scrupulous: for though no squire was permitted to engage with a knight on horseback, yet they were allowed, and even enjoined, to assist their masters when they were unhorsed, or in danger, by mounting them on fresh steeds, supplying them with arms, and warding off the blows that were aimed at them. Davy Gam, at the battle of Agincourt, lost his life in defending Henry V. of England; and Saint Severin met with the same fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

death, as a just punishment for your misdeeds.' The friars immediately stopped short, astonished as much at the figure as at the discourse of Don Quixote: to which they replied, 'Sir Knight, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous; but innocent monks of the order of St. Benedict, who are going this way about our own affairs; neither do we know of any princesses that are carried captives in that coach.'—'These flattering speeches,' said Don Quixote, 'shall not impose upon me, who know too well what a treacherous pack you are.' And without waiting for any other reply, he put spurs to Rozinante; and couching his lance, attacked the first friar, with such fury and resolution, that if he had not thrown himself from his mule, he would have come to the ground extremely ill-handled, not without some desperate wound, nay, perhaps stone dead. The second monk, who saw how his companion had been treated, clapped spurs to the flanks of his trusty mule, and flew through the field even swifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza seeing the friar on the ground, leaped from his ass with great agility, and beginning to uncase him with the utmost dexterity, two of their servants came up, and asked for what reason he stript their master. The squire replied that the clothes belonged to him, as the spoils that Don Quixote, his lord, had won in battle: but the others, who did not understand railleury, nor knew any thing of spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a good distance, talking with the lady in the coach, went to loggerheads with Sancho, whom they soon overthrew; and, without leaving one hair of his beard, mauled him so unmercifully, that he lay stretched upon the ground, without sense or motion. Then, with the utmost dispatch, the friar mounted, as pale as a sheet, and almost frightened to death, and no sooner found himself on horseback, than he galloped towards his companion, who tarried at a good distance, to see the issue of this strange adventure. However, being joined again, without waiting for the conclusion of it, they pursued their journey; making as many crosses as if the devil had been at their backs.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, as we have already observed, was engaged in conversation with the lady in the coach, to whom he expressed himself in this manner: 'Beautiful lady, you may now dispose of your own person according to your pleasure; for the pride of your ravishers lies level with the ground, being overthrown by this my invincible arm! and that you may be at no difficulty in understanding the name of your deliverer, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer, and captive of the unparalleled and beautiful Donna Dulcinea del Toboso; and the only acknowledgment I expect for the benefit you have received is, that you

return

return to that place, and presenting yourself before my mistress, tell her what I have performed in behalf of your liberty.* This whole address of the Knight was overheard by a Biscayan Squire, who accompanied the coach, and who seeing that he would not allow the carriage to pass forward; but insisted upon their immediate returning to Toboso, rode up to Don Quixote, and laying hold of his lance, spoke to him thus in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan: 'Get thee gone, cavalier! go to the devil, I zay! vor, by the God that made her, if thou wilt not let the coach alone, che will kill the dead, as zure as che was a Biscayan.'—The knight, understanding very well what he said, replied with great composure, 'If thou wast a gentleman, as thou art not, I would chastise thy insolence and rashness, wretched creature.'—'I not a gentleman!' replied the Biscayan in great choler, 'by God in heaven thou liest, as I am a christian! if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, che will soon zee which be the better man*. Biscayan by land, gentleman by zea, gentleman by devil; and thou liest, look-zee, in thy throat, if thou sayest otherwise.'—'Thou shalt see that presently, as Agragis said,' replied Don Quixote; who, throwing his lance upon the ground, unsheathing his sword, and bracing on his target, attacked the Biscayan with full resolution to put him to death †.

His antagonist, who saw him approach, fain would have alighted from his mule (which being one of the worst that ever was let out for hire) could not much be depended upon; but he scarce had time to draw his sword; however, being luckily near the coach, he snatched out of it a cushion, which served him as a shield, and then they flew upon each other as two mortal enemies. The rest of the people who were present endeavoured, but in vain to appease them: for the Biscayan swore, in his uncouth expressions, that if they did not leave him to fight the battle, he would certainly murder his mistress, and every body who should pretend to oppose it. The Lady in the coach, surprised and frightened at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little out of the road, to a place from whence she should see at a distance this rigorous engagement. In the course of which the Biscayan bestowed such a huge stroke upon the shoulder of Don Quixote, that if it had not been for the defence of his buckler, he would have been cleft down to his girdle. The Knight, feeling the shock of such an

* The literal meaning of the Spanish is, 'Thou shalt soon see who is to carry the cat to the water:' or rather, in the corrupted Biscayan phrase, 'The water how soon thou wilt see that thou carriest to the cat.'

† The behaviour of Don Quixote was exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry; which, though they hindered a knight from fighting in armour with a squire, did not prevent him from giving satisfaction to an inferior, at sword and target; and every squire who was aggrieved had a right to demand it.

unconscionable blow, exclaimed aloud, 'O Dulcinea! lady of my soul, thou rose of beauty, succour thy knight, who, for the satisfaction of thy excessive goodness, is now involved in this dreadful emergency.' To pronounce these words, to raise his sword, to secure himself with his target, and attack the Biscayan, was the work of one instant; for he was determined to risk his all upon a single stroke. His antagonist, who saw him advance, and by this time was convinced of his courage by his resolution, determined to follow his example; and covering himself with his cushion, waited his assault, without being able to turn his mule either one side or the other; for she was already so jaded, and so little accustomed to such pastime, that she would not move one step out of the way.

Don Quixote then, as we have said, advanced against the cautious Biscayan, his sword lifted up, with an intention to cleave him through the middle: the Biscayan waited his attack in the same posture, being shielded with his cushion. The frightened by-standers stood aloof, intent upon the success of those mighty strokes that threatened each of the combatants; and the lady in the coach, with the rest of her attendants, put up a thousand prayers to heaven, and vowed an offering to every image and house of devotion in Spain, provided God would deliver the squire and them from the imminent danger in which they were: but the misfortune is, that in this very critical instant, the author of the history has left this battle in suspense, excusing himself that he could find no other account of Don Quixote's exploits, but what has already been related. True it is, that this second author of this work could not believe that such a curious history was consigned to oblivion: nor, that there could be such a scarcity of curious virtuosos in La Mancha, but that some papers relating to this famous knight should be found in their archives or cabinets: and therefore, possessed of this opinion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delightful history, which indeed he very providentially lighted upon, in the manner which will be related in the second book.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The Conclusion and Consequence of the stupendous Combat between the gallant Biscayan, and the valiant Knight of La Mancha.

IN the first book of this history we left the valiant Biscayan and renowned Don Quixote with their gleaming swords brandished aloft, about to discharge two such furious strokes, as must, (if they had but sheer) have cleft them both asunder from

from top to toe, like a couple of pomegranates; and in this dubious and critical conjuncture, the delicious history abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author where or how that which is wanting may be found.

I was not a little concerned at this disappointment: for the pleasure I enjoyed in the little I had read, was changed into disgust, when I reflected on the small prospect I had of finding the greater part of this relishing story, which in my opinion was lost; and yet it seemed impossible, and contrary to every laudable custom, that such an excellent knight should be unprovided with some sage to undertake the history of his unheard-of exploits; a convenience which none of those knights-errant who went in quest of adventures, ever wanted, each of them having been accommodated with one or two necromancers, on purpose to record not only his atchievements, but even his most hidden thoughts and amusements. Surely, then, such a compleat errant could not be so unlucky as to want that, which even Platil, and other such second-rate warriors enjoyed.

I could not therefore prevail upon myself to believe that such a spirited history was left so lame and unfinished, but laid the whole blame on the malignity of time, which wastes and devours all things, and by which, no doubt, this was either consumed or concealed: on the other hand, I considered, that as some books had been found in his library so modern as the Undeceptions of Jealousy, together with the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares, his own history must also be of a modern date, and the circumstances, though not committed to writing, still fresh in the memory of his neighbours and townsmen. This consideration perplexed and inflamed me with the desire of knowing the true and genuine account of the life and wonderful exploits of our Spanish worthy, Don Quixote de La Mancha, the sun and mirror of Manchegan chivalry; the first who, in this our age, and these degenerate times, undertook the toil and exercise of errantry and arms, to redress grievances, support the widow, and protect those damsels who stroll about with whip and palfrey, from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, on the strength of their virginity alone: for in times past, unless some libidinous clown with hatchet and morrion, or monstrous giant, forced her to his brutal wishes, a damsel might have lived fourscore years without ever lying under any other cover than that of heaven, and then gone to her grave as good a maiden as the mother that bore her. I say, therefore, that for these and many other considerations, our gallant Don Quixote merits incessant and immortal praise; and even I myself may claim some share, for my labour and diligence in finding the conclusion of this agreeable history; though I am well aware, that if I had not been favoured by fortune, chance, or providence,

dence, the world would have been deprived of that pleasure and satisfaction which the attentive reader may enjoy for an hour or two, in perusing what follows: the manner of my finding it I will now recount.

While I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy coming up to a certain mercer, offered to sell him a bundle of old papers he had in his hand. Now, as I have always a strong propensity to read even those scraps that sometimes fly about the streets, I was led by this my natural curiosity, to turn over some of the leaves, I found them written in Arabic, which not being able to read, though I knew the characters, I looked about for some Portuguese Moor who should understand it; and, indeed, though the language had been both more elegant and ancient, I might easily have found an interpreter. In short, I lighted upon one, to whom expressing my desire, and putting the pamphlet into his hands, he opened it in the middle, and after having read a few lines began to laugh: when I asked the cause of his laughter, he said it was occasioned by a whimsical annotation in the margin of the book. I begged he would tell me what it was, and he answered, still laughing, 'What I find written in the margin is to this purpose: "this same Dulcinea, so often mentioned in the history, is said to have had the best hand at salting pork of any woman in La Mancha."

Not a little surprised at hearing Dulcinea del Toboso mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle, actually contained the history of Don Quixote. Possessed with this notion, I bade him, with great eagerness, read the title-page, which having perused, he translated it extempore from Arabic to Spanish in these words: 'The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian author.' No small discretion was requisite to dissemble the satisfaction I felt, when my ears were saluted with the title of these papers, which, snatching from the mercer, I immediately bought in the lump for half a rial; though, if the owner had been cunning enough to discover my eagerness to possess them, he might have laid his account with getting twelve times the sum by the bargain.

I then retired with my Moor through the cloisters of the cathedral, and desired him to translate all those papers that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without addition or diminution, offering to pay any thing he should charge for his labour: his demand was limited to two quarters of raisins, and as many bushels of wheat, for which he promised to translate them with great care, conciseness, and fidelity: but I, the more to facilitate the business, without parting with such

a rich prize, conducted him to my own house, where, in little less than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the same manner as shall here be related.

In the first sheet was painted to the life the battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Biscayan, who were represented in the same posture as the history has already described, their swords brandished aloft; one of the antagonists covered with his shield, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so naturally set forth, that you might have known her to have been an hireling at the distance of a bow-shot. Under the feet of her rider was a label containing these words, 'Don Sancho de Azpetia,' which was doubtless his name; and beneath our Knight was another, with the title of 'Don Quixote.' Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated, so long and raw-boned, so lank and meagre, so sharp in the back, and consumptive, that one might easily perceive with what propriety and penetration the name of Rozinante had been bestowed upon him. Hard by the steed was Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet there was a third label, inscribed 'Sancho Zancas,' who, in the picture, was represented as a person of a short stature, swag belly, and long spindle-shanks: for this reason he ought to be called indiscriminately by the names of Panza * and Zancas; for by both these surnames is he sometimes mentioned in history.

There were divers other minute circumstances to be observed, but all of them of small importance and concern to the truth of the history, though, indeed, nothing that is true can be impertinent: however, if any objection can be started to the truth of this, it can be no other, but that the author was an Arabian, of a nation but too much addicted to falsehood, though as they are at present our enemies, it may be supposed that he has rather failed than exceeded in the representation of our hero's exploits; for, in my opinion, when he had frequently opportunities and calls to exercise his pen in the praise of such an illustrious knight, he seems to be industriously silent on the subject; a circumstance very little to his commendation; for all historians ought to be punctual, candid, and dispassionate, that neither interest, rancour, fear, or affection, may mislead them from the road of Truth, whose mother is History, that rival of Time, that repository of great actions, witness of the past, example and pattern of the present, and oracle of future ages. In this, I know, will be found whatsoever can be expected in the most pleasant performance; and if any thing seems imperfect, I affirm it must be owing to the fault of the infidel its author, rather than to any failure of the subject itself: in short, the second book in the translation begins thus—

* Panza, in Castilian, signifies Paunch; and Zancas, Spindle-shanks.

The flaming swords of the two valiant and incensed combatants, brandished in the air, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell, such was the rage and resolution of those that wielded them; but the first blow was discharged by the choleric Biscayan, who struck with such force and fury, that if the blade had not turned by the way, that single stroke would have been sufficient to have put an end to this dreadful conflict, and all the other adventures of our knight: but his good genius, which preserved him for mightier things, turned the sword of his antagonist aside, so that though it fell upon his left shoulder, it did no other damage than disarm that whole side, slicing off in its passage the greatest part of his helmet, with half of his ear, which fell to the ground with hideous ruin, leaving him in a very uncomfortable situation. Good Heavens! where is the man who can worthily express the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he saw himself handled in this manner? I shall only say, his fury was such, that raising himself again in his stirrups, and grasping his sword with both hands, he discharged it so full upon the cushion and head of the Biscayan, which it but ill defended, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, he began to spout blood from his nostrils, mouth, and ears, and seemed ready to fall from his mule, which would certainly have been the case, if he had not laid hold of the mane: yet, notwithstanding this effort, his feet falling out of the stirrups, and his arms quitting their hold, the mule, which was frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run across the field, and after a few plunges came with her master to the ground. Don Quixote, who sat observing him with great tranquillity, no sooner perceived him fall, than leaping from his horse, he ran up to him with great agility, and setting the point of his sword to his throat, bade him surrender on pain of having his head cut off. The Biscayan was so confounded by the blow and fall he had sustained, that he could not answer one syllable; and as Don Quixote was blinded by his rage, he would have fared very ill, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto, in great consternation, been spectators of the battle, had not run to the place where he was, and requested, with the most fervent entreaties, that his worship would grant them the favour to spare the life of their squire.

To this petition the knight replied, with great stateliness and gravity, 'Assuredly, most beautiful ladies, I am very ready to do what you desire, but it shall be upon condition and proviso, that this cavalier promise to go straight to Toboso, and present himself, in my behalf, before the unparalleled Donna Dulcinea, that she may use him according to her good pleasure.' The timorous and disconsolate ladies, without entering into the

detail of what Don Quixote desired, or enquiring who this Dulcinea was, promised that the squire should obey the knight's commands in every thing. 'Upon the faith of your word, then,' said Don Quixote, 'I will do him no farther damage, though he has richly deserved it at my hand.'

CHAPTER II.

Of what further happened between Don Quixote and the Biscayan.

ALL this time Sancho Panza, having got up, though very roughly handled by the lacquies of the friars, stood very attentively beholding the battle of his master Don Quixote, and put up ejaculatory petitions to heaven, that it would please to grant him the victory, and that he might gain by it some island, of which he himself might be made governor, in consequence of the knight's promise. Seeing therefore the battle ended, and his master returning to mount Rozinante, he went to hold his stirrup; and before he got up, fell on his knees before him; then laying hold of his hand, and kissing it, pronounced with great fervency, 'Sir Don Quixote, will your worship be pleased to bestow on me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful combat; for let it be ever so great, I find I have strength enough to govern it, as well as any he who governs an island in this world.' To this request Don Quixote replied, 'You must know, brother Sancho, that such as these are not adventures of islands, but frays that happen on the high road, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loss of an ear: have a little patience, and we shall meet with adventures, which will enable me to make you not only a governor, but something more.' Sancho made him many hearty acknowledgments for his promise; then kissing his hand again, and his coat of mail, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himself getting upon his ass, followed his master, who set off at a round pace, and without bidding adieu, or speaking one syllable to those in the coach, entered a wood that was in the neighbourhood.

Sancho followed him as hard as his beast would trot; but Rozinante exerted such speed, that seeing himself left behind, he was obliged to call to his master to wait for him. The knight complied with his request, and checked his horse, until he was overtaken by his weary squire; who, when he approached him, 'Sir,' said he, 'methinks it would be the wisest course for us to retreat to some church, for as he with whom you fought remains but in a sorry condition, it is odds but they inform the holy

holy brotherhood of the affair *, and have us apprehended; and verily, if they do, before we get out of prison, we may chance to sweat for it.—‘Peace, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote; ‘where didst thou ever see or hear that a knight-errant was brought to justice for the greatest homicides he had committed?’—‘I know nothing of your honey-seeds,’ answered Sancho, ‘nor in my life did I ever see one of them; this only I know, that the holy brotherhood commonly looks after those who quarrel and fight up and down the country; and as to the other affair, I have no business to intermeddle in it.’

‘Set your heart at ease then, friend Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘for I will deliver you from the hands of the Philistines, much more from the clutches of the brotherhood; but tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valiant knight than me in any country of the known world? Hast thou ever read in story of any other who possesses, or has possessed, more courage in attacking, more breath in persevering, more dexterity in wounding, and more agility in overthrowing his antagonist?’—‘The truth is,’ answered Sancho, ‘I never read a history since I was born; for indeed I can neither read nor write; but what I will make bold to wager upon is, that a more daring master than your worship I never served in the days of my life; and I wish to God that your courage may not meet with that reward I have already mentioned. What I beg of your worship at present is, that you would allow me to dress that ear, which bleeds very much, for I have got some lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet.’—‘These would have been altogether needless,’ answered the knight, ‘if I had remembered to make a phial of the balsam of Fierabras, one single drop of which would save abundance of time and trouble.’—‘What sort of a phial and balsam is that?’ said Sancho Panza. ‘It is a balsam,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘the receipt of which I retain in my memory, and he that possesses the valuable composition needs be in no fear of death, nor think of perishing by any wound whatsoever: and therefore, when I shall have made it, and delivered it into thy keeping, thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat cut through the middle, a circumstance that very often happens, but to snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness; then making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balsam, thou wilt see me in a twinkling as whole and as sound as an apple.’

* Santa Hermandad was a brotherhood or society instituted in Spain in times of confusion, to suppress robbery, and render travelling safe.

‘If that be the case,’ said Sancho Panza, I henceforth renounce the government of that island you promised me, and desire no other reward for my long and faithful service, but that your worship will give me the receipt of that same most exceeding liquor; for I imagine that it will sell for two rials an ounce at least, and that will be sufficient to make me spend the rest of my days in credit and ease: but it will be necessary to know if the composition be costly.’—‘I can make a gallon of it for less than three rials,’ replied the Knight. ‘Sinner that I am!’ cried Sancho, ‘what hinders your worship from teaching me to make it this moment?’—‘Hold thy tongue, friend,’ said the Knight. ‘I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and bestow upon thee more considerable rewards than that; but, in the mean time, let us dress my ear, which pains me more than I could wish.’

The Squire accordingly took out his lint and ointment: but when his master found that his helmet was quite demolished, he had almost run stark mad: he laid his hand upon his sword, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced aloud, ‘I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life which the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he swore to revenge the death of his cousin Valdivinos; neither to eat food upon a table, nor enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here consider as expressed, until I shall have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury.*’ Sancho, hearing this invocation, ‘Sir Don Quixote,’ said he, ‘I hope your worship will consider, that if the knight shall accomplish what he was ordered to do, namely, to present himself before my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done his duty, and certainly deserves no other punishment, unless he commits a new crime.’—‘Thou hast spoke very much to the purpose, and hit the nail on the head,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘therefore I annul my oath, so far as it regards my revenge; but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until such time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from some other knight; and thou must not think, San-

* These ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, at a public banquet, vowed to God, the holy virgin, the peacock, and the ladies, that he would declare war against the infidels; and a great number of persons who were present, listed themselves under the same vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it should be accomplished. Some swore they would never lie upon a bed, others renounced the use of a table cloth, a third set obliged themselves to fast one particular day in the week, a fourth went without one particular piece of armour, a fifth wore his armour night and day, and many confined themselves to shirts of sackcloth and hair.

cho, that I am now making a smoke of straw; for I know very well whom I imitate in this affair; the same thing having literally happened about the helmet of Mambrino, which cost Saccipante so dear *.

'Sir, Sir,' replied Sancho, with some heat, 'I wish your worship would send to the devil all such oaths, which are so mischievous to the health and prejudicial to the conscience: for, tell me now, if we should not find in many days, a man armed with a helmet, what must we do? must we perform this vow, in spite of all the rubs and inconveniences in the way; such as to lie in one's cloaths, and not to sleep in an inhabited place, with a thousand other penances contained in the oath of that old mad Marquis of Mantua, which your worship now wants to renew? Pray, sir, consider that there are no armed people in these roads; none but carriers and carters, which, far from wearing helmets themselves, perhaps never heard of any such thing during the whole course of their lives.'—'There art thou egregiously mistaken,' replied Don Quixote; 'for, before we are two hours in these cross-ways, we shall see armed men more numerous than those that came to Albraca, in order to win Angelica the Fair.'—'On then, and be it so,' said Sancho: 'and pray God we may succeed, and that the time may come when we shall gain that island which has cost me so dear, and then I care not how soon I die.'—'I have already advised thee, Sancho,' said the knight, 'to give thyself no trouble about that affair; for, should we be disappointed in the expectation of an island, there is the kingdom of Denmark; or that of Sobrediza, which will suit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger, and ought to give thee more joy, because it is situated on Terra Firma; but let us leave these things to the determination of time, and see if thou hast got any thing in thy wallet; for we must go presently in quest of some castle, where we may procure a night's lodging, and ingredients to make that same balsam I mentioned; for, I vow to God, my ear gives me infinite pain.'

'I have got here in my bags,' said Sancho, 'an onion, a slice of cheese, and a few crusts of bread: but these are eat-

* Geoffroi de Rancon, having been greatly injured by the Count de la Marche, swore by the saints that he would wear his buskin like a woman, and never suffer himself to be shaved in the manner of chivalry, until he should be revenged. This oath he scrupulously observed, until he saw his adversary, with his wife and children, kneeling in distress before the king, and imploring his forgiveness; then he called for a stool, adjusted his buskin, and was shaved in presence of his majesty and all the court.

The knight's forehead was commonly shaved, that in case he should lose his helmet in combat, his antagonist should have no hold by which he might be pulled off his horse.

ables which do not suit the palate of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship.'—'How little you understand of the matter!'—answered Don Quixote. 'Thou must know, Sancho, that it is for the honour of knights-errant, to abstain whole months together from food, and when they do eat to be contented with what is next at hand; this thou wouldst not have been ignorant of, hadst thou read so many histories as I have perused, in which, numerous as they are, I have never found any account of knights-errant eating, except occasionally at some sumptuous banquet made on purpose for them; at other times living upon air; and though it must be taken for granted that they could not altogether live without eating, or complying with the other necessities of nature, being in effect men as we are: yet we are likewise to consider, that as the greatest part of their lives was spent in travelling through woods and deserts, without any cook or caterer, their ordinary diet was no other than such rustic food as thou hast now got for our present occasions*; therefore, friend Sancho, give thyself no uneasiness, because thou hast got nothing to gratify the palate, nor seek to unhinge or alter the constitution of things.'—'I beg your worship's pardon,' said Sancho; 'for as I can neither read nor write, as I have already observed, I may have mistaken the rules of your knightly profession; but from henceforward I will store my budget with all sorts of dry fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will provide other more volatile and substantial food†.'—'I do not say, Sancho, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except these fruits, but only that their most ordinary sustenance is composed of them and some certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields, a species of knowledge which I myself am no stranger to.'—'Surely,' answered Sancho, 'it is a great comfort to know those same herbs; for it comes into my head, we shall one day or another have occasion to make use of the knowledge:' and taking out the contents of his wallet, they eat together with great harmony and satisfaction: but, being desirous of finding some place for their night's lodging, they finished their humble repast in a hurry, and mounting their beasts, put

* We read in Perce Forest, that there were flat stones placed at certain distances in uninhabited parts of the country, for the use of knights-errant; who, having killed a roe-buck, pressed the blood out of it upon one of these tables by the help of another smooth stone, and then eat it with some salt and spices, which they carried along with them for that purpose. This diet is called in the French romances, *Chevaux de presse, noureture des heroux*.

† Volatile, in the original, signifies any things that fly; and therefore Sancho may be supposed to mean he would provide himself with game or poultry; but the blunder which we have made him commit seems to be more in character.

on at a good rate, in order to reach some village before it should be dark; but the hope of gratifying that desire failed them with day-light, just when they happened to be near a goatherd's hut, in which they resolved to pass the night; and in the same proportion that Sancho was disgusted at not being able to reach some village, his master was rejoiced at an opportunity of sleeping under the cope of heaven, because he looked upon every occasion of this kind as an act of possession that strengthened the proof of his knight-errantry.

— *Stop* —
 ✓ CHAPTER III. 11 *Scn*

Of what happened to Don Quixote while he remained with the Goatherds.

HE received a very hearty welcome from the goatherds; and Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rozinante and his ass, was attracted by the odour that issued from some pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much at that instant to see if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curiosity, because the landlord took them from the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins upon the ground, set out their rustic table without loss of time; inviting their two guests to a share of their mess, with many expressions of good-will and hospitality. Then those who belonged to the cot, being six in number, seated themselves round the skins, having first, with their boorish ceremony desired Don Quixote to sit down on a trough, which they had overturned for that purpose.

The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained standing to administer the cup, which was made of horn; but his master perceiving him in this attitude, 'That thou may'st see, Sancho,' said he, 'the benefit which is concentrated in knight-errantry, and how near all those who exercise themselves in any sort of ministry belonging to it, are to preferment and esteem of the world, I desire thee to sit down here by my side, in company with these worthy people; and that thou mayest be on an equal footing with me, thy natural lord and master, eating in the same dish, and drinking out of the same cup that I use; for what is said of love may be observed of knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level.'

'I give you a thousand thanks,' said Sancho; 'but I must tell your worship that, provided I have plenty, I can eat as much, may more to my satisfaction, standing on my legs, and in my own

own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor; and, if all the truth must be told, I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be upon a bit of bread and an onion, without all your niceties and ceremonies, than eat turkey-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, to abstain from sneezing or coughing, though I should be ever so much inclined to either, and from a great many other things, which I can freely do when alone; therefore, Sir, master of mine, I hope these honours which your worship would put upon me, as being the servant and abettor of knight errantry, which to be sure I am, while I remain in quality of your squire, may be converted into other things of more ease and advantage to me, than those which, though I hold them as received in full, I renounce from thenceforth for ever, amen.'—'Thou must nevertheless sit thee down,' said his master; 'for him that is humble, God will exalt:' and, seizing him by the arm, he pulled him down to the seat on which he himself sat.

The goatherds, who understood not a word of all this jargon of squire and knights-errant, did nothing but eat in silence, and gaze upon their guests; who, with keen appetite and infinite relish, solaced their stomachs, by swallowing pieces as large as their fists. This service of meat being finished, they spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns, and half a cheese, harder than plaister of Paris. All this time the horn was not idle, but went round so fast, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the buckets of a well, that they soon voided one of the two skins of wine that hung in view.

Don Quixote having satisfied his appetite, took up a handful of the acorns, and after looking at them attentively, delivered himself to this purpose: 'Happy age, and happy days were those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden: not that gold, which in these our iron times is so much esteemed, was to be acquired without trouble, in that fortunate period; but because people were then ignorant of those two words *MINE* and *THINE*. In that sacred age, all things were in common; no man was necessitated, in search of his daily food, to undergo any other trouble than that of reaching out his hand, and receiving it from the sturdy oak, that liberally invited him to pull his sweet and salutary fruit. The limpid fountains and murmuring rills afforded him their savoury and transparent waters in magnificent abundance. In clefts of rocks and hollow trees the prudent and industrious bees formed their commonwealths, offering without interest to every hand the fruitful harvest of their delicious toil. The stately cork-trees voluntarily stripped themselves

themselves of their light extended bark, with which men began to cover their rural cottages, supported upon rustic poles, with a view only to defend themselves from the inclemencies of the weather. All was then peace, all was harmony, and all was friendship. As yet the ponderous coulter of the crooked plough had not presumed to open or visit the pious entrails of our first mother, who, without compulsion, presented on every part of her wide and fertile bosom every thing that could satisfy, sustain, and delight her sons, who then possessed her. Then did the simple and beautiful shepherdesses rove from hill to hill and dale to dale, bare-headed in their braided locks, without any other cloaths than what were necessary to cover modestly that which modesty commands, and always has commanded, to be covered. Neither were their ornaments such as are used now-a-days, enhanced in value by the Tyrian purple, and the many-ways-martyred silk, but composed of verdant dock-leaves and ivy interwove together; with which they appeared, perhaps, with as great pomp and contrivance as the court ladies of our days, dressed in all the rare and foreign fashions which idle curiosity has invented. Then were the amorous dictates of the soul expressed in sensible simplicity, just as they were conceived, undisguised by the artificial cloak of specious words. There was no fraud, no deceit, no malice intermixed with plain-dealing truth; justice then kept within her proper bounds, undisturbed and unbiassed by interest and favour, which now impair, confound, and persecute her so much; law was not then centered in the arbitrary bosom of the judge, for, at that time, there was neither cause nor contest. Damsels and decency, as I have already said, went about single, and without fear of being injured by insolence or lust; and their ruin, when it happened, was the fruit of their own will and pleasure. But, now-a-days, in this detestable age, no maid is secure, though she was concealed and shut up in such another labyrinth as was that of Crete; for even there, the amorous pestilence, with the zeal of mischievous importunity, would enter either by the help of wings, or by gliding through some chink or other, and all her barracadoed chastity would go to wreck. For the security of this virtue, in process of time, when mischief grew to a greater head, the order of knight-errantry was first instituted to defend damsels, protect widows, and succour the needy and the fatherless. This order, brother goatherds, I profess; and thank you for this kind entertainment and reception, which I and my squire have received at your hands; for though, by the law of nature, all mankind are obliged to favour and assist knights-errant during the whole course of their lives, yet, as you have received and regaled me before you knew yourselves to be

under that obligation, I think it my duty to return my most sincere acknowledgment for your hospitality?

The whole of this tedious harangue, which might very well have been spared, was pronounced by our knight, because the acorns they presented recalled to his memory the golden age: therefore he took it in his head to make these useless reflections to the goatherds; who, without answering one syllable, listened with suspence and astonishment. Sancho was also silent, but kept his teeth employed upon the acorns, and paid many a visit to the second wine-bag; which, that the contents might be the cooler, was hung upon a cork-tree. Don Quixote was less tedious in his discourse than at his meal, which being ended, one of the goatherds said, 'That your worship knight-errant, may be convinced of our readiness and good-will to give you all the entertainment in our power, you shall have the pleasure and satisfaction of hearing a song from one of our companions, who will soon be here. He is an understanding young fellow, very much in love, who moreover can read and write, and play upon the rebeck*, that it will delight you to hear him. Scarce had the goatherd pronounced these words, when their ears were saluted with a sound of this instrument; and presently after appeared the musician, who was a young fellow of about twenty, or twenty-two years of age, and of a very graceful appearance. His companions asked him if he had supped, and he answering in the affirmative, one of them, who made the offer to the knight, said to him, 'If that be the case, Antonio, you will do us the pleasure to sing a song, that this gentleman, our guest, may see there are some even among these woods and mountains, who understand music. We have already informed him of thy uncommon talents, and we desire thou wouldst shew them, in order to justify what we have said in thy praise. I therefore earnestly beseech thee to sit down and sing the ballad of thy love, composed by thy uncle the curate, which is so much commended in our village.'—'With all my heart,' replied the young man; who, without farther entreaty, sat down upon the trunk of an ancient oak, and tuning his instrument, began in a very graceful manner to sing and accompany the following song:

I.

YOU love, Olalla, nay, adore me;
In spite of all your art I know it,
Although you never smile before me,
And neither tongue nor eyes avow it.

* A sort of small fiddle of one piece, with three strings, used by shepherds.

II.

For sure to slight a lover's passion,
 So try'd as that which lives this heart in,
 Were but small proof of penetration;
 And that you are no fool is certain.

III.

Sometimes, indeed, and 'tis amazing,
 Tho' prov'd by evidence of twenty,
 You've plainly shewn your soul was brazen,
 And eke your snowy bosom flinty.

IV.

Yet in the midst of maiden shyness,
 Affected scorn, and decent scolding,
 Kind Hope appear'd with proffer'd spy-glass,
 The border of her robe unfolding.

V.

Then balance in the scales of reason,
 My love unshaken and untainted,
 Unapt to change from truth to treason;
 By frowns impair'd, by smiles augmented.

VI.

If love be courtesy refin'd,
 And you be civil to profusion,
 That you will to my hopes prove kind,
 Is but a natural conclusion.

VII.

If gratitude that breast can soften,
 Which bids to other arts defiance,
 The services I've render'd often,
 Must melt your soul to kind compliance.

VIII.

For, more than once, had you attended,
 You might have seen me wear on Monday
 My best apparel, scower'd and mended,
 With which I went to honour Sunday.

IX.

As love delights in finery,
 And women oft are won by tightness,
 I've still endeavour'd in your eye
 To shine the mirror of politeness.

X.

That I have danc'd the swains among,
 To please your pride, what need I mention;
 Or with the cock begun my song,
 To wake my sleeping fair's attention!

XI.

XI.

Or that, enamour'd of your beauty,
 I've loudly sounded forth its praises;
 A task which though a lover's duty,
 The spite of other women raises!

XII.

For once Teresa of the hill
 Beneath all notice would have sunk ye:
 'You think Olalla angel still,'
 Said she, 'but others scorn the monkey.'

XIII.

'Thanks to her beads of glittering glass,
 'And her false locks in ringlets curling,
 'And the false colour of her face,
 'Which Love himself might take for sterling.'

XIV.

She ly'd I told her in her throat;
 Aud when her kinsman kept a racket,
 You know I made him change his note,
 And soundly thresh'd the booby's jacket.

XV.

Your lovely person, not your wealth,
 At first engag'd my inclination;
 Nor would I now possess by stealth
 The guilty joys of fornication.

XVI.

The church has silken ties in store,
 Then yield thy neck to Hymen's fetters;
 Behold, I put my own before,
 And trust the noose that binds our fetters.

XVII.

Else, by each blessed saint I swear,
 And heaven forbid I prove a liar!
 Never to quit this desert drear,
 Except in form of hooded friar*.

* The reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to adapt the versification to the plainness and rusticity of the sentiment, which are preserved through the whole of this ballad; though all the other translators seem to have been bent upon setting the poetry at variance with the pastoral simplicity of the thoughts. For example, who would ever dream of a goatherd's addressing his mistress in these terms?

'With rapture on each charm I dwell,
 'And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
 'And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
 'Though envy swell, or malice blame.'

The original sentiments which this courtly stanza is designed to translate, are literally these:

'I do not mention the praises I have spoke of your beauty, which, though true in fact, are the occasion of my being hated by some other women.'

Thus ended the goatherd's ditty; and though Don Quixote desired him to sing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his consent, being more inclined to take his natural rest than to hear ballads; and therefore, he said to his master, 'Your worship had better consider where you are to lodge this night; for the labour that these honest men undergo in the day, will not suffer them to pass the night in singing.'—'I understand thee, Sancho,' replied the knight; it plainly appears that the visits thou hast made to the wine-bag, demand the consolation of sleep, rather than that of music.'—'They agreed with us all very well, blessed be God!' replied Sancho. 'I do not deny it,' said the knight; 'and thou mayest bestow thyself in the best manner thou canst; but it is more seemly for those of my profession to watch than to sleep: it would not be amiss, however, Sancho, to dress my ear again; for it gives me more pain than I could wish.' Sancho did as he desired: when one of the goatherds perceiving the wound, bade him give himself no trouble about it, for he would apply a remedy that would heal it in a trice: so saying, he took some leaves of rosemary, which grew in great plenty round the hut, and having chewed and mixed them with a little salt, applied the poultice to his ear; and binding it up carefully, assured him, as it actually happened, that it would need no other plaster.

CHAPTER IV. 12 *deif*

What was related by a Goatherd, who chanced to come into the Hut.

IN the mean time, another of the lads, who brought them victuals from the village, entering the hut, said, 'Do you know what has happened in our town, comrades? When one of them answered, 'How should we?' 'Know, then,' continued he, 'that the famous student Chrysostom died this morning; and it is murmured about, that his death was occasioned by his love for that devilish girl Marcella, daughter of William the Rich.—She that roves about these plains in the habit of a shepherdess.'—'For Marcella, said you!' cried one.—'The same,' answered the goatherd: 'and it is certain, that in his last will he ordered himself to be buried in the field, like a Moor (God bless us!) at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork tree spring; for, the report goes, and they say he said so himself, as how the first time he saw her was in that place. And he has also ordained many other such things as the clergy say must not be accomplished:

accomplished: nor is it right they should be accomplished; for, truly, they seem quite heathenish; to all which objections his dear friend Ambrosio, the student, who also dressed himself like a shepherd, to keep him company, replies, that he will perform every thing, without fail, that Chrysostom has ordered; and the whole village is in an uproar about it; but it is believed that every thing, at last, will be done according to the desire of Ambrosio, and all the rest of the shepherds, his friends; and that to-morrow he will be interred with great pomp in the very spot I have mentioned. I am resolved, therefore, as it will be a thing well worth seeing, to go thither without fail, even though I thought I should not be able to return to the village that night.—‘We will do so too,’ replied the goatherds, ‘and cast lots to see which of us must stay and take care of our flocks.’—‘You are in the right, Pedro,’ said one; ‘but there will be no occasion to use that shift, for I myself will stay and take care of the whole, and you must not impute my tarrying to virtue, or the want of curiosity, but to the plaguy thorn that ran into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking.’—‘We are obliged to thee; however,’ answered Pedro; whom Don Quixote desired to tell him who that same dead shepherd and living shepherdess were.

To this question the goatherd replied, all that he knew of the matter was, that the deceased was the son of a rich farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a village in these mountains; that he had studied in Salamanca many years, at the end of which he had returned to his family with the character of a great scholar: in particular, they said, he was very knowing in the science of the stars, and what passed betwixt the sun and moon, and the heavens; for he had punctually foretold the clipse of them both.’ ‘The obscuration of those two great luminaries,’ said the knight, ‘is called the eclipse, and not the clipse, friend.’ But Pedro, without troubling his head with these trifles, proceeded, saying, ‘he likewise foresaw when the year would be plentiful or staril.’—‘You mean sterile,’ said Don Quixote. ‘Sterile or staril’ replied Pedro, comes all to the same purpose; and I say, that his father and his friends, taking his advice, became very rich: for they gave great credit to his words, and followed his counsel in all things. When he would say this year you must sow barley, and no wheat: here you must sow carabances, but no barley; next year there will be a good harvest of oil; but for three years to come there will not be a drop.’—‘That science,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘is called astrology.’—‘I know not how it is called,’ replied Pedro, ‘but this I know, that he knew all this, and much more. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared

appeared all of a sudden in shepherd-weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of sheep, having laid aside the long dress of a student. And he was accompanied by a friend of his in the same habit, whose name was Ambrosio, and who had been his fellow-student at college. I forgot to tell you that Chrysostom the defunct was such a great man at composing couplets, that he made carols for Christmas-eve, and plays for the Lord's-day, which were represented by the young men in our village; and every body said they were tip-top. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly clothed like shepherds, they were surprised, and could not guess their reason for such an odd change. About that time the father of this Chrysostom dying, he inherited great riches, that were in moveables and in lands, with no small number of sheep, more or less, and a great deal of money: of all which this young man remained desolate lord and master: and truly he deserved it all; for he was an excellent companion, very charitable, a great friend to good folks, and had a most blessed countenance. Afterwards it came to be known that his reason for changing his garb was no other than with a view of strolling through the woods and deserts after that same shepherdess Marcella, whose name my friend mentioned just now, and with whom the poor defunct Chrysostom was woundly in love: and I will now tell you, for it is necessary that you should know who this wench is; for mayhap, nay, even without a mayhap, you never heard of such a thing in all the days of your life, though you be older than St. Paul*.—‘Say Paul’s,’ replied Don Quixote, offended at the goatherd’s perverting of words.—‘St. Paul was no chicken,’ replied Pedro; ‘and if your worship be resolved to correct my words every moment, we shall not have done in a twelvemonth.’—‘I ask your pardon, friend,’ said the knight; ‘I only mention this, because there is a wide difference between the person of St. Paul and a church that goes by his name; but however, you made a very sensible reply; for, to be sure, the saint lived long before the church was built: therefore go on with your story, and I promise not to interrupt you again.’

‘Well, then, my good master,’ said the goatherd, ‘there lived in our village a farmer, still richer than Chrysostom’s father; his name was William, and God gave him, over and above great wealth, a daughter, who at her birth was the death of her mother, the most worthy dame in all the country. Methinks I see her now with that face of her’s, which seemed to

* In the original Spanish the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, says as old as Sarna; which in that language signifies the itch: but as it is impossible to preserve these mistakes in the translation, I have substituted another in its room, which I apprehend is equally natural and expressive.

have the sun on one side and the moon on the other; she was an excellent housewife, and a great friend to the poor, for which reason I believe her soul is enjoying the presence of God in paradise. Her husband died of grief for the loss of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcella, young and rich, to the care of an uncle, who has got a living in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that she put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share, and yet it was thought it would be surpassed by the daughter's. It happened accordingly; for, when she came to the age of fourteen or fifteen, nobody could behold her without blessing God, for having made so beautiful a creature; and every body almost grew desperately in love with her. Her uncle kept her up with great care; but, for all that, the fame of her exceeding beauty spread in such a manner, that both for her person and her fortune, not only the richest people in our town, but likewise in many leagues about, came to ask her in marriage of her uncle, with much importunity and solicitation. But he who, to give him his due, was a good Christian, although he wanted to dispose of her as soon as she came to an age fit for matrimony would not give her away without her own consent: neither had he a view, in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl's fortune. And truly I have heard this spoken in more companies than one, very much to the praise of the honest priest. For I would have you know, Sir traveller, that in these small towns people intermeddle and grumble about every thing. And this you may take for certain, as I know it to be so, that a clergyman must be excessively good indeed, if he can oblige his flock to speak well of him, especially in country villages.—'You are certainly in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'and pray go on, for your story is very entertaining; and you, honest Pedro, relate it with a good grace.'—'May I never want God's grace!' said the shepherd; 'for that is the main chance; and you must know, moreover, that though the uncle proposed to his niece, and described the good qualities of each in particular who asked her in marriage, desiring her to give her hand to some one or other, and chuse for herself; she never would give him any other answer, but that she did not chuse to marry, for that she was too young to bear the burden of matrimony. On account of these excuses, which seemed to have some reason in them, her uncle forbore to importune her, and waited till she should have more years and discernment to make choice of her own company: for he said, and to be sure it was well said, that parents should never dispose of their children against their own inclinations. But behold, when we least thought of it, the timorous

morous Marcella one day appeared in the habit of a shepherdess; and, without imparting her design to her uncle, or any body in the village, for fear they might have dissuaded her from it, she took to the field with her own flock, in company of the other damsels of the village. As she now appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to the eyes of every body, you cannot conceive what a number of rich youths, gentlemen, and farmers, immediately took the garb of Chrysostom, and went wooing her through the fields. One of these suitors, as you have heard, was the deceased, who, they say, left off loving to adore her; and you must not think, that because Marcella took to this free and unconfined way of living, she brought the least disparagement upon her chastity and good name; on the contrary, such is the vigilance with which she guards her honour, that of all those who serve and solicit her, not one has boasted, nor indeed can boast with any truth, that she has given him the smallest hope of accomplishing his desire; for, though she neither flies or avoids the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them in a courteous and friendly manner, whenever any one of them comes to disclose his intention, let it be ever so just and holy, even marriage itself, she throws him from her like a stone from a sling; and being of this disposition, does more damage in this country, than if a pestilence had seized it; for her affability and beauty allures all the hearts of those that converse with her to serve and love her, but her coyness and plain dealing drives them even to the borders of despair: therefore they know not what to say, but upbraid her with cruelty and ingratitude, and give her a great many such titles, as plainly shew the nature of her disposition: and if your worship was but to stay here one day, you would hear these hills and dales resound with the lamentations of her rejected followers. Not far from this place there is a tuft of about a dozen of tall beeches, upon every one of which you may read engraved the name of Marcella, and over some a crown cut out in the bark, as if her lover would have declared, that Marcella wears, and deserves to wear, the crown of all earthly beauty. Here one shepherd sighs, there another complains; in one place you may hear amorous ditties, in another the dirges of despair: one lover sits musing through all the hours of the night, at the foot of some tall ash or rugged rock, and there, without having closed his weeping eyes, shrunk up as it were, and entranced in his own reflections, he is found by the rising sun; a second, without giving respite or truce to his sighs, exposed to the heat of the most sultry summer's sun, lies stretched upon the burning sand, breathing his complaints to pitying heaven; and over this and that, and these and those, the free, the unconcerned,

the fair Marcella triumphs. We who are acquainted with her disposition, wait with impatience to see the end of all this disdain, and long to know what happy man will tame such an unsociable humour, and enjoy such exceeding beauty. As every thing that I have recounted is true to a tittle, I have no reason to doubt the truth of what our comrade said concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death; and therefore I advise you, Sir, not to fail being to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth seeing; for Chrysostom had a great many friends, and the spot in which he ordered himself to be buried is not more than half a league from hence.

'I will take care to be present,' said the knight, 'and thank you heartily for the pleasure you have given me in relating such an interesting story.'—'Oh! as for that,' cried the goatherd, 'I do not know one half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcella: but to-morrow, perhaps, we may light upon some shepherd on the road, who is better acquainted with them. In the mean time you will do well to go to sleep under some cover, for the cold night air may not agree with the hurt you have received, though the remedy I have applied is such, that you have nothing else to fear.'

Sancho Panza, who wished the goatherd's loquacity at the devil, earnestly intreated his master to go to sleep in Pedro's hut. This request the knight complied with, and spent the greatest part of the night in thinking of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers; while Sancho Panza, taking up his lodging betwixt Rozinante and his ass, slept soundly, not like a discarded lover, but like one who had been battered and bruised the day before.

CHAPTER V.

The Conclusion of the Story of the Shepherdess Marcella, and other Incidents.

SCARCE had Aurora disclosed herself through the balconies of the East, when five of the six goatherds arising, went to waken Don Quixote, and told him that if he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, they would keep him company. The knight, who desired nothing better, arose, and commanded Sancho to saddle his horse and pannel his ass immediately. This order was executed with great dispatch, and they set out without loss of time. They had not travelled more than a quarter of a league, when,

when, upon crossing a path, they saw coming towards them six shepherds, cloathed in jackets of black sheep-skin, and crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter bays, each having a club of holly in his hand. Along with them came also two gentlemen on horseback, very well equipped for travel, accompanied by three young men on foot.

When they advanced they saluted one another; and understanding, upon inquiry, that they were all bound to the place of interment, they joined company, and travelled together. One of the horsemen said to his companion, 'Signior Vivaldo, we shall not have reason to grudge our tarrying to see this famous funeral, which must certainly be very extraordinary, by the strange account we have received from these people of the dead shepherd, and the murderous shepherdess.'—'I am of the same opinion,' answered Vivaldo; 'and would not only tarry one day, but even four or five, on purpose to see it.' Don Quixote asking what they had heard of Marcella and Chrysostom, the traveller replied, that early in the morning they had met with these shepherds, of whom inquiring the cause of their being cloathed in such melancholy weeds, they had been informed of the coyness and beauty of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the hapless love of many who courted her, together with the death of that same Chrysostom to whose funeral they were going. In short, he recounted every circumstance of what Pedro had told Don Quixote before.

This conversation being ended, another began, by Vivaldo's asking Don Quixote why he travelled thus in armour in a peaceable country. To this question the knight replied, 'The exercise of my profession will not permit or allow me to go in any other manner. Revels, feasting, and repose, were invented by effeminate courtiers; but toil, anxiety, and arms, are peculiar to those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which order I, though unworthy and the least, am one.' He had no sooner pronounced these words than all present took him for a madman; but, in order to confirm their opinion, and discover what kind of madness it was, Vivaldo desired to know what he meant by knights-errant. 'What!' said Don Quixote, 'have you never read the annals and History of England, which treat of the famous exploits of Arthur, who, at present, in our Castilian language, is called King Artus, and of whom there is an ancient tradition, generally believed all over Great Britain, that he did not die, but was by the art of enchantment, metamorphosed into a raven: and that the time will come, when he shall return, and recover his sceptre and throne; for which reason it cannot be proved, that from that period to this,

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any Englishman has killed a raven. In the reign of that excellent king was instituted that famous order of chivalry, called the Knights of the Round Table; and those amours punctually happened, which are recounted of Don Launcelot of the Lake with queen Ginebra, by the help and mediation of that sage and venerable duenna Quitaniona, from whence that delightful ballad, so much sung in Spain, took its rise:

‘For never sure, was any knight

‘So serv’d by damsel or by dame,

‘As Launcelot, that man of might,

‘When he at first from Britain came.’

‘With the rest of that most relishing and delicious account of his amours and valiant exploits. From that time the order of knight-errantry was extended, as it were, from hand to hand, and spread through divers and sundry parts of the world, producing, among many other worthies celebrated for their atchievements, the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, even to the fifth generation; the courageous Fleximarte of Hircania; the never-enough-to-be-commended Tirante the White; and he, whom in this our age we have as it were seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Bellianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what I meant by knight-errant; and such as I have described is the order of chivalry, which, as I have already told you, I, though a sinner, have professed; and the very same which those knights I mentioned professed, I profess also. On which account I am found in these desarts and solitudes, in quest of adventures, fully determined to lift my arm, and expose my person, to the greatest danger that my destiny shall decree, in behalf of the needy and oppressed.’

By this declaration the travellers were convinced that the knight had lost his wits, and easily perceived the species of folly which had taken possession of his brain, and which struck them with the same surprize that always seized those who became acquainted with our knight. Vivaldo, who was a person of discretion, and a great deal of archness, in order to travel agreeably the rest of the road which they had to go till they should come to the place of interment, wanted to give him an opportunity of proceeding in his extravagance, and in that view said to him, ‘Sir knight-errant, methinks your worship professes one of the strictest orders upon earth; nay, I will affirm, more strict than that of the Carthusian friars.’

‘The order of the Carthusians,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘may be as strict; but, that it is as beneficial to mankind, I am within a hair’s breadth of doubting; for, to be plain with you, the soldier who executes his captain’s command is no less valuable

hable than the captain who gave the order. I mean that the monks pray to God for their fellow-creatures in peace and safety; but we soldiers and knights put in execution that for which they pray, by the valour of our arms, and the edge of our swords; living under no other cover than the cope of heaven; set up in a manner as marks for the intolerable heat of the sun in summer, and the chilly breath of frosty winter; we are therefore God's ministers, and the arms by which he executes his justice upon earth; and as the circumstances of war, and what has the least affinity and concern with it, cannot be accomplished without sweat, anxiety, and fatigue, it follows that those who profess it, are doubtless more subject to toil than those who in rest and security implore the favour of God for persons who can do nothing for themselves: not that I would be thought to say or imagine the condition of a knight-errant is equal to that of a recluse monk; I would only infer, from what we suffer, that it is without doubt more troublesome, more battered, more famished, more miserable, ragged, and lousy; for the knights-errant of past times certainly underwent numberless misfortunes in the course of their lives. And if some of them came to be emperors by the valour of their arms, considering the blood and sweat it cost them, in faith it was a dear purchase; and if those who attained such a supreme station, had been without their sage enchanters to assist them, they might have been defrauded by their desires, and grievously balked of their expectations.

'I am very much of your opinion,' answered the traveller: 'but there is one thing among your knights-errant that I cannot approve of, and that is, when any great and dangerous adventure occurs, in which you run a manifest risk of losing your lives, in the instant of an engagement, you never think of recommending your souls to God, as every Christian ought to do on such occasions; but, on the contrary put up your petitions to your mistresses, with as much fervour and devotion as if they were your deities; a circumstance which, in my opinion, smells strong of paganism.'—'Sir,' replied Don Quixote, 'that practice must in no degree be altered; and woe be to that knight-errant who should do otherwise; for, according to the practice and custom of chivalry, every knight, when he is upon the point of atchieving some great feat, must call up the idea of his mistress, and turning his eyes upon her with all the gentleness of love, implore, as it were, by his looks, her favour and protection in the doubtful dilemma in which he is about to involve himself: nay, even though nobody should hear him, he is obliged to mutter between his teeth an ejaculation, by which he heartily and confidently recommends himself to her good

good wishes; and of this practice, we have innumerable examples in history; but I would not have you think that we are to forbear recommending ourselves to God also; there will be time and opportunity enough for that duty in the course of action.'

'But, nevertheless,' said the traveller, 'I have still one scruple remaining; which is, that I have often read of a dispute between two knights, which proceeding to rage, from one word to another, they have turned about their steeds, to gain ground for a good career, and then, without any more ceremony, returned to the encounter at full gallop, recommending themselves to their mistresses by the way; and the common issue of such an engagement is, that one of them is thrown down by the horse's crupper, struck through and through with his adversary's lance, while the other, with difficulty, avoids a fall by laying hold of his horse's mane: now, I cannot comprehend how the dead man could have time to recommend himself to God, in the course of so sudden an attack: surely it would have been better for his soul, if, instead of the words he uttered in his career, he had put up a petition to Heaven according to the duty and obligation of every Christian; especially, as I take it for granted, that every knight-errant has not a mistress; for all of them cannot be in love.'—'That's impossible,' answered Don Quixote. 'I affirm that there never could be a knight-errant without a mistress; for to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them, as the stars are to the heavens, I am very certain that you never read an history that gives an account of a knight-errant without an amour; for he that has never been in love, would not be held as a legitimate member, but some adulterate brood, who had got into the fortress of chivalry, not through the gate, but over the walls, like a thief in the night.'

'Yet, notwithstanding,' said the traveller, 'I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadis de Gaul, never had any known mistress to whom he could recommend himself; and he was not disregarded, but looked upon as a very valiant and famous knight.'—'Signior,' answered our hero Don Quixote, 'one swallow makes not a summer; besides, to my certain knowledge, that knight was privately very much in love; indeed he made love to every handsome woman who came in his way; for that was his natural disposition, which he by no means could resist: in short, it is very well attested, that he had one mistress, whom he enthroned as sovereign of his heart, and to whom he recommended himself with great caution and privacy, because he piqued himself upon being a secret knight.'

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‘ Since then it is essential to every knight to be in love, we may conclude that your worship, being of that profession, is no stranger to that passion: and, if you do not value yourself upon being as secret a knight as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in behalf of myself, and the rest of the company, to tell us the name, country, station, and qualities of your mistress; who must think herself extremely happy in reflecting that all the world knows how much she is beloved and adored by so valiant a knight as your worship appears to be.’

Here Don Quixote uttered a grievous sigh, saying, ‘ I am not positively certain whether or not that beautiful enemy of mine takes pleasure in the world’s knowing I am her slave; this only I can say, in answer to the question you asked with so much civility, that her name is Dulcinea; her native country a certain part of Valentia, called Toboso: her station must at least be that of a princess, since she is queen and lady of my soul; her beauty supernatural, in that it justifies all those impossible and chimerical attributes of excellence which the poets bestow upon their nymphs; her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elysian Fields, her eye-brows heavenly arches, her eyes themselves suns, her cheeks roses, her lips of coral, her teeth of pearl, her neck alabaster, her breast marble, her hands ivory, her skin whiter than snow; and those parts which decency conceals from human view, are such, according to my belief and apprehension, as discretion ought to enhance above all comparison.’

‘ I wish we knew her lineage, race, and family,’ replied Vivaldo. To this hint the knight answered, ‘ She is not descended of the ancient Caji, Curtii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of the modern Colonas and Ursini, nor of the Moncádes and Requesnes of Catalonia, much less of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; or the Palafaxes, Newcas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes and Gurreas of Arragon; or the Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendozas and Gusmans of Castile; or the Alencastros, Pallas and Menesis of Portugal: but she sprung from the family of Toboso de la Mancha: a lineage which, though modern, may give a noble rise to the most illustrious families of future ages; and let no man contradict what I say, except upon the conditions expressed in that inscription placed by Cerbino under the trophy of Orlando’s arms!

“ That knight alone these arms shall move,

“ Who dares Orlando’s prowess prove *.”

‘ Although,

* When a knight challenged the whole world, he wore an emprise consisting of a gold chain, or some other badge of love and chivalry; and sometimes

‘Although I myself am descended from the Cachopines of Loreda*,’ said the traveller, ‘I won’t presume to compare with that of Toboso de la Mancha; though, to be plain with you, I never before heard of any such generation.’—‘How, not heard!’ replied Don Quixote. The rest of the company jogged on, listening with great attention to this discourse, and all of them, even the goatherds, by this time were convinced that our knight’s judgment was grievously impaired. Sancho alone believed that every thing his master said was true, because he knew his family, and had been acquainted with him himself from his cradle. The only doubt he entertained was of this same beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; for never had such a name or such a princess come within the sphere of his observation, although he lived in the neighbourhood of that place.

While they travelled along, conversing in this manner, they perceived about twenty shepherds descending through a cleft made by two high mountains. They were all clad in jackets of blacksheep-skin, and each of them crowned with a garland, which was composed, as we afterwards learned, partly of cypress and partly of yew; six of the foremost carried a bier, upon which they had strewed a variety of branches and flowers. And this was no sooner perceived by one of the goatherds, than he said, ‘These are the people who carry the corpse of Chrysostom, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered himself to be interred.’

Upon this information they made haste, and came up just at the time that the bearers, having laid down the body, began to dig the grave with pick-axes on the side of a flinty rock. They received our travellers with great courtesy; and Don Quixote, with his company, went towards the bier to look at the dead

this emprise was fixed in a public place, to attract the attention of strangers. When any person accepted the challenge for a trial of chivalry, called the combat of courtesy, he touched this emprise; but if he tore it away, it was considered as a resolution to fight the owner to extremity or outrage. The combat of courtesy is still practised by our prize-fighters and boxers, who shake hands before the engagement, in token of love.

But no defiance of this kind could either be published or accepted without the permission of the prince at whose court the combatants chanced to be. Accordingly, we are told by Oliver de La Marche, that the lord of Ternant having published a defiance at the court of Burgundy, in the year 1445, Galiot asked the Duke’s permission to touch the challenger’s emprise; which being granted, he advanced and touched it, saying to the bearer, while he bowed very low, ‘Noble knight, I touch your emprise: and with God’s permission, will do my utmost to fulfil your desire, either on horseback or on foot.’ The Lord of Ternant humbly thanked him for his condescension, said he was extremely welcome, and promised to send him that same day a cartel, mentioning the arms they should use.

* Cachopines is the name given to the Europeans by the Indians of Mexico.
body,

body, which was covered with flowers, clad in shepherds' weeds, and seemingly thirty years old. Notwithstanding he was dead, they could plainly perceive that he had been a man of an engaging aspect and genteel stature; and could not help wondering at the sight of a great many papers, both sealed and loose, that lay round him in the coffin.

While the new comers were observing this phenomenon, and the shepherds busied in digging a grave, a wonderful and universal silence prevailed, till such time as one of the bearers said to another, 'Consider, Ambrosio, if this be the very spot which Chrysostom mentioned, that his last will may be punctually fulfilled.'—'This,' answered Ambrosio, 'is the very place in which my unhappy friend has often recounted to me the story of his misfortunes. Here it was he first beheld that mortal enemy of the human race; here also did he first declare his amorous and honourable intention; and here, at last, did Marcela signify her disgust and disdain, which put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life; and in this place, as a monument of his mishap, did he desire to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.'

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote and the travellers, he thus proceeded: 'This corpse, gentlemen, which you behold with compassionate eyes, was the habitation of a soul which possessed an infinite share of the riches of Heaven: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was a man of unparalleled genius, the pink of courtesy and kindness; in friendship a very phoenix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanness, and, in short, second to none in every thing that was good, and without second in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhorred; he adored, and was disdained: he implored a savage; he importuned a statue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the desert; he was a slave to the most ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his servitude was death, which overtook him in the middle of his career: in short, he perished by the cruelty of a shepherdess, whom he has eternized in the memory of all the people in this country; as these papers which you gaze at would shew, if he had not ordered me to commit them to the flames as soon as his body shall be deposited in the earth.'

'You will use them; then,' with more cruelty and rigour,' said Vivaldo, 'than that of the author himself; seeing it is neither just nor convenient to fulfil the will of any man, provided it be unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would have been in the wrong, had he consented to the execution of what the divine Mantuan ordered on his death-bed. Wherefore, Signior Ambrosio, while you commit the body of your friend to the earth,

earth, you ought not likewise to consign his writings to oblivion; nor perform indiscreetly what he in his affliction ordained: on the contrary, by publishing these papers, you ought to immortalize the cruelty of Marcella, that it may serve as an example, in time to come, and warn young men to shun and avoid such dangerous precipices; for I, and the rest of this company, already know the history of that enamoured and unhappy friend, the nature of your friendship, the occasion of his death, together with the orders that he left upon his death-bed: from which lamentable story, it is easy to conclude how excessive must have been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chrysostom, the faith of your friendship, and the check which those receive who precipitately run through the path exhibited to them by idle and mischievous love. Last night we understood the death of Chrysostom, who, we are informed, was to be buried in this place; and therefore, out of curiosity and concern, we have turned out of our way, resolving to come and see with our eyes what had affected us so much in the hearing; and in return for that concern, and the desire we felt in remedying it, if it had been in our power, we entreat thee, O discreet Ambrosio! at least for my own part, I beg of thee, not to burn these papers, but allow me to preserve some of them.'

Accordingly, without staying for an answer, he reached out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest him; which Ambrosio perceiving, said, 'Out of civility, Signior, I will consent to your keeping what you have taken up; but to think that I will fail to burn the rest, is a vain supposition.' Vivaldo being desirous of seeing the contents, immediately opened one, intitled, *A Song of Despair*; which Ambrosia hearing, said, 'This is the last poem my unhappy friend composed; and that you may see, Signior, to what a pass his misfortunes had reduced him, read it aloud, and you'll have time enough to finish it before the grave he made.'—'That I will do with all my heart,' said Vivaldo; and every body present being seized with the same desire, they stood around him in a circle, and he read what follows, with an audible voice:

A SONG OF DESPAIR.

I.

SINCE then thy pleasure, cruel maid,
Is that thy rigour and disdain
Should be from clime to clime convey'd;
All hell shall aid me to complain!
The torments of my heart to tell,
And thy atchievements to record,

My

My voice shall raise a dreadful yell.
 My bowels burst at every word :
 Then listen to the baleful sound
 That issues from my throbbing breast ;
 Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
 And yield my madd'ning soul some rest.

II.

Let the snake's hiss, and wolf's dire howl,
 The bull's harsh note, the lion's roar,
 The boding crow, and screeching owl,
 The tempest rattling on the shore,
 The monster's scream, the turtle's moan,
 The shrieks of the infernal crew,
 Be mingled with my dying groan,
 A concert terrible and new !
 The hearer's senses to appal,
 And Reason from her throne depose :
 Such melody will suit the gall
 That from my burning liver flows.

III.

Old Tagus, with his yellow hair,
 And Betis with her olive wreath,
 Shall never echo such despair,
 Or listen to such notes of death,
 As here I'll utter and repeat
 From hill to dale, from rock to cave,
 In wilds untrod by human feet,
 In dungeons dreary as the grave.
 The beasts of prey that scour the plain,
 Shall thy more savage nature know,
 The spacious earth resound my strain ;
 Such is the privilege of woe !

IV.

Disdain is death, and doubt o'erturns
 The patience of the firmest mind ;
 But jealousy still fiercer burns,
 Like all the flames of hell combin'd !
 The horrors of that cursed fiend
 In absence to distraction rage,
 And all the succour hope can lend,
 The direful pangs will not assuage.
 Such agonies will surely kill ;
 Yet, spite of absence, doubts and scorn,
 I live, a miracle, and still
 Those deadly flames within me burn !

V.

Hope's shadow ne'er refresh'd my view,
 Despair attends with wakeful strife;
 The first let happier swains pursue,
 The last my consort is for life.
 Can hope and fear at once prevail,
 When fear on certainty is fed?
 To shut mine eyes will nought avail,
 When thunder bursts around my head.
 When cold Disdain in native dye
 Appears, and Falsehood's cunning lore
 Perverts the tale of Truth, shall I
 Against Despondence shut the door?

VI.

O jealousy! love's tyrant lord,
 And thou, soul-chilling dire disdain!
 Lend me the dagger and the cord,
 To stab remembrance, strangle pain.
 I die bereft of hope in death,
 Yet still those are the freest souls
 (I'll vouch it with my latest breath)
 Whom love's old tyranny controuls.
 My fatal enemy is fair,
 In body and in mind I'll say,
 And I have earn'd the woes I bear:
 By rigour love maintains the sway.

VII.

With this opinion let me fall
 A prey to unrelenting scorn;
 No fun'ral pomp shall grace my pall,
 No laurel my pale corpse adorn.
 O thou! whose cruelty and hate
 The tortures of my breast proclaim,
 Behold how willingly to fate
 I offer this devoted frame.
 If thou, when I am past all pain,
 Should'st think my fall deserves a tear,
 Let not one single drop distain
 Those eyes so killing and so clear.

VIII.

No! rather, let thy mirth display
 The joys that in thy bosom flow;
 Ah! need I bid that heart be gay
 Which always triumph'd in my woe!

Come

Come then, for ever barr'd of bliss,
 Ye, who with ceaseless torment dwell,
 And agonizing, howl and hiss
 In the profoundest shades of hell:
 Come, Tantalus, with raging thirst,
 Bring, Sisyphus, thy rolling stone,
 Come, Titius, with thy vulture curst,
 Nor leave Ixion rack'd alone.

IX.

The toiling sisters too shall join,
 And my sad, solemn dirge repeat,
 When to the grave my friends consign
 These limbs, denied a winding-sheet;
 Fierce Cerberus shall clank his chain,
 In chorus with chimæras dire:
 What other pomp, what other strain,
 Should he who dies of love require?
 Be hush'd my song, complain no more
 Of her whose pleasure gave thee birth;
 But let the sorrows I deplore
 Sleep with me in the silent earth.

This ditty of Chrysostom was approved by all the hearers; but he who read it observed, that it did not seem to agree with the report he had heard of Marcella's virtue and circumspection; inasmuch as the author complained of jealousy, absence, and suspicion, which tended to the prejudice of her morals and reputation. To this objection Ambrosio, as one that was acquainted with the most secret sentiments of his friend, answered, 'Signior, for your satisfaction in this point, it is necessary you should know that the forlorn shepherd composed this song in the absence of Marcella, from whose presence he had gone into voluntary exile, in order to try if he could reap the usual fruits of absence, and forget the cause of his despair; and as one in that situation is apt to be fretted by every circumstance and invaded by every apprehension, poor Chrysostom was harassed by groundless jealousy and imaginary fears, which tormented him as much as if they had been real: for which reason this circumstance ought not to invalidate the fame of Marcella's virtue, against which, exclusive of her cruelty, arrogance, and disdain, envy itself hath not been able to lay the least imputation.'

'That may be very true,' replied Vivaldo; who, being about to read another of the papers he had saved from the flames, was diverted from his purpose by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed

seemed, that all of a sudden presented itself to their eyes. This was no other than the shepherdess Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock, just above the grave they were digging, so beautiful that she surpassed all report. Those who had never seen her before, gazed with silent admiration; nor were the rest, who had been accustomed to see her, less astonished at her appearance. But no sooner did Ambrosio perceive her, than, with indignation in his looks, he cried—

‘Comest thou hither, fierce basilisk of these mountains! to see if the wounds of this unhappy youth, whom thy cruelty hath slain, will bleed at thy approach? or art thou come to rejoice in the exploits of thy barbarity, and from the top of that mountain behold, like another Nero, the flames which thy impiety hath kindled? or inhumanly to trample upon this unfortunate corpse, as the unnatural daughter insulted the dead body of her father Tarquin? tell us at once the cause of thy approach, and deign to signify thy pleasure, that I, who know how devoutly Chrysostom obeyed thee, when alive, may, now that he is dead, dispose his friends to yield the same obedience.’

‘I come not,’ answered Marcella, ‘for any of the purposes you have mentioned, Ambrosio; but rather personally to demonstrate how unreasonably people blame me for their own affliction, as well as for the death and sufferings of Chrysostom. I beg, therefore, that all present will give me the hearing, as it will be unnecessary to spend much time, or waste many words, to convince those that are unprejudiced of the truth. Heaven, you say, hath given me beauty; nay, such a share of it, as compels you to love me, in spite of your resolutions to the contrary: from whence you draw this inference, and insist upon it, that it is my duty to return your passion. By the help of that small capacity which nature has bestowed upon me, I know that which is beautiful is lovely; but I can by no means conceive why the object which is beloved for being beautiful, is bound to be enamoured of its admirer; more especially, as it may happen that this same admirer is an object of disgust and abhorrence; in which case, would it be reasonable in him to say, “I love thee because thou art beautiful, and thou must favour my passion, although I am deformed?” But granting the beauty equal on both sides, it does not follow that the desires ought to be mutual: for all sorts of beauty do not equally affect the spectator; some, for example, delighting the eye only, without captivating the heart. And well it is for mankind, that things are thus disposed; otherwise there would be a strange perplexity and confusion of desires, without power of distinguishing and chusing particular objects; for beauty being infinitely diversified, the inclination would be infinitely divided:
and

and I have heard that true love must be undivided and unconstrained. If this be the case, as I believe it is, why should I constrain my inclination, when I am under no other obligation, so to do, but your saying that you are in love with me? Otherwise tell me, if Heaven, that made me handsome, had created me a monster of deformity, should I have had cause to complain of you for not loving me? Besides, you are to consider that I did not chuse the beauty I possess; such as it is, God was pleased of his own free will and favour to bestow it upon me, without any solicitation on my part. Therefore, as the viper deserves no blame for its sting, although it be mortal, because it is the gift of nature; neither ought I to be reviled for being beautiful; for beauty in a virtuous woman, is like a distant flame and a sharp sword afar off, which prove fatal to none but those who approach too near them. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul; without which the body, though never so handsome, ought to seem ugly. If chastity then be one of the virtues which chiefly adorns and beautifies both body and soul, why should she that is beloved lose that jewel; for which she is chiefly beloved, merely to satisfy the appetite of one who, for his own selfish enjoyment, employs his whole care and industry to destroy it? I was born free; and to enjoy that freedom, have I chosen the solitude of these fields. The trees on these mountains are my companions; and I have no other mirror than the limpid streams of these crystal brooks. With the trees and the streams I share my contemplation and my beauty; I am a distant flame, and a sword afar off; those whom my eyes have captivated, my tongue has undeceived; and if hope be the food of desire, as I gave none to Chrysostom, or to any other person, so neither can his death, nor that of any other of my admirers, be justly imputed to my cruelty, but rather to their own obstinate despair. To those who observe that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I was bound to comply with them, I answer, when he declared the honesty of his designs in that very spot where now his grave is digging, I told him my purpose was to live in perpetual solitude, and let the earth alone enjoy the fruits of my retirement, and the spoils of my beauty: wherefore, if he, notwithstanding this my explanation, persevered without hope, and sailed against the wind, it is no wonder that he was overwhelmed in the gulph of his rashness. Had I cajoled him, I should have been perfidious; had I gratified his inclination, I should have acted contrary to my own reason and resolution. But because he persisted after I had explained myself, and despaired before he had cause to think I abhorred him, I leave you to judge whether or not it be reasonable to lay his misfortune

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me at my door. Let him whom I have deceived complain, and let him despair to whom I have broke my promise. If I call upon any man, he may depend upon me; if I admit of his addresses, he may rejoice in his success: but why should I be stiled a barbarous homicide by him whom I never soothed, deceived, called, or admitted? Hitherto Heaven has not thought fit that I should love by destiny; and the world must excuse me from loving by election. Let this general declaration serve as an answer to all those who solicit me in particular, and henceforward give them to understand that whosoever dies for me, perishes not by jealousy or disdain, for she who never gave her love can never give just cause of jealousy; neither ought her plain dealing to be interpreted into disdain. Let him who terms me a fierce basilisk, shun me as an evil being; if any man thinks me ungrateful, let him refuse his services when I ask them; if I have disowned any one, let him renounce me in his turn; and let him who has found me cruel, abandon me in my distress. This fierce basilisk, this ungrateful, cruel, supercilious wretch, will neither seek, serve, own, nor follow you, in any shape whatever. If Chrysostom perished by the impatience of his own extravagant desire, why should my innocent reserve be inveighed against? If I have preserved my virginity in these desarts, why should he that loves me wish to see me lose it among mankind? I have riches of my own, as you all know, and covet no man's wealth. I am free, and will not be subjected; I neither love nor hate any man; I do not cajole this one, nor tease that, nor do I joke with one, or discourse with another; but amuse myself with the care of my goats, and the innocent conversation of the shepherdesses belonging to the neighbouring villages. My desires are bounded by these mountains; or if my meditation surpasses these bounds, it is only to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, those steps by which the soul ascends to its original mansion." So saying, without waiting for any reply, she turned her back, and vanished into a thicket on a neighbouring mountain, leaving all that were present equally surprised with her beauty and discretion.

Some of the by-standers, being wounded by the powerful shafts that were darted from her fair eyes, manifested an inclination to follow her, without availing themselves of the ingenuous declaration they had heard; which being perceived by Don Quixote, who thought this a proper occasion for exercising his chivalry in defence of distressed damsels, he laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and in a lofty and audible voice pronounced, 'Let no person, of whatsoever rank or degree, presume to follow the beautiful Marcella, on pain of incurring my most

most furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and undeniable arguments, how little, if at all, she is to be blamed for the death of Chrysostom; and how averse she is to comply with the desires of any of her admirers; for which reason, instead of being pursued and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all virtuous men, as the only person in the universe who lives in such a chaste and laudable intention.' Whether it was owing to these menaces of the knight, or to the advice of Ambrosio, who desired them to perform the last office to their deceased friend, not one of the shepherds attempted to stir from the spot, until the grave being finished, and the papers burnt, the body of poor Chrysostom was interred, not without abundance of tears shed by his surviving companions. The grave was secured by a large fragment of the rock, which they rolled upon it, till such time as a tomb-stone could be made, under the direction of Ambrosio, who was resolved to have the following epitaph engraved upon it:

The body of a wretched Swain,
Kill'd by a cruel Maid's disdain,
In this cold bed neglected lies.
He liv'd, fond hapless youth! to prove
Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
Exerted in Marcella's eyes.

Having strewed the place with a profusion of flowers and branches, every body present condoled, and took leave of the afflicted executor; and Don Quixote bade farewell to his kind landlords, as well as to the travellers, who would have persuaded him to accompany them to Seville, which they said was a city so well adapted for adventures, that they occurred in every street, nay, at the corner of every blind alley. Our hero thanked them most courteously for their advice, and the inclination they expressed to give him pleasure; but assured them he neither could nor would set out for Seville, until he should have cleared these desarts of the robbers and banditti, of whom they were reported to be full.

The travellers seeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no farther; but, taking leave of him anew, pursued their journey, during which they did not fail to discuss the story of Marcella and Chrysostom, as well as the madness of Don Quixote; who, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess, and offer her all the service in his power: but this scheme did not turn out according to his expectation, as will be related in the course of this faithful history, the second book of which is here concluded.

PART I. BOOK III.

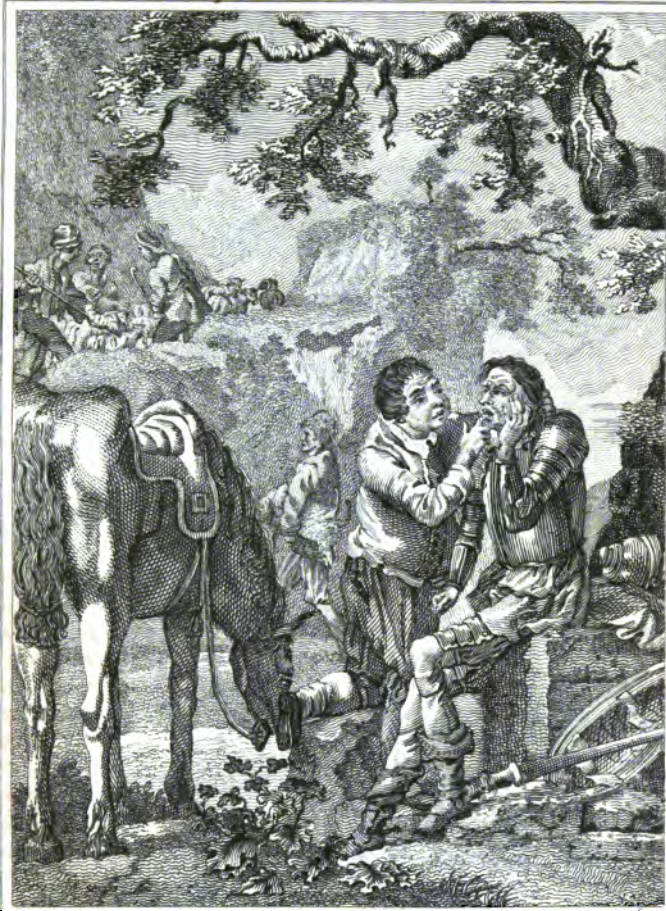
CHAPTER I.

Wherein is recounted the unlucky Adventure which happened to Don Quixote, in meeting with certain unmerciful Yanguesian.

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that Don Quixote, having bid adieu to his entertainers, and to all who were present at the funeral of the shepherd Chrysostom, entered, with his squire, the same wood to which Marcella had retreated; where, when they had wandered about upwards of two hours, without seeing her, they chanced to find themselves in a delightful spot, overgrown with verdant grass, and watered by a cool and pleasant stream; which was so inviting as to induce them to stay in it during the heat of the day, that now began to be very sultry. The knight and squire, therefore, dismounting, and leaving the ass and Rozinante at pleasure to regale themselves with the rich pasture, emptied their knapsack; and without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they eat together like good friends, laying aside all vain distinction of master and man.

Saicho had been at no pains to tether Rozinante; secure, as he thought, in knowing him to be so meek and peaceable that all the mares in the meadows of Cordova could not provoke his concupiscence. Chance, however, or the devil, who is not often found napping, ordered it so as that a drove of Gallician fillies, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, happened, at that very instant, to be feeding in the same valley: for, it being the custom of these people to halt and refresh themselves and their beasts in places where there is plenty of water and grass, they could not have lighted on a more convenient spot than that where Don Quixote chanced to be. It was then that Rozinante, seized with an inclination to solace himself with some of those skittish females, no sooner had them in the wind, than deviating from his natural disposition and accustomed deliberation, without asking leave of his lord and master, he went off at a small trot, to communicate his occasions to the objects of his desire. But they, it seems, more fond of their pasture than of his addresses, received him so uncivilly with their hoofs and teeth, that, in a twinkling, his girth was broke, his saddle kicked off, and he himself remained in cuerpq. But what he chiefly suffered was from the carriers, who seeing violence offered to their mares, ran to their assistance with longstaves, which they exercised upon him so unmercifully, that he fell prostrate to the ground, almost battered to death.

The



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*The lamentable state of Don Quixote after
his encounter with the Flock of Sheep.*

TO VNU
CAT MOUNTAIN

The Knight and Sancho seeing their steed thus bastinadoed, made all the haste they could to his rescue; the former addressing the latter in this manner: 'I perceive, friend Sancho, that these are no knights, but fellows of a low degree, and infamous descent: this particular I mention, because thou mayest now assist me in taking just vengeance upon them, for the injury they have done to Rozinante before my face.'—'What a devil of vengeance can we pretend to take, answered the squire, 'when they are more than twenty, and we but two? Nay, I believe, if it was put to the trial, no better than one and a half.'—'I myself am worth an hundred of such vagabonds!' cried Don Quixote: and without uttering another syllable, he unsheathed his sword, and assaulted the Yanguesians, being seconded by Sancho, who suffered himself to be roused and encouraged by the example of his master; and, indeed, the knight lent the first he met with such a hearty stroke as laid open a leathern jacket he wore, together with a large portion of his shoulder.

The carriers seeing themselves thus maltreated by two men only, took the benefit of their numbers, and ran to sustain one another with their staves; then surrounding the two assailants, began to drum upon their carcasses with infinite eagerness and dexterity. True it is, at the second application Sancho fell to the earth; a misfortune that also happened to his master; who, in spite of all his own address, together with the assistance of his good friend, soon found himself stretched at the feet of Rozinante, who had not as yet been able to rise: from whence we may learn what furious execution is often done by pack-staves, when managed by the hands of such enraged clowns.

The carriers perceiving the havoc they had made, thought proper to load again with all dispatch, and pursue their journey, leaving our adventurers in miserable plight and doleful dilemma. The first that recovered the use of his senses was Sancho Panza; who, finding himself laid along by the side of his master, pronounced, with a weak and lamentable voice, 'Sir Don Quixote! ah, Sir Don Quixote!'—'What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho?' replied the knight, in the same feeble and complaining tone. 'I wish,' resumed Sancho, 'your worship would, if it be possible, comfort me with a couple of gulps of that same balsam made by fairy Blas, if you have got any of it about you: perhaps it may be serviceable in bruises and broken bones, as well as in wounds and running sores.'—'Would to God I had it here, unfortunate wight that I am!' cried Don Quixote; 'but I swear to thee, Sancho, on the faith of a knight-errant, that ere two days pass, if some mischievous accident does not intervene, I will have it in my possession, if my hands do not very much misgive me.'—In how many days does

does your worship think we shall be able to move our feet?" said the squire. 'With regard to myself,' answered the battered knight, 'I really cannot fix any number of days; but this I know, that I alone am to blame for what has happened, in condescending to use my sword against antagonists who were not dubbed and knighted like myself. I therefore firmly believe, that as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry, the God of battles hath permitted me to receive this disgraceful chastisement; for which reason, brother Sancho, it is proper that thou shouldst be apprised of what I am going to say, as it may be of great importance to the safety of us both: whenever thou shalt see us insulted or aggrieved for the future, by such rascally seum, thou shalt not wait for my drawing upon them; for I will in no shape meddle with such unworthy foes: but lay thy hand upon thy sword, and with thy own arm chastise them to thy heart's content; but should any knights make up to their defence and assistance, then shall I know how to protect thee, and assault them with all my might; and thou art already convinced, by a thousand amazing proofs, how far extends the valour of this my invincible arm.' So arrogant was the poor knight become by his victory over the valiant Biscayan.

This wholesome advice, however, was not so much relished by Sancho, but that he replied, 'Sir, I am a quiet, meek, peaceable man, and can digest any injury, be it never so hard; for I have a wife and small children to maintain and bring up: wherefore, let me also apprise (since I cannot lay my demands upon) your worship, that I will in no shape whatever use my sword against either knight or knave; and that henceforward, in the sight of God, I forgive all injuries, past, present, or to come, which I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any person whatsoever, high or low, rich, or poor, gentle or simple, without exception to rank or circumstance.'

His master hearing this declaration, answered, 'I wish the grievous pain I feel in this rib would abate a little, so as that I could speak for a few moments with ease, and convince thee of thy damnable error, Panza. Hark ye me, sinner! suppose the gale of fortune, which hath hitherto been so adverse, should change in our favour; and, swelling the sails of our desire, conduct us safely, without the least impediment, into the haven of some one of those islands which I have promised thee: what would become of thy wretched affairs, if, after I had won and given it into thy possession, thou shouldst frustrate my intention, by the lack of knighthood, ambition, valour and courage, to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government? for I would have thee to know, that in all new-conquered kingdoms or provinces

vinces, the friends of their natural masters are never so quiet or reconciled to their new sovereign, as to dispel all fear of some fresh insurrection to alter the government again, and, as the saying is, try fortune once more: it is therefore requisite that the new possessor should have understanding to govern, resolution to punish, and valour to defend himself, in case of any such accident.'

'In this last accident which hath befallen us,' said Sancho, 'I wish the Lord had pleased to give me that same understanding and valour your worship mentions: but I protest, upon the word of a poor sinner, that I am at present more fit for a scar-cloth than such conversation. See if your worship can make shift to rise, and then we will give some assistance to Rozinante, though it be more than he deserves; for he was the principal cause of all this plaguy rib-roasting: never could I believe such a thing of Rozinante, who I always thought was as chaste and sober a person as myself; but this verifies the common remark, that you must keep company a long time with a man before you know him thoroughly; and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who could have thought that those huge back strokes your worship dealt so heartily to the unlucky traveller, would be followed, as it were post-haste, by such a mighty tempest of blows, as just now discharged itself upon our shoulders!'—'Thy carcase, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'was formed for enduring such rough weather; but my limbs were tenderly nursed in soft wool and fine linen; and therefore must feel more sensibly the pain of this discomfiture, and if I did not believe (believe, said I, if I were not certain) that all these inconveniencies are inseparably annexed to the exercise of arms, I would lie still where I am, and die with pure vexation.'

To this protestation the squire replied, 'Seeing these misfortunes are the natural crops of chivalry, pray good your worship, do they happen at all times of the year, or only fall at an appointed season; because, in my simple conjecture, two such harvests will leave us altogether incapable of reaping a third, if God, of his infinite mercy, will not be pleased to send us extraordinary succour.'—'Thou must know, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the life of a knight-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and mishaps; but then he enjoys the self-same chance of being a king or emperor, as experience demonstrates to have been the case of divers and sundry knights; the history of whose lives I am perfectly well acquainted with: and I could now relate, if this pain would give me leave, the fortunes of some, who by their valour alone, have risen to that supreme degree: and those very persons, both before and after their success, have undergone various calamities and affliction; witness the

the valiant Amedis de Gaul, who saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the inchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed that, while the knight was his prisoner, he caused him to be bound to a pillar in his court-yard, and gave him two hundred stripes with the reins of his horse's bridle. There is likewise a certain secret author of no small credit, who relates that the knight of the sun was caught in a trap in a certain castle, and falling, found himself tied hand and foot, in a deep dungeon below ground, where was administered unto him one of those things they call clysters, composed of sand and water, which had well nigh cost him his life; and if he had not been succoured in that perilous conjuncture by a sage who was his good friend, the poor knight would have fared very ill. Wherefore, what hath happened to me may easily pass unheeded among those much greater affronts that such worthy people have undergone: besides, I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is never reckoned an affront to be wounded by those instruments which are casually in the hands of our enemies; for it is expressly mentioned in the laws of duelling, that if a shoemaker beats a man with a last he has by accident in his hand, the man cannot properly be said to be cudgelled, although the said last was made of wood. This particular I mention, that thou mayest not suppose us affronted, although we have been mauled in this unlucky fray; for the weapons with which those men threshed us so severely, were no other than their own pack-staves; and so far as I can remember, there was neither tuck, poignard, nor sword among them.'

'They did not give me time,' answered Sancho, 'to make any such observation: for scarce had I laid my fingers upon my Toledo *, when there rained a shower of cudgels upon my poor shoulders that banished the light from my eyes, and strength from my feet, and laid me fiat upon the spot where I now lie, not so much concerned about thinking whether this drubbing be an affront or not, as about the intolerable pain of the blows, which remain imprinted upon my memory as well as upon my carcase.'—'Notwithstanding all this complaining,' said the knight, 'I aver, brother Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time does not efface, nor pain that death does not remove.'—'And pray, what greater misfortune can there be,' answered Sancho, 'than that which nothing but time can remove, or death put a stop to? If this mishap of ours were such a one as might be cured with a couple of snips of

* Tizona, which is the word in the original, is a romantic name given to the sword that belonged to Roderick Dias de Bivar, the famous Spanish general against the Moors.

searchcloth, it would not be altogether so vexatious; but so far as I can see, all the plaister of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us cleverly on our legs again.'

'Truce with thy reflections,' replied Don Quixote, 'and collecting strength out of weakness, as I will endeavour to do, let us rise and examine Rozinante's case; for, in all appearance, the poor beast hath not suffered the least part of the misfortune.'—'That is not to be wondered at,' said the squire, 'he being a knight-errant also; but what surprises me most is, that my Dapple should get off without paying his score, when we are scored all over.'—'Destiny, when one door is shut always leaves another open, as a resource in all calamities,' said Don Quixote: 'this I observe, because thy ass will now supply the place of Rozinante, and carry me from hence to some castle, where my wounds may be cured: more especially as such carriage will be no dishonour to chivalry; for I remember to have read that the good old Silenus, tutor and companion to the jolly god of mirth and wine, entered the city of the hundred gates, lolling at his ease upon a most comely ass.'—'It may be very true that he rode upon an ass,' replied Sancho; 'but there is some difference, I apprehend, between riding and lying across the beast like a bag of dirt.' To this observation the knight answered, 'Those wounds which are received in battle may well give, but can never deprive one of honour: therefore, friend Sancho, do as I bid thee, without farther reply; get up as well as thou canst, and lay me upon Dapple just as thou shalt find most convenient, that we may be gone, before night comes to surprise us in this unfrequented place.'

'And yet,' said Sancho, 'I have heard your worship remark, that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep upon commons and heaths the greatest part of the year; aye, and to be thankful for their good fortune in being able so to do.'—'Yes,' said the knight, 'when they can do no better, or are in love; and this is so true, that there was a knight who lay upon a bare rock exposed to the sultry noon and midnight damps, with all the inclemencies of the weather, during two whole years, before his mistress knew any thing of the matter: this was no other than Amadis, who, assuming the name of Beltenebros, took up his quarters upon the naked rock for the space of either eight years or eight months, I really do not remember which; only that he remained doing penance in that place for some disgust shewn to him by his dame Oriana: but truce with this conversation, Sancho, and make haste, before such another accident can happen to thy beast, as that which hath already befallen to Rozinante.'

'Ods my life! that would be the devil indeed,' cried Sancho, who, uttering thirty ahs and sixty ohs, together with a hundred

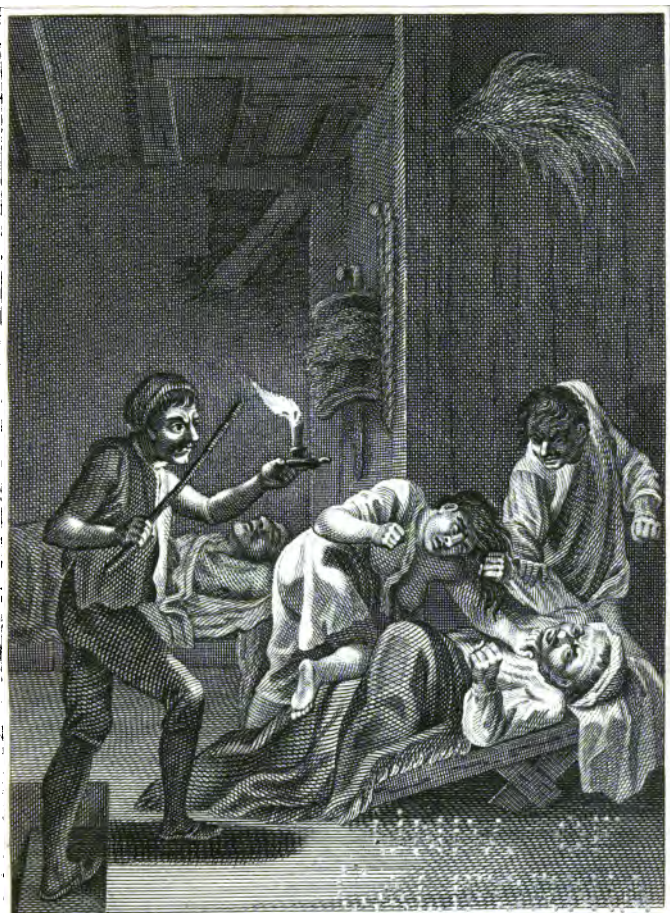
and fifty alas! and curses upon him who had brought him to that pass, raised himself up; though he could not for his soul stand upright, but, in spite of all his efforts, remained bent like a Turkish bow; and in that attitude, with infinite labour, made shift to equip his ass, which had also gone a little astray, presuming upon the excessive licence of the time: he then lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, would certainly have surpassed both his master and Sancho in lamentation. In short, the squire disposed of Don Quixote upon the ass, to whose tail Rozinante was tied; then taking his own Dapple by the halter, jogged on, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, towards the place where he conjectured the high road to lie; and indeed, they had not exceeded a short league, when, by good luck, which now seemed to take the management of their affairs, they arrived at the highway, and discovered an inn, which, to Sancho's great grief, was mistaken for a castle by the joyful knight. This difference of opinion, begat an obstinate dispute, that lasted until they arrived at the place, into which Sancho immediately conveyed his cargo, without farther expostulation.

CHAPTER II. 15

The Adventure that happened to this sagacious Knight at the Inn, which he mistook for a Castle.

THE innkeeper seeing Don Quixote laid athwart the ass, asked what was the matter; to which interrogation Sancho replied, 'Nothing but a few bruises which my master has received in a fall from a rock in this neighbourhood.' The landlady, who differed in disposition from most of your inn-keepers wives, being naturally charitable, and sympathising with the calamities of her fellow-creatures, came running to the relief of the battered knight, and brought her daughter, who was a very handsome girl, to assist in taking care of her guest. There was in the same house a maid-servant from the Asturias, remarkable for her capacious countenance, beetle-browed, flat-nosed, blind of one eye, and bleared in the other: true it is, the gentility of her shape made amends for her other defects; she was something short of seven hands from head to foot, and moreover incumbered so much by her shoulders, that she was obliged to contemplate the dust beneath her feet oftener than she could have wished.

This comely creature, with the assistance of the other damsel, made up a sort of sorry bed for our hero in a garret; which gave



F Hayman delin.

JN: Bate sculp.

BOOK III. Chap. 2.

The Adventure at the Inn.

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gave evident tokens of having formerly been an hay-loft, and in which at that time a certain carrier had taken up his quarters, in a bed of his own making, a little on one side of our knight's; and though his couch was composed of the pannels and furniture of his mules, it had greatly the advantage over Don Quixote's, which consisted only of four rough boards, supported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattress, so thin it might have passed for a quilt, and full of knots so hard as to be mistaken for pebble stones, had not the wool appeared through divers openings, with a couple of sheets made of bull's hide, and a blanket so bare, that you might have counted every thread without losing one of the reckoning.

In this wretched bed Don Quixote having laid himself down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes (that was the Asturian's name) stood hard by holding a light. The landlady, in the course of her application, perceiving the knight's whole body black and blue, observed that those marks seemed rather the effects of drubbing than of a fall; but Sancho affirmed she was mistaken, and that the marks in question were occasioned by the knobs and corners of the rocks among which he fell. 'And now I think of it,' said he, 'pray Madam, manage matters so as to leave a little of your ointment, for it will be needed, I'll assure you: my own loins are none of the soundest at present.'—'What did you fall too?', said she; 'I can't say I did,' answered the squire, 'but I was so infected by seeing my master tumble, that my whole body aches as much as if I had been cudgelled without mercy.'—'That may very easily happen,' cried the daughter: 'I myself have often dreamed that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground; and, upon waking, have felt myself bruised and battered, as if I had actually got a great fall.'—'Ah, mistress!' replied the squire, 'here is the point: I, without dreaming at all, but on the contrary, being as broad awake as I am this precious minute, found almost as many marks upon my own shoulders, as you have observed upon those of my master Don Quixote.'—'What is the name of that knight?' said the Asturian. 'Don Quixote de La Mancha,' answered the squire: 'he is a knight adventurer; and one of the greatest and most valiant that have been seen in this world for many ages.'—'And what is a knight-adventurer?' resumed the wench. 'Are you such a suckling as not to know that?' cried Sancho: 'well, I'll tell you, mistress of mine; a knight-adventurer is a thing, that before you can count a couple, may be kicked and be crowned: to-day he is the most despicable and beggarly wretch upon earth, and to-morrow he will have a brace of kingdoms to bestow upon his squires.'

'Methinks,' said the landlady, 'seeing you appertain to such a great man, you ought to be a count at least.'—'All in good time,' replied Sancho: 'we have not been out a month in search of adventures, and have found none worth naming; besides, people sometimes go in quest of one thing, and meet with another: indeed if my master Don Quixote gets well of this drubbing (fall I mean) and I myself escape without being crippled, I won't barter my hopes for the best lordship in Spain.'

The knight having listened attentively to this whole conversation, sat up in his bed as well as he could, and taking his landlady by the hand, 'Believe me, beautiful lady, said he, 'you may count yourself extremely happy in having within your castle my person as your guest; such a guest, that if I praise him not, it is on account of the common saying, that self-commendation is in effect self-dispraise. My squire, however, will intimate who I am; while I content myself with assuring you, that I will, to all eternity, preserve engraved upon the tables of my memory the benevolence you this day vouchsafed unto me, that I may be grateful for the favour as long as life shall remain. And, oh! that it pleased yon Heaven supreme, that love had not so vanquished and enslaved my heart to the triumphant eyes of that beautiful ingrate whom I now mention between my teeth, but that the charms of this amiable young lady could be the authors of my freedom.'

The good woman, her daughter, and the gentle Maritornes, were astonished at this rhapsody, which they understood as much as if it had been delivered in Greek; though they could easily comprehend that the whole of it tended to compliment and proffers of service: as they were therefore altogether unaccustomed to such language, they gazed at him with admiration, as a person of a different species from other men; and having thanked him for his courtesy, left him to his repose; while the Asturian Maritornes administered to Sancho, who had as much need of assistance as his master.

She and the carrier had made an assignation to divert themselves that night; say, she had given her word that as soon as the company should be quiet, and her master and mistress asleep, she would visit him in the dark and give him all the satisfaction he desired; and indeed it is recorded, for the honour of this good creature, that she never failed to perform her promises of that kind punctually, although they had been made in the midst of a beath, and out of the hearing of all evidence: for she valued herself much upon her gentility, and did not look upon it as any affront to be servant at an inn, because, she observed, disappointments and misfortunes had reduced her to that condition,

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The bed of Don Quixote, which we have described so hard, so narrow, crazy, and uncomfortable, stood foremost; and exactly in the middle of this ruinous hay-loft; hard by had Sancho taken up his quarters, upon a rush-mat, covered with a rug, which seemed to be manufactured of hemp, rather than wool; and last of all was the carrier's couch, composed as we have already said, of the pannels and furniture of his two best mules; for he had no less than twelve plump, sleek, and notable beasts, being one of the richest carriers in Arevalo, according to the report of the author of this history, who makes particular mention of him, and says he knew him perfectly well; nay, some go so far as to affirm that he was his distant relation: be this as it will, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a most curious historian, and punctual to admiration, as appears from what hath been related, which, though in itself mean and trivial, he would by no means pass over in silence. This ought to serve as an example to those important and weighty historians, who recount events so succinctly and superficially that the reader can scarce get a smack of them; while the most substantial circumstances are left as it were in the ink-horn, through carelessness, ignorance, and malice. A thousand times blessed be the authors of *Tablante* and *Ricamonte*, and he that compiled that other book, in which are recounted the achievements of Count Tomillas! How punctually have they described the most minute particulars!—But, to return to our story.

The carrier having visited his cattle, and given them their night's allowance, stretched himself upon his pannels, in expectation of the most faithful Maritornes; while Sancho, plastered all over, and huddled up in his kennel, endeavoured with all his might to sleep; but the aching of his ribs would by no means allow him to enjoy that satisfaction; and Don Quixote, for the same uncomfortable reason, lay like a hare, with his eyes wide open. A profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp stuck up in the passage; and this wonderful quiet, together with those reflections which always occurred to our knight, relating to the events continually recorded in the books of chivalry that first disordered his understanding. I say those reflections suggested to his fancy one of the strangest whims that ever entered a man's imagination. This was no other than a full persuasion that he was arrived at some famous castle; for, as we have before observed, all the inns he lodged at seemed castles to him; and that the landlord's daughter was the governor's only child, who, captivated by his genteel appearance, was become deeply enamoured of him, and had actually promised to come, without the knowledge of her parents, and pass the best part of the night.

night in bed with him. Believing, therefore, this chimera (which was the work of his own brain) to be a firm and undoubted fact, he began to reflect with extreme anxiety upon the dangerous dilemma into which his virtue was like to be drawn; and resolved in his heart to commit no treason against his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though Queen Ginebra herself, and the lady Quintaniona, should make him a tender of their favours.

While his mind was engrossed by these extravagant fancies, the hour of assignation arrived, and an unlucky hour it was for him, when the kind Asturian, bare-foot and in her smock, having her hair tucked up under a fustian night-cap, entered the apartment in which the three guests were lodged, and with silence and caution directed her steps towards the nest of her beloved carrier. But scarce had she got within the door, when her approach was perceived by our knight, who sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plaisters and the aching of his ribs, stretched forth his arms to receive this beautiful young lady, who, on her part, holding in her breath, moved softly on her tiptoes, groping her way with her hands before her.

While she thus crept along in quest of her lover, she chanced to come within arm's length of Don Quixote, who laid fast hold of her by the wrist, and, without her daring to speak a syllable, pulled her towards him, and made her sit down upon the bed. He then felt her smock, which, though made of the coarsest canvas, to him seemed a shift of the finest and softest lawn: the string of glass beads she wore about her wrist, in his apprehensions outshone the brightest oriental pearl; her hair, which bore some resemblance to a horse's mane, he mistook for threads of pure Arabian gold, that even eclipsed the splendour of the sun; and her breath, which doubtless smelt strong of broken meat and garlick, his fancy converted into an aromatic flavour, proceeding from her delicate mouth: in short, his imagination represented her in the same form and situation with that of a certain princess, recorded in one of his books, who came to visit a wounded knight of whom she was enamoured; with all the other embellishments there described. Nay, such was the infatuation of this poor gentleman, that he was not to be deceived either by the touch, the breath, or any other circumstance of this honest wench, though they were powerful enough to discompose the stomach of any body but a rampant carrier.

But our knight believed he folded in his arms the goddess of beauty; straining her in his embrace, he began to pronounce, in a soft and amorous tone, 'Would to Heaven! I were so circumstanced, beautiful and high-born lady! as to be able to pay the

The transcendent favour bestowed upon me, in the contemplation of your amazing charms; but it hath pleased fortune, that never ceases to persecute the virtuous, to lay me upon this bed, so bruised and battered, that even if it was my desire to gratify yours, I should find it utterly impossible; how much more so when that impossibility is linked to another still greater? I mean the plighted faith I have vowed to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Did not that consideration interpose, I should not be such a simple knight, as to let slip this happy occasion which your benevolence hath tendered to my choice.

Maritornes, sweating with vexation to find herself thus pinioned, as it were, by the knight, whose discourse she neither heeded nor understood; endeavoured, without answering a syllable, to disengage herself from his embrace: while the honest carrier, whose lewd desires kept him awake, and made him perceive his doxy from the moment she entered, listened attentively to every thing that Don Quixote said; and, being jealous that the Asturian had broke her promise to him, in order to keep it with another, crept nearer the bed of his rival, to wait the issue of this rhapsody, the meaning of which he could not comprehend. Observing, however, that the wench struggled to get loose, and that the knight endeavoured to detain her, he could not relish the joke, but lifting his arm on high, discharged such a terrible blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured Don, as bathed his whole countenance in blood; and, not satisfied with this application, jumped upon his ribs, and travelled over his whole carcase, at a pace somewhat exceeding that of a brisk trot, until the bed, which was none of the strongest, either in materials or foundation, unable to sustain the additional weight, sunk to the ground with both; and made such a hideous noise in its fall, as waked the inn-keeper, who immediately concluded that Maritornes was concerned in the adventure, because she made no answer when he called.

On this supposition he arose, and lighting a candle, went directly to the place where he heard the scuffle: meanwhile the poor wench, confused and affrighted at the approach of her master, who was a fellow of a most savage disposition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza, who slept in spite of all this din, and nestling in beside him, wound herself up like a ball, and lay snug. The landlord now entered the apartment, and crying with a loud voice, ‘Where have you got, strumpet? to be sure these must be your jade’s tricks, with a vengeance!’ Sancho started, and, feeling a prodigious weight upon him, thought he was labouring under the night-mare, and beginning to lay about him on all sides, chanced in the course of his efforts

efforts to bestow divers cuffs on Maritornes, who feeling herself thus belaboured, forgot the care of her reputation, and returned the squire's compliments so heartily that sleep forsook him whether he would or not: without knowing the person who treated him so roughly, he raised himself up, as well as he could, and going to loggerheads with Maritornes, a most furious and diverting skirmish ensued.

By this time the carrier perceiving by the light the situation of his mistress, ran to her assistance, and the landlord followed the same course, though with a very different intention, namely, to chastise the maid; being fully persuaded, that she was the sole cause of all this uproar: and so, as the saying is, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, the rope to the gallows. The carrier drummed upon Sancho, Sancho struck at the maid, the maid pummelled him, the inn-keeper disciplined her: all of them exerting themselves with such eagerness that there was not one moment's pause. But to crown the joke, the landlord's candle went out, and the combatants being left in the dark, such a circulation of blows ensued, that wheresoever the fist fell, there the patient was disabled.

There chanced to lodge at the inn that night a trooper, belonging to the ancient holy brotherhood of Toledo, who also hearing of the strange noise of this fray, arose, and seizing his tipstaff, together with the tin box that contained his commission, entered the apartment in the dark, calling aloud—'Keep the peace, in the king's name; keep the peace in the name of the holy brotherhood.' The first he encountered was the forlorn Don Quixote, who lay insensible on his demolished bed, with his face uppermost; so that groping about, he happened to lay hold of his beard, and cried—'Assist, I charge you, the officers of justice:' but perceiving that the person he held neither stirred nor spoke, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within were the assassins. In this persuasion he raised his voice, crying—'Shut the gates of the inn, that none may escape; for here is a man murdered.' This exclamation, which astonished them all, was no sooner heard, than every one quitted his share in the battle: the landlord retreated to his own chamber, the carrier sneaked to his panniers, and the damsel to her straw; while the unfortunate knight and squire were left on the spot, unable to move from the places where they lay. The trooper, letting go the beard of Don Quixote, went out for a light to search for and apprehend the delinquents; but in this design he was disappointed, the landlord having purposely extinguished the lamp when he retired to his apartment: so that he was obliged to have recourse to the embers, at which, with great industry and time, he made shift to light another candle.

CHAPTER III. 16

Containing the Sequel of those incredible Grievances which the valiant Don Quixote, and his trusty Squire, Sancho Panza, underwent at the Inn, which for their Misfortune the Knight mistook for a Castle.

ABOUT this time, Don Quixote, recovering the use of his tongue, began to call in the same feeble tone with which he spoke the preceding day, when he lay stretched in the pack-staff valley.—‘Art thou asleep, friend Sancho? friend Sancho, art thou asleep?’—‘God’s my life!’ replied Sancho, full of peevishness and pain, ‘how should I be asleep, seeing all the devils in hell have been upon me this whole night?’—‘That thou mayest assure thyself of,’ answered the knight, ‘for either I understand nothing at all, or this castle is enchanted. Thou must know, Sancho, (but what I am going to disclose to thee thou shalt swear to keep secret till after my death.)’—‘I do swear,’ said Sancho. ‘This secrecy I insist upon,’ replied his master, ‘because I would by no means take away the reputation of any person.’—‘Well then,’ cried the squire, ‘I swear to keep it secret till the days of your worship be past and gone; and God grant that I may be at liberty to reveal it to-morrow.’—‘Have I done you so much mischief, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that you wish to see me dead so soon?’—‘It is not for that,’ replied the squire, ‘but because I am an enemy to all secrets, and would not have any thing rot in my keeping.’—‘Be that as it may,’ said the knight, ‘I will trust greater things to thy love and fidelity. Know, therefore, that this very night I have been engaged in a most rare and wonderful adventure; which, that I may briefly relate, take notice, that a little while ago I was visited by the constable’s daughter, than whom a more beautiful and gracious young lady is scarce to be found on this terraqueous globe. How shall I paint to thee the comeliness of her person? how delineate the acuteness of her understanding? or how shall I describe those mysterious charms which, that I may preserve the fealty I have sworn to my own sovereign mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, I must pass over in sacred silence? I shall only tell thee that Heaven itself was jealous of the happiness which fortune had put into my power; or, perhaps, which is more probable, this castle, as I have already observed, is enchanted: for, while I was engaged with her in a most delightful and amorous conversation, an unseen hand, belonging, doubtless, to the arm of some monstrous giant, descended, I know not whence, upon my jaws, leaving my whole face bathed in gore: and afterwards bruised me in such a manner, that I am infinitely worse than I

was yesterday, when the carriers maltreated us, as thou knowest, for the excesses of Rozinante; from whence I conjecture that the treasure of this fair damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not destined for my possession.'—'Nor for mine neither,' cried Sancho; 'for I have been drubbed by five hundred Moors, so unmercifully, that the pack-stave threshing was but cakes and gingerbread to what I now feel: so that I see no great cause you have to brag of that rare adventure, which has left us in this comfortable pickle. Indeed, your worship was not so badly off, because you had that same incomparable beauty in your arms; but what had I except the hardest knocks, which, I hope, I shall ever feel in my born days? Cursed am I, and the mother that bore me; for, though I neither am a knight-errant, nor ever design to be one, the greatest part of the mischief that betides us for ever falls to my share.' 'It seems then, thou hast suffered too,' said Don Quixote. 'Woe be unto me and my whole pedigree!' cried Sancho, 'have I not been telling you so all this time?'—'Give thyself no concern about that matter, answered the knight; for now I am determined to prepare that precious balsam, which will cure us both in the twinkling of an eye.'

About this time the officer of the holy brotherhood, having made shift to light his candle, came back to examine the person whom he supposed murdered; and Sancho, seeing him approach in his shirt and woollen night-cap, with a very unfavourable aspect, and a light in his hand, said to his master, 'Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted Moor returned to spend the last drop of his vengeance upon us*?'—'That cannot be the Moor,' answered Don Quixote, 'for inchanters never suffer themselves to be seen.'—'If they won't allow themselves to be seen,' cried the squire, 'they make no bones of letting themselves be felt; that my shoulders can testify.'—'And mine too,' said the knight; but we have no sufficient reason to believe that he whom we now see is the enchanted Moor.'

Meanwhile, the trooper drawing near, and hearing them talk so deliberately, remained some time in suspence; then observing Don Quixote, who still lay on his back, unable to stir on account of his bruises and plaisters, he went up to him, saying, 'How dos't do, honest friend?'—'I would speak more submissively,' answered the knight, 'were I such a plebeian as you. Is that the language used in this country to knights-errant, you blockhead?' The officer finding himself treated with so little ceremony, by such a miserable wight, could not bear the reproach, but lifting up his lamp, oil and all, discharged it upon Don Quixote's pate, which suffered greatly in the encounter;

* Literally what is left in the bottom of his inkhorn.

and

and the light being again extinguished, slipped away in the dark. Things being in this situation, 'Sir,' said Sancho Panza, 'without doubt that was the enchanted Moor, who keeps the treasure for other people, and the fisty-cuffs and lamp-leavings for us.'—'It must be so,' replied the knight, 'but we must not mind those affairs of enchantment so much as to let them ruffle or inflame us; because, they being invisible and fantastical, do what we can, we shall never be able to take vengeance upon the authors of them: get up, therefore, Sancho, if thou canst, and desire the constable of this castle to supply me with some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary; that I may prepare the salutiferous balsam, which really, I believe, I stand in great need of at present, for the wound which the phantom hath given me bleeds apace.'

Accordingly the squire made shift to rise, notwithstanding the intolerable aching of his bones; and creeping in the dark towards the innkeeper's bed-chamber, happened to meet with the trooper, who stood listening to know the intention of his adversary. 'Signior,' cried he, 'whoever you are, do us the benefit and favour to assist us with some rosemary, salt, wine, and oil; in order to cure one of the most mighty knights-errant upon earth, who lies in that bed, desperately wounded by the hands of an enchanted Moor that frequents this inn.' The officer hearing such an address, concluded that the man had lost his senses; and it being by this time dawn, opened the inn gate, and calling to the landlord, told him what this honest man wanted. The innkeeper having provided Sancho with the ingredients, he immediately carried them to his master; who lay holding his head between his two hands, and complaining very much of the effect of the lamp; which, however, had done no further damage than that of raising a couple of large tumours upon his pate, that which he took for blood being no other than sweat forced out by the anguish and pain he had undergone. In short, he made a composition, by mixing the materials together, and boiling them a good while, until he found he had brought the whole to a due consistence: then he asked for a phial to contain the balsam; but as there was none in the house, he resolved to cork it up in a tin oil-flask, of which the landlord made him a present. Which being done, he repeated over it more than fourscore paternosters, with the like number of ave-marias, salvos, and credos, accompanying every word with the sign of the cross, by way of benediction: and this whole ceremony was performed in presence of Sancho, the innkeeper and officer; the carrier having very quietly gone to take care of his beasts.

This precious balsam being thus composed, the knight was determined

determined to make instant trial of the efficacy with which he imagined it endued; and accordingly swallowed about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot, after the oil-flask was full; which had scarce got down his throat, when he began to vomit in such a manner as left nothing in his stomach; and a most copious sweat breaking out upon him in consequence of the violent operation, he desired they would wrap him up warm, and leave him to his repose. They complied with his request, and he fell into a profound sleep that lasted three hours; at the end of which awaking, he found himself exceedingly refreshed, and so well recovered of his bruises, that he seemed perfectly well; and implicitly believed that he had now made sure of the balsam of Fierabas; which, while he possessed, he might with the utmost confidence and safety, engage in the most perilous quarrels, combats, and havock, that could possibly happen.

Sancho Panza seeing his master recovered to a miracle, begged he would bestow upon him the sediment of the pot, which was no small quantity: and his request being granted, he laid hold of it with both hands, and setting it to his head, drank off, with strong faith, and eager inclination, almost as much as his master had swallowed before. But the poor squire's stomach chanced to be not quite so delicate as that of the knight; and therefore, before he could discharge a drop, he suffered such pangs and retchings, such qualms and cold sweats, that he verily believed his last hour was come; and in the midst of his wambling and affliction, cursed the balsam and the miscreant that made it. Don Quixote perceiving his situation, said, 'I believe that all this mischief happens to thee, Sancho, because thou art not a knight; for I am persuaded that this liquor will be of service to none but such as are of the order of knighthood.'—'If your worship knew so much,' cried Sancho, 'woe be unto me and my whole generation! why did you allow me to taste it?' At this instant the potion began to operate, and the poor squire to unloose at both ends with such fury, that the mat upon which he had thrown himself, and the sheet that covered him, were soon in a woeful pickle: he sweated and shivered with such violent motions and fits, that not only he himself, but every body present, thought he would have given up the ghost.

This tempest of evacuation lasted near two hours; at the expiration of which he found himself far from being relieved like his master, but on the contrary so much fatigued that he was not able to stand. The knight, as we have already observed, finding himself in good health and excellent spirits, longed fervently to depart in quest of adventures, thinking every minute he spent in that place was an injury to the world in general, and to those miserable objects who wanted his favour and protection,

tion; especially as he was now in possession of the certain means of safety and confidence, in that efficacious balsam he had made. Prompted by these suggestions, he himself saddled Rozinante, and with his own hands put the pannel upon the beast of the squire, whom he assisted also in getting on his cloaths, and mounting his ass. He then bestrode his own steed; and laying hold of a pitchfork that stood in the corner of the yard, appropriated it to the use of a lance; while all the people in the house, exceeding twenty persons, beheld him with admiration: the landlord's daughter being among the spectators, he fixed his eyes upon her, and from time to time uttered a profound sigh, which seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his bowels; and which in the opinion of all those who had seen him anointed over night, was occasioned by the aching of his bones.

He and his squire being by this time mounted, he halted at the gate, and calling to the inn-keeper, pronounced, in a grave and solemn tone, 'Numerous and mighty are the favours, Sir Constable, which I have received in this castle of your's; and I shall think myself under the highest obligation to retain a grateful remembrance of your courtesy all the days of my life. If I can make you any return, in taking vengeance on some insolent adversary, who hath, perhaps, aggrieved you; know that it is my province and profession to assist the helpless, avenge the injured, and chastise the false: recollect, therefore, and if you have any boon of that sort to ask, speak the word; I promise, by the order of knighthood which I have received, that you shall be righted and redressed to your heart's content.' 'Sir knight,' replied the innkeeper, with the same deliberation, 'I have no occasion for your worship's assistance to redress any grievance of mine; for I know how to revenge my own wrongs when I suffer any: all I desire is, that you will pay the score you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourself and servant.'—'It seems, then, this is an inn,' answered the knight. 'Aye, and a well-respected one,' said the landlord. 'I have been in a mistake all this time,' resumed Don Quixote, 'for I really thought it was a castle; and that none of the meanest neither: but since it is no other than a house of public entertainment, you have nothing to do but excuse me from paying a farthing; for I can by no means transgress the custom of knights-errant, who, I am sure, as having read nothing to the contrary*, never paid

* Don Quixote seems in this place to have forgot one adventure of his great pattern, Orlando, who while he accompanied Angelica in her flight from Albracca, happened to intrude upon the king of the Lestrignons, as he sat at dinner

paid for lodging, nor any thing else, in any inn or house whatsoever, because they had a right and title to the best of entertainment, in recompence for the intolerable sufferings they underwent, in seeking adventures by night and by day, in winter as well as summer, on foot and on horseback, exposed to hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, and to all the inclemencies of heaven, as well as the inconveniences of earth.'—All this is nothing to my purpose,' said the inn-keeper; 'pay me what you owe, and save all your idle tales of knight-errantry for those who will be amused with them; for my own part, I mind no tale but that of the money I take.'—You are a saucy publican, and a blockhead to boot,' cried Don Quixote; who, putting spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his pitchfork, sallied out of the inn without opposition, and was a good way off before he looked behind to see if he was followed by his squire.

The landlord, seeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to seize Sancho; who told him, that since his master refused to discharge the bill, he must not expect any money from him, who being the squire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his master, bound by the same laws to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this answer, threatened if he would not pay him, to indemnify himself in a manner that should not be so much to the squire's liking: but Panza swore by the laws of chivalry his master professed, that he would not pay a doit, though it should cost him his life; for he was resolved that the honourable and ancient customs of knight-errantry should not be lost through his misbehaviour; neither should those squires who were come into the world after him, have occasion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of so just a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho's evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night in the house, four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great square of Cordova, and a couple of shop-keepers from the market-place of Seville; all of them brisk jolly fellows, and mischievous wags. These companions, as if they had been inspired and instigated by the same spirit, came up to the squire,

dinner in a valley; and being in great want of victuals, accosted his most savage majesty in these words, recorded by Bayardo, or rather Berni, in his poem entitled Orlando Innamorato.

*Peiche fortuna a quest' ora ne mena
Da voi, vi prego, che non vi despiaccia,
O pe' nostri danari o in cortesia,
Che noi cenium con voi di campagna.*

Thus humbly requesting that he would either for love or money give them a bear to pick.

and

and pulled him from his ass; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting up their eyes, perceived the roof was too low for their purpose; therefore determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other cieling than the sky: there placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him on high, and divert themselves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries uttered by this miserable vaulter were so piercing as to reach the ears of his master, who halting to listen the more attentively, believed that some new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognized the shrieks of his squire. He immediately turned his horse, and with infinite straining made shift to gallop back to the inn; but finding the gate shut, rode round in search of some other entrance; and when he approached the yard wall, which was not very high, perceived the disagreeable joke they were practising upon his squire, who rose in the air, and sunk again with such grace and celerity, that if his indignation would have allowed him, I verily believe the knight himself would have laughed at the occasion. He attempted to step from his horse upon the wall, but was so bruised and battered, that he could not move from his seat; and therefore, situated as he was, began to vent such a torrent of reproachful and opprobrious language against Sancho's executioners, that it is impossible to repeat the half of what he said. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diversion, nor gave the least truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatened by turns, as he flew. Indeed, nothing of this sort either could or did avail him, until leaving off, out of pure weariness, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great coat, and set him on his ass again. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so much fatigued, thought he would be the better for a draught of water, which, that it might be the cooler, she fetched from the well; and Sancho had just put the mug to his lips, when his draught was retarded by the voice of his master, who cried aloud, 'Son Sancho, drink not water, drink not that which will be the occasion of thy death, my son; behold this most sacred balsam,' holding up the cruse of potion in his hand, 'two drops of which will effectually cure thee.' At these words the squire eyed him, as it were askance, and in a tone still more vociferous, replied, 'Perchance your worship has forgot that I am no knight; or may be you want to see me vomit up all the entrails I have left, after last night's quandary. Keep the liquor for yourself, and may all the devils in hell give you joy of it; and leave me to my own discretion!' He had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to swallow; and perceiving
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at the first draught that the cordial was no other than water, he did not chuse to repeat it: but desired Maritornes to bring him some wine. This request she complied with very cheerfully, and paid for it with her own money; for it was reported of her, that although she was reduced to that low degree in life, she actually retained some faint sketches and shadows of the Christian.

Sancho, having finished his draught, clapped heels to his ass, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, sallied forth very well satisfied with having got off without paying any thing, although he had succeeded at the expence of his shoulders, which were indeed his usual sureties. True it is, the landlord had detained his bags for the reckoning: but these Sancho did not miss in the confusion of his retreat. As soon as he was clear of the house, the innkeeper would have barricadoed the gate, had he not been prevented by the blanket companions, who were of that sort of people that would not have valued Don Quixote a farthing, even if he had been actually one of the knights of the round-table.

CHAPTER IV.

In which is recounted the Discourse that passed between Sancho Panza and his Master Don Quixote; with other Adventures worthy of record.

SANCHO made shift to overtake his master, so haggard and dismayed, that he was scarce able to manage his beast: and when the knight perceived his melancholy situation, 'Honest Sancho,' said he, 'I am now convinced, beyond all doubt, that this castle or inn is enchanted; for those who made such a barbarous pastime of thy sufferings, could be no other than phantoms and beings belonging to the other world. I am confirmed in this opinion, from having found, that while I was by the wall of the yard, a spectator of the acts of thy mournful tragedy, I could neither climb over to thy assistance, nor indeed move from Rozinante, but was fixed in the saddle by the power of enchantment; for I swear to thee, by the faith of my character, if I could have alighted from my steed, and surmounted the wall, I would have revenged thy wrongs in such a manner, that those idle miscreants should have remembered the jest to their dying day: although I know, that in so doing, I should have transgressed the laws of chivalry, which, I have often told thee, do not allow a knight to lift his arm against any person

person of an inferior degree, except in defence of his own life and limbs, or in cases of the most pressing necessity.'—'So would I have revenged myself,' said Sancho, 'knighted or not knighted; but it was not in my power: though I am very well satisfied that those who diverted themselves at my cost were no phantoms, nor enchanted beings, as your worship imagines: but men made of flesh and bones as we are; and all of them have christian names, which I heard repeated while they tossed me in the blanket: one, for example, is called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez, and the innkeeper goes by the name of Juan Palameque the left-handed; and therefore, Signior, your being disabled from alighting and getting over the wall, must have been owing to something else than enchantment. What I can clearly discern from the whole is, that these adventures we go in search of will, at the long run, bring us into such misventures, that we shall not know our right hands from our left; and therefore, in my small judgement, the best and wholesomest thing we can do, will be to jog back again to our own habitation, now while the harvest is going on, to take care of our crops, and leave off sauntering from post to pillar*, and falling out of the frying-pan into the fire, as the saying is.'

'How little art thou acquainted, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'with the pretensions of chivalry! hold thy tongue and have patience; for the day will soon arrive on which thy own eyes shall judge what an honourable profession it is. Pray tell me now, what greater satisfaction can there be in this world, or what pleasure can equal that of a conqueror, who triumphs over his adversary in battle? None, sure!'—'That may be,' answered the squire, 'though I know nothing of the matter. This only I know, that since we have taken up the trade of knights-errant (your worship I mean, for as to my own part I have no manner of title to be reckoned in such an honourable list) we have not gained one battle, except that with the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear; and the loss of one side of your helmet; from that day to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling, pummelling upon pummelling; except the advantage I have had over your worship, in being tossed in a blanket by enchanted Moors, whom I cannot be revenged of, in order to know how pleasant a pastime it is to overcome one's enemy, as your worship observes.'—'That is the very grievance, Sancho, under which both you and I labour,' said Don Quixote, 'but, for the future, I will endeavour to procure a sword, tempered with such

* In the original, from Ceca to Mecca: a phrase derived from the customs of the Moors, who used to go in pilgrimage to these two places. Ceca was in the city of Cordova.

masterly skill that he who wears it shall be subject to no kind of enchantment; and who knows but accident may furnish me with that which Amadis possessed, when he styled himself the knight of the flaming sword; and truly it was one of the most excellent blades that ever a warrior unsheathed; for, besides that sovereign virtue it contained, it cut keen as a razor; and no armour, though ever so strong or enchanted, could stand before its edge.'—'I am so devilishly lucky,' said Sancho, 'that if the case were really so, and your worship should light on that same sword, it would, like the precious balsam, be of no service or security to any one but your true knights: and we that are squires might sing for sorrow.'—'Thou must not be afraid of that,' replied the knight: 'Heaven will surely deal more mercifully with thee.'

In such conversation Don Quixote and his squire jogged along; when the former descrying on the road in which they travelled, a large and thick cloud of dust rolling towards them, turned to Sancho, saying, 'This, O Sancho, is the day that shall manifest the great things which fortune hath in store for me! This, I say, is the day on which the valour of this arm shall be displayed as much as upon any other occasion; and on which I am resolved to perform deeds that shall remain engraven on the leaves of fame to all posterity! Seest thou that cloud of dust before us? The whole of it is raised by a vast army, composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching this way.'—'By that way of reckoning there must be two,' said Sancho, 'for right over against it there is just such another.' Don Quixote immediately turned his eyes, and perceiving Sancho's information to be true, was rejoiced beyond measure; firmly believing that what he saw were two armies in full march to attack each other, and engage in the middle of that spacious plain; for every hour and minute of the day his imagination was engrossed by those battles, enchantments, dreadful incidents, extravagant amours, and rhodomontades; which are recorded in the books of chivalry; and indeed every thing he thought, said, or did, had a tendency that way.

As for the dust he now saw, it was raised by two flocks of sheep, which chanced to be driven from different parts into the same road, and were so much involved in this cloud of their own making, that it was impossible to discern them until they were very near. The knight affirmed they were armies with such assurance, that Sancho actually believed it, and said to his master, 'And pray now, good your worship, what must we do?'—'What,' answered Don Quixote, 'but assist and support that side which is weak and discomfited? Thou must know, Sancho, that yonder host which fronts us, is led and commanded
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by the mighty Emperor Alifanfaron, sovereign of the great island of Trapoban; and that other behind us belongs to his mortal enemy, the king of the Gramanteans, known by the name Pentapolin with the naked arm, because he always goes to battle with the sleeve of his right arm tucked up.—‘But why are those chieftains so mischievously inclined towards each other?’ said Sancho. ‘The cause of their enmity,’ replied the knight, ‘is this: Alifanfaron, who is a most outrageous Pagan, is enamoured of Pentapolin’s daughter, a most beautiful and courteous lady, who being a Christian, her father will by no means betroth her to the infidel prince, unless he shall first renounce the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and become a convert to the true faith.’—‘Now, by my whiskers!’ cried Sancho, ‘King Pentapolin is an honest man, and I am resolved to give him all the assistance in my power.’—‘In so doing thou wilt perform thy duty, Sancho,’ said his master: ‘for to engage in such battles as these, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight.’—‘That I can easily comprehend,’ replied the other; ‘but where shall we secure the ass, that we may be sure of finding him after the fray is over; for I believe it is not the fashion now-a-days to go to battle on such a beast.’—‘True,’ said the knight; ‘and I think the best way will be to leave him to his chance whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of steeds, when once we have gained the victory, that Rozinante himself will run some risk of being exchanged for another. But observe and listen attentively: I will now give thee a detail of the principal knights that serve in these two armies; and that thou mayest see and mark them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence we can distinctly view the line of battle in both.’ They accordingly placed themselves upon a hillock, whence they could easily have discerned the two flocks of sheep which Don Quixote metamorphosed into armies, had not the dust they raised confounded and obscured the view; but nevertheless, beholding in his imagination that which could not otherwise be seen, because it did not exist, he began to pronounce with an audible voice:

‘That knight whom thou seest, with yellow armour, bearing in his shield a lion, crowned and couching at the feet of a young lady, is the gallant Laucalo, lord of the silver bridge; and that other beside him, who wears armour powdered with flowers of gold, and bears for his device three crowns argent in a field azure, is the amorous Micocolembó, Grand Duke of Quiracio; and he upon his right hand, with those gigantic limbs, is the never-to-be-daunted Brandabarbarán de Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabias, who comes armed with a serpent’s skin,

and, instead of a shield, brandishes a huge gate, which, it is said, belonged to the temple that Sampson overthrew, when he avenged himself of his enemies at his death: but turn thine eyes, and behold in the front of this other army, the ever-conquering and never-conquered Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New Biscay, whose arms are quartered azure, vert, argent, and or; and the device in his shield, a cat or, in a field gules, with the letters Miau, which constitute the beginning of his lady's name; and she, they say, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of Alfeniquen, Duke of Algarve; the other, who loads and oppresses the loins of that fiery Arabian steed with armour white as snow, and a shield without a device, is a novice knight of the French nation, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique; the third, who strikes his iron rowels into the flanks of that spotted nimble zebra*, is the potent Duke of Nerbia, esparta-filardo of the wood, who bears in his shield for a device, a bunch of asparagus, with an inscription signifying, "By destiny I am dogged."

In this manner did he invent names for a great many knights in either army, to all of whom also he gave arms, colours, mottoes, and devices, without the least hesitation, being incredibly inspired by the fumes of a distempered fancy; nay, he proceeded without any pause, saying, 'That squadron forming in our front is composed of people of divers nations; there be those who drink the delicious waters of the celebrated Xanthus, with the mountaineers who tread the Masicilican plains; and those who sift the purest golden ore of Arabia Felix: there also may be seen the people who sport upon the cool and famous banks of the translucent Thermodonte; and those who conduct the yellow Pactolus in many a winding stream; the promise-breaking Numidians; the Persians for their archery renowned; the Parthians and the Medes who combat as they fly; the Arabians famed for shifting habitations; the Scythians cruel as they are fair; the thick-lipped race of Ethiopia; and an infinite variety of other nations, whose looks I know, and can discern, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron march those men who lave in the crystal current of the olive-bearing Betis; those whose villages are cleaned and polished with the limpid wave of the ever rich and golden Tagus; those who delight in the salutiferous draughts of Genil the divine; those who scour the Tartesian fields that with fat pasture teem; those who make merry in the Elysian meads of Herezan; the rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy ears of corn; those cloathed in steel, the bold remains of ancient Gothic blood; those who bathe in Pasuerga, famous for its gen-

* Zebra is a beautiful creature, native of Arabia, vulgarly called the wild ass.

the current; those who feed their flocks upon the spacious meads of the meandering Gaudiana, celebrated for its secret course; those who shiver with the chill blasts of the woody Pyrenees; and those who feel the snowy flakes of lofty Appennine: in short, whatever nation Europe imbosoms and contains.'

Heaven preserve us! what provinces did he mention! what nations did he name: bestowing, with wonderful facility, those attributes that belonged to each: being all the while absorpt, and as it were immersed, in the contents of his deceitful books. Sancho Panza listened attentively to his master, without uttering one syllable: and from time to time turned his eyes from one side to another, to see if he could discern those knights and giants who were thus described: but not being able to discover one of them, 'Sir, said he, 'your worship may say what you please, but the devil a man, giant, or knight, that you have mentioned, is there; at least I can see none: perhaps, indeed, the whole is enchantment, like the phantoms of last night.'—'How sayest thou?' replied Don Quixote: 'dost thou not hear the neighing of steeds, the sound of clarions, and noise of drums?'—'I hear nothing,' answered Sancho, 'but abundance of bleating of ewes and lambs.' And truly that was the case: for by this time the two flocks were pretty near them. 'Thy fear,' said Don Quixote, 'hinders thee from seeing and hearing aright: for one effect of terror is to disturb the senses, and make objects appear otherwise than they are: if thou art therefore under such consternation, retire on one side, and leave me alone: for I myself am sufficient to bestow victory on the cause which I espouse.' So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and putting his lance in the rest, darted down from the hillock like lightning. In vain did Sancho bellow forth, 'Turn Signior Don Quixote: good your worship, turn! so help me God, those are ewes and lambs you are going to attack! Woe be to the father that begat me! Will you not turn? What madness possesses you! Consider, here are no giants, nor knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered or whole, nor inverted azures, and the devil knows what: was there ever such distraction? sinner that I am!'

The knight, however, did not regard this exclamation: on the contrary, he rode on, bawling aloud, 'Soho, knights! you that attend and serve under the banners of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin with the naked arm, follow me in a body, and you shall behold how easily I will avenge him on his adversary Ali-fanfaron, of Trapoban.' Having uttered these words, he rushed into the thickest of the squadron of sheep, and began to lay about him, with as much eagerness and fury as if he had been actually engaged with his mortal enemies. The herdsmen and
shepherds,

shepherds, who were driving the flock, called to him to forbear; but finding their admonition had no effect, they ungirded their slings, and began to salute his ears with stones, the least of which was as large as an ordinary fist; but he, far from minding their missiles, rode about the field, crying, 'Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? face me if thou darest; I am but a single knight, who want to prove thy prowess hand to hand, and sacrifice thy life for the injury thou hast done to Pantapolin Garamanta.' Just as he pronounced these words, he received a pebble on his side, that seemed to have buried a couple of his ribs in his belly, and gave him such a rude shock, that he believed himself either dead or desperately wounded; then remembering his specific, he pulled out the cruse, and setting it to his mouth, began to swallow the balsam: but before he had drank what he thought a sufficient dose, there came another such almond, so plump upon his hand and cruse, that, after having shivered the pot to pieces, it carried off in its way three or four of his grinders, and shattered two of his fingers in a grievous manner: in short, so irresistible were both the applications, that the poor knight could not help tumbling from his horse. The shepherds immediately came up, and believing him actually dead, gathered together their flock with all imaginable dispatch; and taking their dead, which might be about seven in number, upon their shoulders, made off without any farther inquiry.

All this time Sancho remained upon the hill, beholding, with amazement, the madness of his master, tearing his beard, and cursing the hour and minute on which it was his fate to know him: and now seeing him fallen, and the shepherds gone, he descended to his assistance, when finding him still sensible, though in a miserable situation, 'Did not I warn you, Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'to turn; and assure you, that those you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep?—' How strangely can that miscreant inchanter, who is my enemy, transmogrify things to thwart me? Know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for necromancers to make us assume what shapes they please; and the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, had doubtless metamorphosed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep: but thou shalt do one thing, I intreat thee, Sancho, in order to be undeceived and convinced of the truth; mount thy ass, and follow them fairly and softly; and when they are at a convenient distance from hence, thou wilt see them return to their former shapes, and ceasing to be sheep, become men again, right and tight as I at first described them; but do not go at present, for I have occasion for thy service and assistance:

ance: come hither and see how many teeth I have lost; methinks there is not one left in my whole jaw.'

Sancho accordingly approached so near as to thrust his eyes into his master's mouth, just at the time when the balsam began to operate in his stomach, which, with the force of a culverin, discharged its contents full in the beard of the compassionate squire. 'Holy Virgin,' cried Sancho, 'what is this that hath befallen me? Without doubt, this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood!' But considering the case more maturely, he found by the colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam he had seen him drink; and such was the loathing he conceived at this recognition, that his stomach turned, and he emptied his bowels upon his master; so that both of them remained in a handsome pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, for a towel to clean them, and some application for his master's hurt; but when he missed his bags, he had well nigh lost his senses; he cursed his fate again, and determined with himself to leave the knight, and return to his habitation, even though he should lose his wages for the time he had already served, as well as his hopes of governing the Island of Promise.

At this juncture Don Quixote arose, and clapping his left hand to his cheek, in order to prevent his teeth from falling out, with the right laid hold of the bridle of Rozinante, who, like a faithful and affectionate servant, had never stirred from his master's side; and went up to the place where his squire stood, leaning upon his ass, with one hand applied to his jaw, in the posture of a person who is exceedingly pensive: the knight perceiving him in this situation, with manifest signs of melancholy in his countenance, 'Know, Sancho,' said he, 'that one man is no more than another, unless he can do more than another. All those hurricanes that have happened to us, prognosticate that we soon shall have fair weather, and that every thing will succeed to our wish: for it is impossible that either good or bad fortune should be eternal; and therefore it follows that our adversity having lasted so long, our prosperity must be now at hand. Be not grieved then at the misfortunes that happen to me, since no part of them falls to thy share.'—'Not to my share!' answered Sancho: 'mayhap, then, he whom they tossed in the blanket yesterday was not the son of my father; and the bags that are lost to-day, with all the goods in them, belonged to some other person.'—'What, has thou lost the bags, Sancho?' cried Don Quixote. 'Yes, sure,' said the other. 'At that rate, then, we have no victuals to eat,' resumed the knight. 'That would certainly be the case,' answered the squire, if the meadows did not furnish those herbs
you

say you know, with which unfortunate knights like your ship are wont to make up such losses.'—'Yes, but for all,' replied Don Quixote, 'I could at present relish a cheon of brown bread, or a loaf, with a couple of red herrings, better than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even in the annotations of Doctor Laguna; but, nevertheless, content thy beast, honest Sancho, and follow me. God, who provides all things, will not be wanting to us; more especially we are employed in his immediate service: he faileth not to provide for the gnats of the air, the insects of the earth, the worms of the sea; and is so beneficent as to cause the sun to shine upon the good and bad, and send rain to the wicked as well as the righteous.'—'Your worship,' said Sancho, 'is more to be a preacher than a knight-errant.'—'Knights-errant,' replied the master, 'never had, and ought to have, some knowledge of every thing: nay, some there have been in times past, who would stop to make a sermon or discourse upon the way, with as much eloquence as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from whence it may be imagined that the lance was never blunted by the pen, nor the pen impeded by the lance.'—'What your worship observes may be very true,' said Sancho; 'but, in the mean time, let us leave this place, and endeavour to get a night's lodging in some house or other; where God grant there may be neither rackets nor blanketeers, nor phantoms, nor enchanted Moors; may the devil confound both hook and crook!'

'Implore the protection of God, my son,' answered the knight, 'and leave me where thou wilt; for this once, I leave my lodging to thy care; but reach hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger how many teeth I have lost on this right side of my upper jaw, which is the place that gives me the greatest pain.' Sancho introduced his fingers, and having carefully examined his gums, 'How many teeth,' said he, 'was your ship wont to have in this place?'—'Four, beside the dog-teeth,' answered Don Quixote, 'all of them sound and whole.'—'Consider what your worship says,' replied Sancho. 'I say four, not five,' resumed the knight; 'for, in all my life, I never lost a tooth or fang, either by worm, rheum, or scurvy.'—'At present,' said the squire, 'in that part of the lower jaw, your ship has but two grinders and a half; and above neither half whole; all is smooth as the palm of my hand.'—'Cruel fortune!' cried Don Quixote, hearing this melancholy piece of news; 'would they had rather have demolished a limb, so it had not been the sword-arm; for I would have thee to know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders, is like a mill without a mill-

mill-stone; and a tooth is worth a treasure*; but such mischances always attend us who profess the strict order of chivalry. Get up, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow at thy own pace.' Sancho complied with his desire, and took the way that seemed most likely to lead to some accommodation, without quitting the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. While they jogged on softly, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not suffer him to be quiet, or exert himself in pushing forward, Sancho, being desirous of entertaining and diverting him with his discourse, said, among other things, what will be rehearsed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

An Account of the sage Discourse that passed between Sancho and his Master—The succeeding Adventure of the Corpse—With other remarkable Events.

'IN my opinion, my good master, all the misventures which have this day happened to us, are designed as a punishment for the sins committed by your worship, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, not to eat off a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen; together with all the rest that follows, which your worship swore to observe, untill such time as you could carry off that helmet of Malandrino, or how d'ye call the Moor? for I do not remember his right name.'—'Thou art very much in the right,' said Don Quixote. 'To deal ingenuously with thee, Sancho, that affair had actually slipt out of my remembrance; and thou mayest depend upon it, that affair of the blanketing happened to thee, for the fault thou was guilty of, in omitting to put me in mind of it in time: but I will make an atonement; for there are methods for compounding every thing in the order of chivalry.'—'Did I swear any thing?' replied Sancho. 'Your not having sworn is of no importance,' said Don Quixote; 'It is enough that I know you to be concerned as an accessory; and whether that be the case or not, it will not be amiss to provide a remedy.'—'Well, then,' replied the squire, 'I hope your worship will not forget this, as you did the oath: perhaps the phantoms may take it in their heads again to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they find you obstinate.'

I have endeavoured to preserve an alliteration in tooth and treasure, after the example of Cervantes, who seems to have intended it, in the words *diente* and *diamante*.

In this and other such discourse, night overtook them in the midst of their journey, before they could light on, or discover any house where they could procure lodging; and what was worse, they were almost famished; for in their bags they had lost their whole buttery and provision: nay, to crown their misfortune, an adventure happened to them, that, without any exaggeration, might have passed for something preternatural. Though the night shut in very dark, they continued travelling; Sancho believing, that, as they were in the king's highway, they should probably find an inn at the distance of a league or two.

Jogging on, therefore, under cloud of night, the squire exceeding hungry, and the master very well disposed to eat, they descried upon the road before them a vast number of lights, that seemed like moving stars, approaching them. Sancho was confounded at the sight, the meaning of which even Don Quixote could not comprehend: the one checked his ass, the other pulled in his horse's bridle, and both halted, in order to gaze attentively at the apparition of the lights, which seemed to increase the nearer they came. This being perceived by the squire, he began to quake like quicksilver; and the hair bristled up on Don Quixote's head: nevertheless, recollecting himself a little, 'Without doubt, Sancho,' said he, 'this must be a vast and perilous adventure, in which I shall be obliged to exert my whole strength and prowess.'—'Woe is me!' cried Sancho, 'if perchance this should be an adventure of phantoms, as I am afraid it is; where shall I find ribs for the occasion?'—'Phantoms or not phantoms,' said the knight, 'I will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy cloathes: if they made merry at thy expence before, it was owing to my incapacity to climb over the yard wall: but at present we are in an open field, where I can manage my sword as I please.'—'But if they should benumb and bewitch you, as they did in the morning,' said the squire, 'what benefit shall I receive from being in the open field?'—'Be that as it will,' replied Don Quixote, 'I beseech thee, Sancho, be of good courage, and thou shalt soon know by experience how much I am master of that virtue.' Sancho accordingly promised to do his best, with God's assistance. Then they both stepped to one side of the road, and began to gaze with great attention. While they were thus endeavouring to discern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great number of persons in white: which dreadful vision entirely extinguished the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to chatter as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague; and this agitation and chattering increased, when they saw them more distinctly; for, first and foremost appeared
about

about twenty persons on horseback, all of them clothed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand, muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them came a litter, covered with black, followed by six mounted cavaliers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of their mules, which were easily distinguished from horses, by the slowness of their pace.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in such a desert place, was surely sufficient to smite the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an impression upon his master; and this would have been the case, had he been any other than Don Quixote; as for the squire, his whole stock of resolution went to wreck. It was not so with his master, whose imagination clearly represented to him that this was exactly an adventure of the same kind with those he had read in books of chivalry; that the close litter was a bier, in which was carried some dead or wounded knight, the revenge of whose wrongs was reserved for him alone: wherefore, without canvassing the matter any farther, he set his lance in the rest, fixed himself in his seat, and with the most genteel and gallant deportment, placing himself in the middle of the road, through which they were indispensably obliged to pass, he raised his voice, and called to them as they approached—

‘Halt, knights, whosoever ye are, and give an account of yourselves: whence come ye? whither go ye? and what are you carrying off in that bier? for, in all appearance you have either done or received an injury; and it is necessary and convenient that I should know it, in order to chastise you for for what you are now doing, or revenge the wrong you have already done.’—‘We are at present in a hurry,’ replied one of the phantoms in white; ‘the inn we intend to lodge at is far off, and we cannot stay to give such a tedious account as you desire.’ So saying, he spurred on his mule; while Don Quixote, mightily incensed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, saying, ‘Stand and answer the questions I have asked with more civility; otherwise I will give battle to you all.’

The mule being skittish, was frightened in such a manner, at being seized by the bridle, that rearing on her hind feet, she fell back upon her rider; and a servant on foot, seeing his master fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choler being already provoked, he couched his lance, and without hesitation attacked one of the mourners, who soon fell to the ground, most miserably mauled; then wheeling about upon the rest, it was surprizing to see with what dispatch he assaulted and put them to the rout! while Rozinante acted with such agility and fury, that one would have sworn, at that instant, a pair of wings had sprung from his back. All the squadron arrayed in white, was

composed of timorous and unarmed people, who were fain to get out of the fray as soon as possible, and began to fly across the plain, with their lighted torches; like so many maskers in carnival time. The mourners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not stir out of the way; so that Don Quixote, without running any risk, drubbed them all round, and obliged them at length to quit the field, much against their inclination; for they actually believed he was no man, but a devil incarnate, who lay in wait to carry off the dead body that was in the litter.

All this while Sancho stood beholding with admiration the courage and intrepidity of the knight; saying, within himself, 'This master of mine is certainly as strong and valiant as he pretends to be.'

Meanwhile, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving the first whom the mule overthrew, rode up to him, and clapping the point of his lance to the poor man's throat, commanded him to yield, otherwise he would put him to death. To this declaration the other answered, 'Methinks I am already sufficiently quiet; for one of my legs is broke, so that I cannot stir: I beseech your worship, therefore, if you be a Christian, not to kill me, as in so doing you will commit the horrid sin of sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders.'—'If you are an ecclesiastic, what the devil brought you here?' cried Don Quixote. 'The devil, indeed, I think it was,' answered the overthrown priest. 'You will have to do with worse than the devil,' said the knight, 'if you refuse the satisfaction I at first demanded.'—'That is easily granted,' replied the other; 'and in the first place, your worship must know, that though I just now called myself a licentiate, I am no more than a bachelor: my name is Alonzo Lopez; I was born at Alcovendas; and now came from the city of Baeca, in company with eleven other priests, who are those who fled with the torches: we are conveying to Segovia that litter, which contains the corpse of a gentleman who died at Baeca, where it was deposited till now (as I was saying,) that we are carrying his bones to be interred at Segovia, which was the place of his nativity.'—'And who killed him?' said Don Quixote. 'God himself,' replied the bachelor, 'by means of a pestilential calenture that seized him.'—'At that rate,' resumed the knight, 'the Lord hath saved me the trouble of avenging his death, as I would have done, had he been slain by any mortal arm; but, considering how he died, there is nothing to be done, except to shrug up our shoulders in silence: for this is all that could happen, even if I myself should fall by the same hand; and I desire your reverence would take notice, that I am

I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, whose office and exercise is to travel through the world, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs.*.—‘I do not know how you can call this behaviour righting wrongs,’ said the batchelor: ‘I am sure you have changed my right into wrong, by breaking my leg, which will never be set to rights again so long as I live; and the grievances you have redressed for me, have been to aggrieve me in such a manner, as that I shall never cease to grieve at my misventure, in meeting with you, while you was in search of adventures.’—‘All things do not equally succeed,’ observed the knight: ‘it was the misfortune of you and your companions, Mr. Batchelor Lopez, to travel in the night, with these surplises and lighted flambeaus, singing all the way, before people clad in deep mourning, so that you seemed a company of ghosts broke from the other world, therefore I could not help performing my duty in attacking you; and I would have behaved in the same manner, had I actually known you to be really and truly the inhabitants of hell; for such indeed I thought you were.’—‘Since my hard fate would have it so,’ said the batchelor, ‘I entreat your worship, Sir knight-errant, who have been the cause of an unlucky errand to me, to help me in getting from under the mule, which keeps one of my legs fast jammed between the stirrup and the saddle.’—‘I might have talked on till morning,’ said the knight; ‘why did not you inform me of your distress sooner?’

He then called aloud to Sancho, who was in no hurry to hear him, but busy in rummaging a sumpter-mule which those honest priests brought along with them, well furnished with provisions. Having made a bag of his great coat, into which he crammed as much of their victuals as it would hold, he loaded his ass with the bundle, and then running up to his master, helped to free Mr. Batchelor from the oppression of his mule, on which having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote advised him to follow the route of his companions; and desired him to beg their pardon in his name, for the injury he had done them, as it was not in his power to avoid it. Sancho, likewise interposing, said, ‘If in case the gentlemen should want to know who the valiant hero is who put them to flight, your worship may tell them, that he is the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise surnamed the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.’

Thus dismissed, the batchelor pursued his way; and the knight asked what had induced Sancho, now, rather than at

* Knights engaged themselves, by oath, to protect the widow and the orphan, to redress all injuries; and, in a special manner, to defend the characters of ladies by force of arms.

any other time, to stile him the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. 'Truly,' answered Sancho, 'I have been looking at you some time by the light of that torch the unfortunate traveller held in his hand; and in good faith, your worship cuts the most dismal figure I have almost ever seen; and it must certainly be occasioned either by the fatigue you have undergone in this battle, or by the want of your teeth.'—'That is not the case,' replied his master; 'but the sage who is destined to write the history of my exploits, hath thought proper that I should assume some appellation, by the example of former knights, one of whom took the title of the Flaming Sword; another of the Unicorn; a third of the Ladies; a fourth of the Phoenix; a fifth of the Griffin; a sixth called himself the Knight of Death; and by these epithets and symbols they were known all over the face of the earth; and therefore I say, that the forementioned sage hath now put it into thy thoughts, and directed thy tongue to call me the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, an appellation that henceforth I adopt: and that it may suit me the better, I am resolved to have a most woeful figure painted upon my shield, with the first opportunity.'—'There is no occasion,' said Sancho, 'to throw away time and money on such a device; your worship has nothing more to do but uncover your own face; and I'll warrant those who behold it will call it a rueful one, without your having recourse to pictures and shields to explain your meaning; and you may believe I tell you nothing but the truth, when I maintain, though it be but in jest, that hunger and want of teeth makes your worship look so ill-favouredly, that we may very well save the expence of a rueful picture.'

Don Quixote could not help laughing at the pleasantry of Sancho, though he actually determined to assume that name, and have his shield and target painted according to his fancy. 'know, Sancho,' said he, 'that I have incurred the sentence of excommunication, for having laid violent hands on consecrated things, according to the canon, "*Si quis suadente diabolo, &c.*" yet you know I touched them not with my hands, but with my lance; and even then never dreamed of injuring priests, or of giving the smallest offence to the church, which I respect and adore, like a faithful catholic and Christian as I am; but, on the contrary, took them for phantoms and beings of another world. But the case being as it is, I remember what happened to the Cid Ruy Diaz, who broke to pieces the chair of a certain king's ambassador, in presence of his holiness the Pope; for which outrage he was excommunicated; and that very day the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar behaved like a valiant and honourable knight.'

The batchelor being gone, as we have observed, without answering one word, Don Quixote expressed a desire of examining the litter, to see if it really contained a corpse; but Sancho would by no means consent to this enquiry, saying, 'Your worship has already finished this perilous adventure with less damage to yourself than I have seen you receive in any other; but the people whom you have conquered and overthrown, may chance to recollect that they were vanquished by a single man, and be so much ashamed and confounded at their own cowardice as to rally, and, if they find us, give us our belly-full. Dapple is at present very comfortably furnished; there is an uninhabited mountain hard by; hunger is craving; we have nothing to do but retreat thither at a gentle trot; and, as the saying is, "The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer."' With these words he took the lead with his ass, and the knight, thinking there was a great deal of reason in what he said, followed him very peaceably, without making any reply.

When they had travelled a little way between two hills, they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho unloaded the ass, they sat down on the green turf, and, with hunger for their sauce, dispatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, at one meal; solacing their stomachs out of more than one basket, which the ecclesiastical attendants of the defunct, who seldom neglect these things, had brought along with them on their sumpter-mule; but another misfortune befel them, which, in Sancho's opinion, was the worst that could happen: they had not one drop of wine to drink, nor indeed of water to cool their throats, so that they were parched with thirst; then the squire, perceiving the meadow where they sat was overgrown with green and tender grass, made the proposal which may be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the unseen and unheard-of Adventure atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, with less Hazard than ever attended any Exploit performed by the most renowned Knight on Earth.

THIS grass, my good master, proves beyond all contradiction, that there must be some spring or rivulet hereabouts, by which it is watered; and therefore we had better proceed a little farther, until we find wherewith to allay this terrible

terrible thirst, which is more painful and fatiguing than hunger alone.' This advice appearing rational to Don Quixote, he took hold of Rozinante's bridle, and Sancho leading Dapple by the halter, after he had loaded him again with the fragments of their supper, they began to move farther into the meadow, at a venture; for the night was so dark, they could not distinguish one object from another: but they had not gone two hundred paces, when their ears were saluted with a prodigious noise of water, that seemed to rush down from huge and lofty rocks. They were infinitely rejoiced at the sound, when halting to listen, that they might know whence it came, they were all of a sudden surprised with another kind of noise, that soon damped the pleasure occasioned by the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and faint-hearted; I say they heard the sound of regular strokes, accompanied with strange clanking of iron chains, which added to the dreadful din of the cataract, would have smote the heart of any other but Don Quixote with fear and consternation.

The night, as we have already observed, was dark; our travellers happened at this time to be in a grove of tall trees, whose leaves moving gently by the wind, yielded a sort of dreary whisper: so that the solitude of the place, the darkness of the night, the noise of the water, and rustling of the leaves, concurred to inspire them with horror and dismay; the more so, as the strokes were continued, the wind sighed on, and the morning was far off; and all these circumstances were aggravated by their ignorance of the place in which they were. But Don Quixote encouraged by his own intrepid heart, mounted Rozinante, braced his shield, and brandishing his lance, 'Friend Sancho,' cried he; 'know that I was born by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times to revive the age of gold, or, as it is usually called, the golden age. I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved! I am he, I say, ordained to re-establish the Knights of the Round-table, the Twelve Peers of France, with the Nine Worthies! He whose feats shall bury in oblivion the Platirs, Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Febuses and Belianises, together with the whole tribe of knights-errant who lived in former times; performing such mighty and amazing deeds of arms, as will eclipse their most renowned acts! Consider well, thou true and loyal squire, the darkness and the solemn stillness of this night, the indistinct and hollow whispering of these trees, the dreadful din of the water we came to seek, which seems to rush and tumble down from the lofty mountains of the moon; together with these incessant strokes that strike and wound our ears: all these circumstances united, or each singly by itself,

self, is sufficient so infuse fear, terror, and dismay, into the breast of Mars himself; much more in him who is altogether unaccustomed to such adventures and events. Yet all I have described are only incentives that awaken my courage, and already cause my heart to rebound within my breast, with desire to atchieve this adventure, howsoever difficult it may appear to be! Therefore straiten Rozinante's girth, recommend thyself to God, and wait for me in this place, three days at farthest; within which time, if I come not back, thou mayest return to our village; and, as the last favour and service done to me, go from thence to Toboso, and inform my incomparable mistress, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died in attempting things that might render him worthy to be called her lover.

When Sancho heard these last words of his master, he began to blubber with incredible tenderness. 'I cannot conceive,' said he, 'why your worship should attempt such a terrible adventure: it is now dark, and nobody sees us; therefore we may turn out of this road, and avoid the danger, though we should not taste liquor these three days; and if nobody sees us, we run no risque of being accused of cowardice; besides, I have heard the curate of our town, whom your worship knows very well, remark in his preaching, "He that seeketh danger perisheth therein;" therefore it must be a sin to tempt God by engaging in this rash exploit, from whence there is no escaping without a miracle; and Heaven hath wrought enow of them already, in preserving you from being blanketed as I was, and bringing you off conqueror, and sound wind and limb, from the midst of so many adversaries as accompanied the dead man: and if all this will not move you, nor soften your rugged heart, sure you will relent, when you consider and are assured that your worship will be scarce gone from hence, when I shall through pure fear yield my life to any thing that may chuse to take it. I left my habitation, wife, and children, to come and serve your worship, believing it would be the better, not the worse for me so to do: but as greediness bursts the bag, so is the bag of my hopes bursten; for when they are at the highest pitch, in expectation of that curst unlucky island your worship has promised me so often, I find in lieu of that, you want to make me amends by leaving me in this desart, removed from all human footsteps. For the love of God, dear master, do me not so much wrong; or, if your worship is resolved to attempt this atchievement at any rate, at least delay it till morning, which, according to the signs I learned, when I was a shepherd, will appear in less than three hours; for the muzzle of

the bear is at the top of his head *, and shews to us midnight in the line of the left paw.

‘How canst thou perceive,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that line, or head, or muzzle, thou talkest of, when the night is so dark that there is not a star to be seen?’—‘It is so,’ answered Sancho; ‘but fear hath many eyes; and I can at present behold things that are hid within the bowels of the earth; much more those that appear in the firmament above: a man of sound judgment, like me, can easily foretel that it will soon be day.’—‘Let it come when it will,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘it shall not be said of me, either now or at any other time, that I was diverted by tears and entreaties from doing what I owed to the customs of chivalry. I therefore beseech thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace; for God, who hath put it in my heart to attempt this dreadful and unseen adventure, will doubtless take care of my safety, and comfort thee in thy affliction: thy business at present is to gird fast Rozinante, and remain in this place, for dead or alive I will soon return.’

Sancho finding this was the final resolution of his master, and how little all his tears, advice, and intreaties availed, determined to make use of stratagem to detain the knight, if possible, till morning: with this purpose, under pretence of adjusting the girth of Rozinante, he fairly and softly, without being perceived, tied two of the horse’s feet together with the halter of his ass, in such a manner, that when Don Quixote attempted to depart, he found it impossible, because his steed could move no otherwise than by leaps. The squire perceiving the success of his invention, ‘Sir,’ said he, you may see that Heaven, melted by my tears and prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante shall not stir; and if you obstinately persist in spurring and thriving him on, you will only give offence to Providence, and, as the saying is, “Kick against the pricks.”

“The knight actually despaired of making him go forward, because the more he goaded his horse, the less was he inclined to stir; and therefore, without guessing a tittle of the ligature, thought proper to submit, and wait with patience, either till morning, or such time as Rozinante should recover the use of his limbs; believing for certain, that his disappointment was owing to another cause than the craft of his squire, to whom he said, “Since Rozinante is incapable of moving, I am content to wait for the dawn, though I cannot help lamenting its delay.”—‘You shall have no cause for lamentation,’ answered Sancho: ‘I will entertain your worship with telling stories till

* In Castilian, *bocinu* signifies a cornet, or hunting-horn, to which the Spaniards suppose the constellation of *Ursa Minor* bears some resemblance.

day; unless you chuse to alight, and take a nap on the soft grass, according to the custom of knights-errant, that you may find yourself refreshed when day breaks, and ready to undertake the unconscionable adventure that awaits you.'—'Talk not to me of alighting or sleeping,' said Don Quixote; 'dost thou imagine me to be one of those knights who seek their repose in times of danger? Sleep thou who wast born to sleep, or follow thine own inclinations; for my own part, I will behave as becomes a person of my pretensions.'—'Let not your worship be offended; for that was not my intention when I spoke,' answered Sancho; who coming close to him, laid hold of the saddle before and behind, and stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir a finger's breadth from the spot; such was his consternation, inspired by the strokes, which all this time sounded alternately in his ears.

Then Don Quixote claiming his promise of entertaining him with some story; 'I would with all my heart,' said Sancho, 'if the dread of what I hear would allow me; but nevertheless I will try to force out one story, which, if I hit aright, without letting it slip through my hands, is the best tale that ever was told; therefore I would have your worship be attentive, for thus I begin:

'There was, so there was; the good that shall fall, betide us all; and he that seeks evil, may he meet with the devil. Your worship may take notice, that the beginning of ancient tales is not just what came into the head of the teller: no, they always begun with some saying of Cato the censor of Rome, like this of, "He that seeks evil, may he meet with the devil." And truly it comes as pat to the purpose as the ring to my finger, in order to persuade your worship to remain where you are, without going in search of evil in any manner of way; or else to turn into another road, since we are not bound to follow this in which we have been surprised with fear and terror.'—'Follow thy story, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; and as to the road we have to follow, leave the care of that to me.'—'To proceed, then,' said Sancho: 'in a certain village of Estremadura, there lived a certain goat-shepherd; I mean one that kept goats; and this shepherd, or goatherd, as the story goes, was called Lope Ruyz; and it came to pass, that this Lope Ruyz fell in love with a shepherdess, whose name was Torralva; which shepherdess, whose name was Torralva, was the daughter of a rich herdsman; and this rich herdsman—'

'If thou tellest thy tale in this manner,' cried Don Quixote, 'repeating every circumstance twice over, it will not be finished these two days: proceed therefore connectedly, and rehearse it like a man of understanding; otherwise thou hadst better

hold thy tongue.'—'In my country,' answered Sancho, 'all the old stories are told in this manner; neither can I tell it in any other; nor is it civil in your worship to desire I should change the custom.'—'Take thy own way,' said the knight; 'and since it is the will of fate that I should hear thee, pray go on.'

'Well, then, good master of mine,' proceeded Sancho, 'that same shepherd, as I have already remarked, fell in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a thick brawny wench; a little coy, and somewhat masculine; for she wore a sort of mustachio: methinks I see her now for all the world.'—'Then thou knewest her?' said the knight. 'Not I,' answered the squire, 'but the person who told me the story, said it was so true and certain, that if ever I should chance to tell it again, I might affirm upon oath that I had seen it with my own eyes.—And so, in process of time, the devil, who never sleeps, but wants to have a finger in every pye, managed matters in such a manner, that the shepherd's love for the shepherdess was turned into malice and deadly hate; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of small jealousies she gave him, exceeding all bounds of measure. And such was the abhorrence the shepherd conceived for her from that good day forward, that, in order to avoid the sight of her, he resolved to absent himself from his own country, and go where he should never set eyes on her again. Torralva, finding herself despised by Lope, began to love him more than ever.'—'That is the natural disposition of the sex,' said Don Quixote, 'to disdain those who adore them, and love those by whom they are abhorred: but proceed Sancho.'

'It so fell out,' said Sancho, 'that the shepherd put his resolution in practice, and driving his goats before him, travelled through the plains of Estremadura, towards Portugal. Torralva, having got an inkling of his design, was soon at his heels, following him on foot, aye and barefoot too, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, in which, as the report goes, she carried a bit of a looking-glass, a broken comb, and a kind of phial of wash for her complexion: but, howsoever, whether she carried these things or not, I shall not take upon me at present to aver; but only say what is recorded, that the shepherd came with his flock to the river Guadinia, which at that time was very high, having almost forsaken its channel; and finding at the place neither boat nor bark to carry himself and his flock to the other side, he was very much in the dumps; because he saw Torralva behind him, and knew what he must suffer from her tears and complaints: but looking about, he at last perceived hard by him a fisherman in a boat, that was so small

small as to contain only one person and one goat: nevertheless, they struck up a bargain, by which the man was to ferry over the shepherd, with his three hundred goats. Accordingly the shepherd took one goat into the boat, and carried it over; then he returned, and carried over another, then he returned again to fetch another. Pray, good your worship, keep an exact account of the goats, as the fisherman ferried them over; for, if one only should be lost in the reckoning, the story will break off, and it will be impossible for me to relate one word more. To be short, then, I say, the landing-place on the other side, being full of mud and slippery, was a great hindrance to the fisherman in his going and coming; but however he returned for the other goat, and then for one more, and then for another.'

'Suppose them all passed over at once,' said Don Quixote; 'for if thou goest backwards and forwards in this manner, thou wilt not have them ferried over in a year.'—'How many have already passed?' said the squire. 'How the devil should I know?' answered the knight. 'Did not I tell you to keep a good account,' said Sancho; 'now, before God, the tale is ended, and it is impossible to proceed.'—'How can that be?' replied Don Quixote; 'is it so essential to the story to know the number of goats as they passed so precisely, that if I misreckon one, thou canst not proceed?'—'Certainly, Sir,' said Sancho, 'I can proceed in no manner of way: for when I desired your worship to tell me what number of goats had passed, and you answered you did not know; at that instant the whole of the story that remained untold, vanished from my remembrance; and, upon my conscience! it was very curious and entertaining.'—'At that rate, then, the story is at end?' said Don Quixote. 'As much at an end,' replied the squire, 'as the mother that bore me.'

'In good sooth,' resumed the knight, 'thou has related the strangest fable, tale, or story, that ever was invented; and finished thy relation in such a manner as never was or will be heard again in this world; but nothing else was to be expected from thy sound judgment; and indeed it is a matter of no admiration with me, because I take it for granted, that these incessant strokes have disordered thy understanding.'—'Not unlikely,' said Sancho; 'but this I know, that there is no more to be said of the tale, which ended in that place where the mistake began about the passage of the goats.'—'In good time end it according to thy pleasure,' replied the knight; 'and now let us see if Rozinatite will move.' So again he began to spur, and the horse to leap without moving from his station, so effectually had Sancho fettered him.

About

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolness of the morning that approached; or upon his having supped upon something that was laxative; or, which is more probable, to the operation of nature; Sancho was seized with an inclination and desire of doing that which could not be performed by proxy; but such was the terror that had taken possession of his soul, that he durst not move the breadth of a nail-paring from his master's side; at the same time it was as impossible for him to resist the motion of his bowels, and therefore, to compromise the matter, he slipped his right-hand from the hinder part of the saddle, and without any noise softly undid the slip knot by which his breeches were kept up; upon which they of themselves fell down to his heels, where they remained like a pair of shackles: he then gathered up his shirt behind as well as he could, and exposed his posteriors, which were none of the smallest, to the open air. This being done, and he imagined it was the chief step he could take to deliver himself from the pressing occasion and dilemma in which he was, another difficulty still greater occurred, namely, that he should not be able to disincumber himself without noise; he therefore began to fix his teeth close, shrug up his shoulders, and hold in his breath with all his might. But, notwithstanding these precautions, he was so unlucky in the issue, as to produce a rambling sound, very different from that which had terrified him so much. It did not escape the ears of Don Quixote, who immediately cried, 'What noise is that, Sancho?'—'I know not, Sir,' said the squire; 'it must be some new affair, for adventures and misventures never begin with trifles.' He tried his fortune a second time; and, without any noise or disorder, freed himself from the load that had given him so much uneasiness. But as Don Quixote's sense of smelling was altogether as acute as that of his hearing, and Sancho stood so close to him that the vapours ascended towards him almost in a direct line, he could not exclude some of them from paying a visit to his nose. No sooner was he sensible of the first salutation, then, in his own defence, he pressed his nose between his finger and thumb, and, in a snuffling tone, pronounced, 'Sancho, thou seemest to be in great fear.'—'I am so,' answered the squire; 'but how comes your worship to perceive my fears now more than ever?'—'Because at present thou smell'est more than ever, and that not of amber,' replied the knight, 'That may be,' said Sancho, 'but I am not so much to blame as your worship, who drags me at such unseasonable hours into these uninhabited places.'—'Retire three or four steps farther off, friend,' resumed Don Quixote, stopping his nose all the time, 'and henceforth take more heed of thy own person, and remember what thou owest to mine; for I find

find the frequent conversation I maintain with thee, hath engendered this disrespect.'—'I'll lay a wager,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship thinks I have been doing something I ought not to have done.'—'The more you stir it, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'the more it will stink.'

In this and other discourse, the master and his squire passed the night; but Sancho perceiving the day begin to break apace, with great care and secrecy unbound Rozmante, and tied up his breeches. The beast, which was naturally none of the briskest, seemed to rejoice at his freedom, and began to paw the ground; for as to curvetting, with his leave be it spoken, he knew nothing of the matter. Don Quixote, finding him so mettlesome, conceived a good omen from his eagerness, believing it a certain presage of his success in the dreadful adventure he was about to achieve. Aurora now disclosed herself, and objects appearing distinctly, Don Quixote found himself in a grove of tall chesnut-trees, which formed a very thick shade. The strokes still continuing, though he could not conceive the meaning of them, he, without farther delay, made Rozmante feel the spur; then turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait three days at farthest, as he had directed before; and if he should not return before that time was expired, he might take it for granted that God had been pleased to put a period to his life in that perilous adventure! He again recommended to him the embassy and message he should carry from him to his mistress Dulcinea, and bade him give himself no uneasiness about his wages; for he had made a will before he quitted his family, in which he should find his services repaid, by a salary proportioned to the time of his attendance; but if Heaven should be pleased to bring him off from that danger, safe, sound, and free, he might, beyond all question, lay his account with the government of the island he had promised him. Sancho hearing these dismal expressions of his worthy master repeated, began to blubber afresh, and resolved not to leave him until the last circumstance and issue of the affair.

From these tears, and this honourable determination of Sancho Panza, the author of this history concludes that he must have been a gentleman born, or an old Christian at least. His master himself was melted a little at this testimony of his affection, but not so much as to discover the least weakness; on the contrary, disguising his sentiments, he rode forwards towards the place from whence the noise of the strokes and water seemed to come. Sancho followed on foot, and, according to custom, leading by the halter his ass, which was the constant companion of his good and evil fortune. Having travelled a good way among those shady chesnut-trees, they arrived in a small meadow, lying

lying at the foot of a large rock, over which a stream of water rushed down with vast impetuosity. Below appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houses; and they observed that from them proceeded the horrible din of the strokes, which had not yet ceased.

Rozinante being startled at the dreadful noise of the strokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to soothe him, and advanced by little and little towards the huts, recommending himself in the most earnest manner to his mistress, whose favour he implored in the achievement of that fearful enterprise; neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never stirred from his side, thrust his neck as far as he could betwixt the legs of Rozinante, in order to discover the objects that kept him in such terror and suspense: and when they had proceeded about a hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, stood fully disclosed to view the very individual and undoubted cause of this tremendous sound and terrible noise, which had filled them with such doubts and consternation all night long.

This was no other (be not offended, gentle reader) than six fulling-hammers, which, by their alternate strokes, produced that amazing din. Don Quixote was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breast, and other manifest signs of his being out of countenance. The knight, in his turn, looked at the squire, and saw his mouth shut, his cheeks puffed up, with other symptoms of his being ready to burst with laughing. This comical situation of the squire, in spite of all his own melancholy, obliged the master to begin; and Sancho no sooner beheld the severity of the knight's features relaxed, than he opened the flood-gates of his mirth, which broke forth with such violence, that he was under the necessity of supporting his sides with both fists, that they might not be rent to pieces by the convulsion. Four times did he exhaust, and as often renew, the laugh with the same impetuosity as at first; for which Don Quixote already wished him at the devil; more especially when he heard him pronounce, by way of sneer, 'Know, friend Sancho, that I was born by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times, to revive the age of gold, or the golden age! I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved!' And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all, or the greater part, of the knight's exclamation, when they first heard the terrible noise.

Don Quixote, finding that Sancho made a jest of him, was so much ashamed and provoked, that, lifting up his lance, he bestowed upon him two or three thwacks, which had they fallen upon

upon his head, as they lighted upon his shoulders, they would have saved his master the trouble of paying his salary, unless it might be to his heirs. Sancho feeling his joke turned into such disagreeable earnest, which he was afraid might not be as yet over, addressed himself to his master with great humility, saying, 'good your worship, forbear; before God, I was only in jest.'—'Though you was in jest,' answered Don Quixote, 'I was not quite so merrily disposed: Come hither, Mr. Joker; don't you think, that if instead of fulling-hammers, these had been some very dangerous adventure, I have shewn courage enough to undertake and atchieve it?—Am I, who am a knight, obliged, forsooth, to distinguish sounds, and know which proceed from fulling-mills, and which do not? especially as it may be the case, and it really is so, that I never saw one before; though it is otherwise with thee, base plebeian as thou art, who was born and bred up among them. But see if thou canst metamorphose these six hammers into so many giants, and bring them within arm's length, of me, one by one, or all together; and if I don't make them lie with their heels uppermost, make a jest of me as much as you please.'

'Enough, dear master,' replied Sancho, 'I confess, I have exceeded a little in my pleasantry; but, pray tell me, now that we are at peace again, as God shall deliver your worship from all succeeding adventures as safe and sound as you have been extricated from this, is not the terror with which we were seized, a thing to be laughed at and repeated? I mean my own terror; for, as to your worship, I know you are an utter stranger to terror and dismay!'—'I do not deny,' answered Don Quixote, 'that what hath happened to us is ridiculous enough; but, nevertheless, it ought not to be repeated; because every body has not discretion to take things by the right handle.'—'I am sure,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship knows how to handle your lance, with which, while you wanted to handle my head, you happened to salute my shoulders; thanks be to God, and my own activity, in avoiding the blow: but all that, when it is dry, will rub out; and I have often heard it said, He that loves thee well, will often make thee cry. Nay, it is a common thing for you gentry, when they have said a harsh thing to a servant, to make it up with him by giving him a pair of cast breeches; though I don't know what they used to give after having beaten him, unless it be the practice of knights-errant, after blows, to give islands, or kingdoms on the main land.'

'Who knows,' said Don Quixote, 'but the dice may run that way; and all that thou hast mentioned come to pass? I ask pardon for what is past, since you are resolved to be more discreet for the future; and as the first emotions are not in a man's

own power, I must apprise thee henceforward to be more reserved, and abstain from speaking so freely to me; for in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are almost infinite, I never found that any squire talked so much to his master as thou has talked to thine; and really both you and I are very much to blame: thou, in regarding me so little; and I, in not making myself regarded more. Was not Gandalin, squire of Amadis de Gaul, count of the Firm Island? and yet we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, with an inclination of his body bent in the Turkish manner. What need I mention Gassabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so reserved, that, in order to express the excellence of his surprising silence, his name is mentioned but once in the whole course of that equally vast and true history. From what I have said, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a necessity for maintaining some distinction between the master and his man, the gentleman and his servant, and the knight and his squire; wherefore, from this day forward, we are to be treated with more respect, and less provocation; for if ever I am incensed by you again, in any shape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all. The favours and benefits I have promised will come in due time: and if they should fail, your wages at least will be forthcoming, as I have already informed you.'

'All that your worship observes is very just,' said Sancho, 'but I should be glad to know, since, if the benefits come not in time, I must be fain to put up with the wages, what was the hire of a knight-errant's squire in those days; and whether they agreed by the month or the day, like common labourers?'—'I do not believe,' answered Don Quixote, 'that they were retained for hire, but depended altogether on favour; and though I have bequeathed a sum to thee in my will, which I have left signed and sealed at home, it was done in case of the worst; for one does not know how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times: and I would not have any soul punished in the other world for so small a matter; for let me tell thee, Sancho, in this world there is not a more dangerous course than that of adventures.'—'That I know to be true,' answered the squire, 'since the noise of a fulling-mill could daunt and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship; but this I assure you of, that from this good hour, my lips shall never give umbrage to your worship in turning your affairs to jest again; but, on the contrary honour you as my natural lord, and master.'—'In so doing, replied Don Quixote, 'thou shalt live long upon the face of the earth; for, after your father and mother, you ought to respect your master as another parent.'

UNIV. OF
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F. Hayman Pinx.

A. Warren sculp.

BOOK III. CHAP. VII.

Don Quixote mistakes the Barber's basin for Mambrino's Helmet.

CHAPTER VII.

Of the sublime Adventure and shining Acquisition of Mambrino's Helmet—with other Accidents that happened to our invincible Knight.

ABOUT this time some rain beginning to fall, Sancho proposed that they should shelter themselves in the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such abhorrence for it, on account of what was past, that he would by no means set foot within its walls; wherefore turning to the right-hand, they chanced to fall in with a road different from that in which they had travelled the day before. They had not gone far, when the knight discovered a man riding with something on his head, that glittered like polished gold; and scarce had he descried this phenomenon, when turning to Sancho, 'I find,' said he, 'that every proverb is strictly true; indeed all of them are apothegms dictated by Experience herself, the mother of all science; more especially that which says, "Shut one door, and another will soon open;" this I mention, because if last night Fortune shut against us the door we sought to enter, by deceiving us with the fulling-hammers, to-day another stands wide open, in proffering to us another greater and more certain adventure, by which if I fail to enter, it shall be my own fault, and not imputed to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or the darkness of the night. This I take upon me to say, because, if I am not egregiously mistaken, the person who comes towards us, wears upon his head the very helmet of Mambrino, about which I swore the oath which thou mayest remember.'—'Consider well what your worship says, and better still what you do!' said Sancho. 'I should not chuse to meet with more fulling-mills, to mill us and maul us altogether out of our senses.'—'The devil take the fellow,' cried Don Quixote: 'what affinity is there between a fulling-mill and a helmet?'—'Truly, I know not,' answered the squire: 'but in good faith, if I were permitted to speak freely, as usual, I could perhaps give such reasons as would convince your worship, that you are mistaken in what you say.'—'How can I be mistaken, scrupulous traitor,' replied Don Quixote: 'seest thou not yonder knight, who rides this way upon a dapple steed, with a golden helmet on his head?'—'What I perceive and discern,' said Sancho, 'is no other than a man upon a grey ass, like my own, with something that glitters on his head.'—'And that is the very helmet of Mambrino,' replied the knight: 'stand aside and leave me alone to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without speaking a syllable, in order

to spare time, this adventure will be concluded by my acquisition of the helmet I have longed for so much.'—'Yes, I will take care to get out of the way,' answered Sancho; 'and God grant,' cried he as he went off, 'that this may turn out a melon rather than a milling *.'—'I have already warned thee, brother,' said the knight, 'not even so much as to think of the mill again: else, by Heaven! I'll say no more, but mill the soul out of thy body.'

Sancho was fain to hold his tongue, dreading the performance of his master's oath, which had already struck him all of a heap. The whole affair of the helmet, steed, and knight, which Don Quixote saw, was no more than this. In that neighbourhood were two villages, one of them so poor and small, that it had neither shop nor barber: for which reason the trimmer of the larger, that was hard by, served the lesser also, in which, at that time, there was a sick person to be blooded, and another to be shaved; so that this barber was going thither with his brass bason under his arm; but, as it chanced to rain while he was on the road, that he might not spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he sheltered his head under the bason, which being clean scoured, made a flaming appearance, at the distance of half a league: and as Sancho had observed, he rode upon a grey ass, which gave occasion to Don Quixote to believe he was some knight with a helmet of gold, mounted upon a dapple steed; for he accommodated every thing he saw with incredible facility to the extravagant ravings of his disordered judgment. When he, therefore, saw this unlucky knight approach, without the least expostulation, he put Rozinante to full speed, and couching his lance in the rest, resolved to run him through the body at once; but, when he was almost up with him, without checking the impetuosity of his career, he cried aloud, 'Defend thyself, wretched caitiff, or voluntarily yield what so justly belongs to me.'

The poor barber, who neither dreaded nor dreamed of any such demand, seeing this phantom coming full speed upon him, could find no other means to defend himself from the stroke of the lance, than to throw himself down over the buttocks of his ass: then getting up before he had scarce touched the ground, with the nimbleness of a stag, he began to fly across the plain so swift that the wind itself could not overtake him: but he left his bason upon the spot, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying, 'The pagan hath acted with discretion, in imitating the beaver, which, seeing itself chased by the hunters, tears off with its teeth, by natural instinct,

* *Oregano*, in the original, signifies sweet marjoram; as if Sancho had wished his master might find a nosegay, rather than a bloody nose.

those parts for which it is pursued.' Then he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, which the squire having examined all round, 'Egad,' said he, 'it is a special good bason, well worth a piece of eight, if it be worth a farthing!' and gave it to his master, who putting it on his head, and turning it round and round, without being able to find the vizor, said, 'Without doubt, the pagan for whom this renowned helmet was first forged, must have had a most capacious head: but the worst of it is that one half is wanting.'

When Sancho heard him call the bason a helmet, he could not refrain from laughing; but, remembering the indignation of his master, checked his mirth all of a sudden, and when Don Quixote asked what he laughed at, replied, 'I cannot help laughing, when I think of the huge head of the pagan who owned that helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's bason.'—'Why, truly, Sancho,' said he, 'I imagine that this very individual enchanted helmet, by some strange accident or other, must have fallen into the hands of some body who did not know its inestimable value; but seeing it was made of the purest gold, melted down one half of it for sale, and left the other in this shape, resembling, as thou sayest, a barber's bason: but be that as it may, since I am satisfied of its real worth and identity, the transmutation is of small consequence: for I will order it to be repaired in the first village where we can find a blacksmith, in such a manner as to be unexcelled, nay even unequalled, by that which Vulcan forged and finished for the god of war; meanwhile, I will wear it in this manner, for it is still better than nothing at all, and will be sufficient to defend me from any shower of stones that may chance to fall.'

'Yes, if they come not out of slings, as was the case in the skirmish between the two armies, when they demolished your worship's grinders, and broke the cruse which contained that blessed balsam which made me vomit up my liver and lights!—'That loss gives me not much uneasiness,' answered the knight, 'because thou knowest, Sancho, I retain the receipt of it in my memory.—'So do I,' replied the squire. 'But, Lord, let me never stir from the place where I now stand, if ever I either make or meddle with it for the future; especially as I hope I never shall have occasion for it again, being resolved, with the assistance of my five senses, to avoid being hurt myself, and also to refrain from hurting any person whatsoever. As to another bout of blanketing, I have little to say: such misfortunes are not easily prevented; but when they happen, there is nothing else to be done, but to shrug up our shoulders, hold in our breath, shut our eyes, and leave ourselves to the determination of chance and the blanket.'

'Thou

'Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, when he heard these words; 'for once you receive an injury, you never forget it; but know it is peculiar to noble and generous minds to overlook such trifles: hast thou got a leg lamed, a rib fractured, or thy head broke, in the prosecution of that jest, that thou canst not forget it? for the affair, when duly considered, was no more than jest and pastime. Had I not understood it so, I should have returned ere now, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel, than the Grecians did for the rape of Helen; who, if she had lived in this age, or if my Dulcinea had flourished in her time, would not have been so renowned for beauty.'—Hence he fetched a profound sigh, and sent it to the clouds. 'Let it pass, then, for a joke,' said Sancho, 'since there is no likelihood of its being revenged in earnest: but I know what sort of jokes and earnestness those are; and I believe they will scarce slip out of my memory, while they remain engraven on my shoulders. But, setting this aside, I wish your worship would tell me what I shall do with this dapple steed, so like a grey ass, which was abandoned by that caitiff, whom your worship overthrew; for, by the swiftness of his heels when he ran away, he seems to have no thoughts of returning; and by my whiskers 'tis an excellent beast!'

'It is never my custom,' said Don Quixote, 'to plunder those I overcome: neither is it according to the laws of chivalry, to take from them their horses and leave them on foot, unless the conqueror hath lost his own during the engagement; in which case we are allowed to take the horse of the vanquished as the lawful spoils of war: wherefore, Sancho, leave that horse or ass, where he now stands, and perhaps his master, perceiving we are gone, will return and find him.'—'God is my witness,' answered Sancho, 'I should be glad to carry him off, or at least exchange him for my own, which seems to be the worst of the two: truly the laws of chivalry are too confined; and since they do not extend to the exchange of one ass for another, I would fain know if they allow me to change the furniture of the one for that of the other?'—'I am not quite clear in that particular,' replied the knight; 'and in such a dubious case, till such time as we can get better information, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity for so doing be extreme.'—'It is so extreme,' said Sancho, 'that if it were for my own particular wearing, I could not want it more.' Thus provided with a licence, he made the exchange of a caparisons, and equipped his beast with such finery, that he looked ten per cent. the better.

This exploit being performed, they went to breakfast on the remains of what they had plundered from the sumpter-mule,

and quenched their thirst with the water from the fulling-mills without turning their heads that way, so much did they abhor them on account of the dread which they had inspired. The rage of hunger and anxiety being thus appeased, they mounted, and, without following any determined course, (for it is the practice of true knights-errant to keep no certain road) they left the choice of the rout to the will and pleasure of Rozinante, which was always a rule to his master, as well as to the ass, that followed whithersoever he led, like a trusty friend and companion. In consequence, therefore, of his determination, they returned into the high-road, in which they travelled at random, without any particular scheme.

While they thus jogged on, 'Sir,' said Sancho to his master, 'I wish your worship would allow me to confer a little with you; for, since you imposed that severe command of silence upon me, divers things have perished in my stomach; and this moment I have something at my tongue's end, which I would not for the world have miscarry.'—'Speak then,' said Don Quixote, 'and be concise in thy discourse; for nothing that is prolix can relish well.'—'I say, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'that for some days past I have been considering how little is to be got and saved by going in quest of those adventures your worship hunts after, through these cross-paths and desarts, where, though you conquer and atchieve the most perilous exploits, there is nobody present to be witness of your prowess; so that it may remain in everlasting silence, contrary to the intention, and prejudicial to the merits, of your worship; wherefore, in my opinion, with submission to your better judgment, our wisest course would be to go into the service of some emperor or great prince, who hath a war upon his hands, in whose service your worship may have occasion to show your personal valour, your great strength, and greater understanding: which being perceived by the king we serve, he cannot chuse but reward each of us according to his deserts; neither will there be wanting some person to write the history of your worship's exploits, for a perpetual memorial: I shall not mention my own, because they cannot exceed the bounds of a squire's province; though this I will venture to say, that if it was customary in chivalry to recount the atchievements of our fraternity, I don't think but mine might be inserted between the lines of the book.'

'Thou art not much in the wrong,' replied Don Quixote; 'but before it comes to that issue, a knight must travel up and down the world as a probationer in quest of adventures, until by his repeated atchievements he shall have acquired a sufficient stock of fame; so that when he arrives at the court of some mighty monarch, he may be immediately known by his works.'

works. In that case, as soon as he shall be seen to enter the gates of the city, all the boys will surround and follow him, shouting and crying, "Behold the knight of the sun," or, the serpent, or any other badge under which he hath performed his great exploits. "Behold," they will say, "the man who vanquished in single combat the mighty giant Brocarbruno, and delivered the great Mamaluke of Persia from the enchantment that prevailed over him for the space of nine hundred years." Thus shall they proceed, recounting his exploits from mouth to mouth, until surprised at the noise of the children and populace, the king of the country shall appear at one of the palace windows; and no sooner behold the knight, then knowing him immediately by his armour or the device upon his shield, he will certainly exclaim, "So ho, there! let all the knights belonging to my court go forth, and receive the flower of chivalry that comes yonder."

At this command all of them will come out, and the king himself advance to meet him on the middle of the stair-case, where he will embrace him most affectionately, giving him the kiss of friendship and welcome; then taking him by the hand, he will conduct him to the queen's closet, where he will find her majesty with the princess her daughter, who is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies that ever was seen in the known world. In this interview she will immediately fix her eyes upon the knight, who at that instant shall be gazing at her, and each will appear to the other something supernatural; without knowing how or wherefore, they will find themselves presently caught and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be infinitely concerned because they have no opportunity of conversing together, and of disclosing the reciprocal anxiety of their thoughts. After this audience, he will, doubtless, be carried to some apartment of the palace, richly furnished, where, after they shall have taken off his armour, they will clothe him in a rich scarlet robe brought for the purpose; and if he made a fine appearance in armour, he will look infinitely more genteel in his doublet. At night he will sup at the same table with the king, queen, and infants, upon whom he will fix his eyes as often as he can, without being perceived by the by-standers; while she will practise the same expedient with equal sagacity: for, as I have already observed, she must be a young lady of vast discretion.

The table being uncovered, there will enter at midnight through the hall-door, a little deformed dwarf, followed by a beautiful lady, guarded by two giants; and he will propose a certain adventure, contrived by a most ancient sage, which, whosoever shall finish, will be deemed the most valiant knight in

in the whole world : then the king will order every warrior in waiting to attempt it; but all of them shall fail, except the strange knight, who will perform and accomplish it very much to his own credit, as well as to the satisfaction of the princess, who will think herself extremely happy, and well requited, for having placed her affections so worthily. What is better still, this king or prince, or whatever he is, being at that time engaged in a most obstinate war with a potentate of equal strength, his guest, after having staid a few days at court, begs leave to go and serve him in the field; and the king granting his request with pleasure, the knight most politely kisses his hand for the great honour he hath done him. That same night he goes to take his leave of his mistress the infanta, through the rails of a garden adjoining to the chamber in which she lies; where they have already at different times enjoyed each other's conversation, by the means of a damsel; who being the infanta's confidante, is privy to the whole amour: on this occasion he will sigh most piteously, she will actually faint away; the damsel will run for water, and the knight will be extremely concerned, because the day begins to break, and he would not for the world be discovered to the prejudice of the lady's reputation. In fine, the princess recovers, and reaches her fair hand through the rails to the knight, who kisses it a thousand times, and bathes it with his tears; then is concerted between them some method by which he is to inform her of his good or bad success, and the infanta intreats him to return as soon as possible: he swears solemnly to comply with her request, kisses her hand again, and bids her farewell with such affliction as well nigh deprived him of life; from thence he retreats to his chamber, throws himself upon the bed, but cannot sleep, so grieved is he at parting; he rises early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen, and infanta; their majesties accordingly bid him farewell, after having informed him that the princess is indisposed, and cannot see company; the knight imputing her disorder to her sorrow for his departure, is pierced to the soul, and well nigh betrays his own anxiety. The confidante being present all the while, takes notice of every circumstance, which she imparts to her lady, who listens with tears in her eyes, and observes that nothing gives so much uneasiness as her ignorance of the knight's pedigree, and her impatience to know whether or not he is of royal extraction: the damsel assures her, that so much politeness, gentility, and valour as he possessed, could never be united except in a dignified and royal disposition; the afflicted infanta consoles herself with this observation, and endeavouring to regain her serenity, that she may not give cause of suspicion to her parents, in two days appears again in public.

The knight having set out for the army, comes to battle; overcomes the king's adversary, takes many towns, makes divers conquests, returns to court, visits his mistress in the usual manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage, at the reward of his service; her father refuses to grant the boon, on pretence of not knowing who this hero is; but, nevertheless, either by stealth, or some other way, the infanta becomes his wife: and at last the king is overjoyed at his good fortune when this knight proves to be the son of a valiant monarch of some unknown country, for I suppose it could not be found in the map. The father dies, the infanta succeeds, and in two words the knight becomes king; this, then, is the time to reward his squire, and all those, who helped him to ascend the throne. The squire accordingly is married to a damsel belonging to the infanta, who doubtless must be she that was privy to her amour, and daughter of some powerful duke.

'This is what I want,' cried Sancho, 'and what with fair play I shall obtain; for all that you have mentioned will exactly happen to your worship, under the title of The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'—'Never doubt it, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'for in the same manner, and by the same steps I have recounted, knights-errant rise, and have risen, to the rank of kings and emperors. Our only business is now to look out for some Christian or Pagan king who is at war, and hath a beautiful daughter; but there will be time to think of that, since, as I have already told thee, renown must be acquired elsewhere, before we repair to court; nay, another difficulty occurs, namely, that though we should find a king at war who has a beautiful daughter, after I shall have acquired incredible glory through the whole universe, I do not know how it can be proved that I am of royal extraction, or even second cousin to an emperor; and no king will grant his daughter to me in marriage, until he is first thoroughly satisfied in that particular, though my famous exploits should merit a much more valuable reward; wherefore, on account of this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which the prowess of my arm may well deserve. True it is, I am a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, not without property, possession, and a title to the revenge of the five hundred sueldos*; and it is not impossible, that the sage ordained to write my history, may furbish up my parentage and pedigree in such a manner, as to prove me de-

* The Spaniards of old paid a tribute of five hundred sueldos, or pieces of coin to the Moors, until they were delivered from this imposition by the gallantry of the gentlemen or people of rank, from which exploit a Castilian of family used to express the nobility and worth of his extraction, by saying he was of the revenge of the Sueldos.

ended in the fifteenth or sixteenth generation from a king for I must tell thee, Sancho, there are two sorts of pedigree in the world: one that brings and derives its original from princes and monarchs, which time hath defaced by little and little, till at last it ends in a point like a pyramid; the other owes its beginning to people of mean degree, and increases gradually to nobility and power; so that the difference is, the one was once something, but is now nothing; and the other was once nothing, but is now something! perhaps, therefore, I may be one of the first mentioned division; and my origin, upon enquiry, be found high and mighty; a circumstance that ought to satisfy the king, who is to be my father-in-law; and if it should not have that effect, the infanta will be so enamoured of me, that, in spite of her father, she will receive me as her lord and husband, even though she were certain of my being the son of a porter; but even should she be shy, then is the time to carry her away by force, to any corner of the earth I shall chuse for my residence, until time or death shall put an end to the resentment of her parents.'

'And here,' cried Sancho, 'nothing can be more pat to the purpose, than what some of your unconscionable fellows often say, "Who would beg a benison, that for the taking may have venison *?" though it would still be more proper, if they had said, "Better thief than grieve †." This I observe, that in case the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not prevail upon himself to give you the infanta his daughter, you may, as your worship says, steal and convey her off by main force; but the misfortune is, that while the piece is on the anvil, and before you come to the peaceable enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor squire may chew his cud in expectation of his recompence, unless that confidante damsel, who is to be his spouse, should make her escape with the princess, and be content to join her evil fortune to his, until such time as Heaven shall ordain it otherwise; for I believe his master may very safely give her away in lawful marriage.'—'That thou mayest depend upon,' said Don Quixote. 'Since it is so, then,' answered Sancho, 'we have nothing to do but recommend ourselves to God, and let fortune take its own course.'—'The Lord conduct it,' replied the knight, 'according to my desires and thy necessity; and small be his grace, who counts himself base.'—'A God's name be it so,' said Sancho; 'for my own part, I am an old Christian, and therefore fit to be a lord.'—'Aye, to be greater than a lord,' answered Don Quixote: 'and even if thou wast not so well

* Literally, 'Never beg when you can take.'

† In the original. 'A snatch from behind a bush is better than the prayer of good men.'

qualified, it would be of no signification*, because I, being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expence of purchasing, or of subjecting thyself to any kind of servitude; for, in creating thee an earl, behold thou art a gentleman at once; and let people say what they will, in good faith, they must call thee your lordship, if it should make their hearts ache.'—'And do you reckon that I shall not know how to give authority to the portent?' said the squire. 'Patent, thou wouldst say, and not portent,' replied the knight. 'It may be so,' answered Sancho; 'but I insist upon it, that I should demean myself very decently; for once in my life-time I was beadle of a corporation, and the gown became me so well, that every body said I had the presence of a warden: then what shall I be when I am clothed in a ducal robe, all glittering with pearls like a foreign count? Upon my conscience, I believe people will come an hundred leagues on purpose to see me.'—'You will make a very good appearance,' said Don Quixote; 'but thou must take care to keep thy beard close shaved; for it is so thick, matted, and unseemly, that unless thou hast recourse to the razor, every second day at least, they will see what thou art a gun-shot off.'—'What else have I to do,' said the squire, 'but to hire a barber, and keep him constantly in the house; and if I find occasion for it, even make him follow me as a master of the horse follows one of your grandees?'

'How dost thou know,' said Don Quixote, 'that our grandees are attended by their masters of horse?'—'That you shall be satisfied in,' answered the squire: 'heretofore I was a whole month at court, where I saw a very little gentleman, who they told me was a very great lord, passing to and fro' and a man following him a horse-back, turning ever and anon as he turned, as if he had been the nobleman's own tail: when I asked why the man did not overtake the other, but always kept behind him, they answered, that he was his master of horse, and that it was a fashion among the great, for each to be attended by an officer of that name. Ever since that time I have remembered their office so distinctly, that I believe I shall never forget it.'—'I think thou art much in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'in resolving to carry thy barber along with thee; for customs come not altogether, because they were not invented all at once; therefore thou mayest be the first earl that ever went attended by a shaver; and truly it is an office of greater confidence to trim the beard than to saddle the horse.'—'Leave that affair of the barber

* This seems to have been intended as a stroke of satire against those princes who sell nobility to the highest bidder, without any regard to the merit of the purchaser

to my management,' said Sancho, 'and be it your care to make yourself a king, and me an earl, with all convenient speed.'— 'That shall be done,' replied the knight; who lifting up his eyes, perceived that which shall be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER VIII. 21

Don Quixote sets at Liberty a Number of unfortunate People, who, much against their Wills, were going a Journey that was not at all to their liking.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this solemn, sublime, minute, pleasant, and fanciful history, that the conversation between the renowned Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza, was no sooner concluded, than the knight lifting up his eyes, beheld upon the road about twelve men strung together like beads, with a great iron chain fastened to their necks, and shackles upon the arms of each. They were conducted by two men on horseback, and two on foot: the horsemen armed with firelocks, and the foot with javelins and swords. Sancho seeing them advance, 'That,' said he, 'is the chain of slaves compelled by the king to work in the galleys.'— 'How compelled?' cried the knight; 'is it possible the king compels people into his service?'— 'I don't say so,' answered Sancho; 'those people are condemned for their crimes to serve in the king's galleys on compulsion.'— 'In short,' replied Don Quixote, 'be that as it will, they go not voluntarily, but by force.'— 'Certainly,' said Sancho. 'Since that is the case,' resumed his master, 'here the execution of my office is concerned, to annul force, and bring succour to the miserable.'— 'Pray, good your worship, take notice that justice; which is the king himself, never uses violence, nor severity to such people, except as a punishment for their crimes.'

By this time the chain of galley-slaves being come up, Don Quixote, with much courtesy, desired the guards would be pleased to inform him of the cause for which those people were so treated: one of the horsemen replied, that they were slaves of his majesty going to the galleys, and that was all he could say, or the enquirer had occasion to know. 'Nevertheless,' resumed the knight, 'I am desirous of knowing from each in particular the occasion of his misfortune.' To these he added other courteous entreaties to induce them to satisfy his desire, that the other man on horseback said, 'Though we have with us the register and certificate of the sentence of each of those malefactors

malefactors, we have not time to take it out to read; but if you have a mind to go and question them, they will answer every thing you ask, to the best of their knowledge: for they are a set of miscreants, who delight in recounting as well as acting their roguery.

With this permission, which he would have taken if they had not granted it, Don Quixote approached the chain, and asked the foremost, for what offence he travelled in that equipage. 'Only for being in love,' answered the criminal. 'For that only!' replied the knight. 'If they condemn people for being in love, I might have been tugging in the galleys long ago.'— 'But my love,' answered the slave, was quite different from what your worship imagines. I fell deeply in love with a basket full of white linen, and locked it so fast in my embrace, that if justice had not tore it from my arms by force, I should not have quitted it to this good hour: it being flagrant, there was no room for putting me to the torture, and therefore the cause was soon discussed; my shoulders were accommodated with a cool hundred, I was advised to divert myself three years in the guarapas, and so the business ended.'— 'Pray what are the guarapas?' said Don Quixote. 'The guarapas are the galleys,' answered the thief, who was a young fellow, about twenty years of age, and said he was a native of Piedrahita.

The knight put the same question to the second, who seemed so overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, that he could not answer one word; but the first saved him the trouble, by saying, 'This man, Sir, goes to the galleys for being a canary bird; I mean for his skill in vocal music.'— 'What!' said the knight, 'are people sentenced to the galleys for their skill in music?'— 'Yes, Sir,' answered the other, 'for nothing is worse than to sing in the heart-ache.'— 'On the contrary,' said Don Quixote, 'I have always heard it observed, that music and play will fright sorrow away.'— 'But here,' replied the slave, 'the case is quite different, for he that sings but once will have cause to weep for ever.' Don Quixote saying he could not comprehend his meaning, one of the guards explained it. 'Sir,' said he, 'to sing in the heart-ache, is a term used by these miscreants to express a criminal who confesses under the torture; and it hath been applied to that delinquent: he owned his crime, which was horse-stealing; accordingly, having received two hundred lashes, he was condemned for six years to the galleys, and he appears always pensive and sad, because his brother rogues continually maltreat, upbraid, and despise him, for having confessed out of pure pusillanimity. 'For,' say they, 'No contains as many letters as Ay: an offender is very lucky, when his life or death depends upon his tongue, and not upon the

the evidence of witnesses;’ and truly I think they are not far mistaken.’

‘I am of the same opinion,’ said Don Quixote; and passing on, repeated his former question to the third, who with great readiness answered, ‘I am going to pay a visit of five years to Lady Gurapa, for having wanted ten ducats.’—‘I will give twenty,’ replied the knight, ‘to ease you of your misfortune.’—‘That,’ resumed the slave, ‘is like giving money to a man perishing with hunger at sea, where there is no food to be bought. I say this, because had I been master in time of those twenty ducats your worship now offers, I would have anointed the secretary’s pen, and quickened my lawyer’s invention with them, to so good purpose, that I should be now at liberty in the square of Zocodover in Toledo, and not dragging like a hound to the gallies; but Heaven is above—Patience and—that is enough.’

Don Quixote then advanced to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a long white beard hanging down to his girdle; who no sooner heard the knight ask the cause of his being in that situation, than he began to weep without answering one word; but the fifth criminal said, ‘That honourable gentleman is going to the gallies for four years, after having made his public appearance on horseback with great solemnity.’—‘That is, I suppose,’ said Sancho, ‘after having been exposed to public shame*.’—‘Even so,’ replied the slave: ‘and that punishment was inflicted on him for being an ear-broker, or rather a broker for the body; to be plain, the gentleman was convicted of pimping, and being a conjuror.’—‘Where it not for the addition of his conjuring scheme,’ said Don Quixote, ‘he is so far from deserving to row in the gallies for pure pimping, that it rather intitles him to the command of them† as general in chief; for if the office of a pander was well regulated, it would be a most honourable and necessary employment in a well-ordered common-wealth, reserved for people of birth and talents, and like other places of trust, laid under the inspection of proper comptrollers, and limited to a certain number, like the brokers of merchandize: such a regulation would prevent many mischiefs, which are now occasioned by that employment being followed by idiots or simple wretches, such as silly women, pages, and buffoons, without age or experience: who, upon the most urgent occasions, when there is need of the most important contrivance, let the morsel freeze between

* A crime that is punished by the pillory in England, is in Spain expiated by the convict being mounted upon an ass, in a particular dress, and led through the streets by a crier, who proclaims the transgression.

† This is a good hint for a reforming legislature.

the dish and the mouth, and can scarce distinguish betwixt their right hand and their left. I could advance many arguments to prove how advantageous it would be in a common-wealth to make proper distinctions in the choice of those who exercise such a necessary employment; but this is not the place to settle that affair; one day I may chance to recommend it to the consideration of those who can both discern and provide a suitable remedy for this defect. I shall only at present observe, that the compassion I feel at the sight of those grey hairs, and that venerable countenance, is extinguished by the additional crime of sorcery; tho' I am well apprized there are no conjurors who can force or alter the will, as weak people imagine: for the inclination is free, and not to be enslaved by any incantation whatsoever. The practice of some simple women, and knavish impostors, is to compose poisonous mixtures, to deprive people of their senses, under pretence of causing them to be beloved; a thing impossible.'—'What your honour says is very true,' replied the good old man; 'and really, Sir, as to the affair of conjuring, I am not guilty; though I cannot deny that I have been a pimp; but I never thought I was to blame for that, because my intention was, that all the world should enjoy themselves, and live in peace and quiet without quarrels and anxiety. Yet my good intention was of no service in preventing my being sent to a place from which I shall never return, oppressed as I am with years and a violent strangury, that will not allow me a moment's rest.' So saying, he began to weep again, as before; and his tears raised the pity of Sancho to such a degree, that he took a rial out of his bosom, and gave it in charity to the distressed senior.

Then Don Quixote addressed himself to the next, who answered his question with infinitely more vivacity than the former; saying, 'I trudge in this manner, for having jested extravagantly with two of my female cousins; and with two more, who, though not related to me, were in the same degree of blood to each other: in short, I jested with them so long, that in the end there was such an intricate increase of kindred as no casuist could unravel. Every thing was proved, I had neither interest nor money, and ran some risk of having my windpipe stopped; they condemned me for six years to the galleys; I submitted to the sentence: youth is on my side, life may be long, and time brings every thing to bear. If your worship, Sir knight, will part with any small matter for the comfort of poor wretches like us, God will requite you in heaven, and we upon earth will take care to petition him for long life and health to your worship, that you may be as happy as by your goodly appearance you deserve to be.' The person
who

who spoke in this manner appeared in the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he was a great orator and excellent Latin scholar.

After all these came a man of good mien, about thirty, who squinted so horribly, that his eyes seemed to look at each other: he was equipped different from the rest; his foot being loaded with a huge chain that went round his body, and his neck adorned with two iron rings, to one of which the chain was fastened; and the other was called a keep-friend, or friend's foot; from which descended to his middle a couple of iron bolts fitted with a pair of manacles for his arms, secured by a large padlock, so as to hinder him from lifting up his hands to his mouth, and to disable him from bending his head to his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why that man was more fettered than all the rest, one of the guard answered, 'Because he is a greater rogue than all the rest, and so daring a villain, that although he is so shackled, we are under some apprehension that he will give us the slip.'—'What crime has he committed,' said the knight, 'that deserves such punishment?'—'He goes for ten years to the galleys,' replied the guard, 'which is a kind of civil death; but you need not enquire any farther, when you know that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Genisello de Parapilla.'—'Softly, Mr. Commissary,' said the slave, hearing these words, 'don't transmogrify names and surnames in that manner. Gines is my name, and not Genisello and Passamonte the title of my family; not Parapilla, as your worship says: let every one look at home, and he will have business enough.'—'Speak with less insolence, Mr. Thief above sterling,' replied the commissary, 'or else I shall make you hold your peace.'—'It appears by this oppression,' answered the galley slave, 'that God's will must be done; but one day somebody shall know whether or not my name is Genisello de Parapilla.'—'An't you called so, you lying vagabond?' said the guard. 'Yes, yes, I ain so called,' answered Gines; 'but I will make them change that name, or their skins shall pay for it, if ever I meet them in a place I don't chuse at present to name.—Sir Knight, if you have any thing to bestow, pray let us have it, and the Lord be with you, for you only tire us with enquiring about other people's affairs; yet if you want to be informed of my history, know I am that Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these ten fingers.'

'He tells nothing but the truth,' said the commissary; 'for he has written his history, and pawned the manuscript in gaol for two hundred rials.'—'Aye, and I shall redeem it,' said Gines, 'if it were for as many ducats.'—'What! is it so entertaining,' said Don Quixote. 'Yes,' answered Gines, 'it is so

entertaining, that woe be unto Lazarillo de Tormes, and all who have written, or shall write in that manner. What I can affirm of mine is, that it contains truths, such as no fiction can equal.'—'And what is the title of your book?' said the knight. 'The Life of Gines de Passamonté,' replied the other. 'Is it finished,' said Don Quixote. 'How can it be finished,' answered the author, 'when my life is not yet concluded? I have already written my history from my birth till the time I was sent to the gallies.'—'You have visited them before now then?' said the knight. "For the service of God, and the good of my country, I have already served in them during the space of four years, and know the difference between the biscuit and the bull's pizzle," answered the thief; and my journey to them now gives me no great pain, for there I shall have time to finish my book, and set down many things I have to say; there being spare time enough in the gallies of Spain for that purpose, which does not require much leisure, as I have every circumstance by heart.'—'You seem to be an ingenious fellow,' said Don Quixote. 'And unfortunate,' answered Gines; 'for genius is always attended by evil fortune.'—'Evil fortune ought to attend villains like you,' said the guard. 'I have already desired you, Mr. Commissary, to proceed fair and softly,' answered Passamonté; 'your superiors did not give you that rod to maltreat us poor wretches, but to conduct us to the place of our destination, according to his majesty's command: and by the life of—but 'tis no matter. The spots we received in the inn, may one day be rubbed out in washing. Mum's the word. Let us live while we can, speak while we may, and at present pursue our journey; for this joke has already lasted too long.'

The commissary lifted up his rod, in order to reply to the threats of Passamonté; but Don Quixote interposing, begged he would not chastise him; because it was not to be wondered at, if one whose limbs were so shackled, should take such liberties with his tongue; then addressing himself to the prisoners, 'From all that you have told me, said he, 'I clearly perceive, that although you ought to be chastised for your crimes, the punishment you are going to suffer is not much to your liking; on the contrary, you make this journey very much against your inclination; and perhaps, the pusillanimity of one of you under the torture, this man's want of money, and that other's scarcity of friends, and last of all, the partiality of the judge, may have been the cause of your perdition, in depriving you of that justice your several cases intitled you to. Which consideration now operates with me, suggesting and even compelling me to shew in your behalf, the end for which Heaven sent me into

this world, and made me profess the order of knight-errantry, by which I am bound by oath to succour the needy and oppressed; but because I know that one maxim of prudence is, not to do that by foul means which can be accomplished by fair, I beseech Mr. Commissary and the guards to unchain and let you depart in peace. The king will not want people to serve him on better occasions; and I think it is very hard to enslave those whom God and nature have made free. Besides, gentlemen soldiers,' added the knight, 'those poor people have not offended against you: and every body hath sins to answer for. There is a God in heaven, who will take care to chastise the wicked and reward the righteous: and it is not seemly, that honest men should be the executioners of their fellow-creatures for matters with which they have no concern. This favour I intreat in a mild and peaceable manner; and if you grant my request, will thank you heartily; whereas, if you refuse to do quietly what I desire, this lance and sword, with the valour of my invincible arm, shall make you do it on compulsion.'

'A fine joke, truly!' replied the commissary; 'he has brought his harangue to a very merry conclusion; desiring us to set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to grant, or he to demand, their discharge. I wish your worship would go about your business, and set to rights that bason on your skull, without going in quest of a cat with three feet.'—'You are a cat, and a rat, and a scoundrel to boot!' replied the knight, attacking him with such wonderful dispatch, that he had not time to put himself in a posture of defence, so was thrown from his horse, and dangerously wounded by a thrust of the knight's lance. As it happened luckily that this was one of the two who had firelocks. The rest of the guard were at first astonished and confounded at this unexpected assault; but they soon recollected themselves, and the horsemen drawing their swords, while those on foot handled their javelins, set upon Don Quixote in their turn, who waited for them with vast composure, and doubtless he would have fared ill, if the galley-slaves, seeing a fair prospect of gaining their liberty, had not made shift to obtain it, by breaking the chain which fettered them. Such was the confusion, that the guards, between their endeavours to detain the slaves that were unbound, and their efforts against Don Quixote who assaulted them, could do nothing effectual. Sancho, for his part, assisted in disengaging Gines de Passamonte, who being the first disencumbered, attacked the wounded commissary, and robbed him of his sword and musket, with which, pointing at one, and taking aim at another, without firing, the guards made the best of their way, not only from Passamonte's firelock, but also from the shower of

stones which was rained upon them by the rest of the slaves, who had by this time disengaged themselves.

Sancho was infinitely grieved at this event, representing to himself, that those who fled would instantly give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, which, upon the tolling of a bell, would immediately sally forth in search of the delinquents. This supposition he suggested to his master, whom he entreated to depart forthwith, and conceal himself somewhere in the neighbouring mountain. 'That may be a very good expedient,' said the knight; 'but I know what is proper for me to do at present.' He then called to the slaves, who were all in confusion, and after they had plundered and stripped the commissary to the skin, they assembled round him in a circle, in order to receive his commands, and he accosted them in this manner: It is the duty of honest men to be thankful for benefits received: and one of the sins that most offends God, is ingratitude. This truth, I observe, because you must be sensible, by experience, of that which you have received from me; as an acknowledgment for which, it is my will and pleasure, that you set out immediately, loaded with that chain from which I have delivered your neck, and repairing to the city of Toboso, there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her Knight of the Rueful Countenance hath sent you to her with his hearty commendations. You shall also punctually recount to her every circumstance of this famous adventure, even to the granting you that liberty you so ardently wished for: and this duty being performed, you may go a God's name whithersoever ye list.'

To this command Gines de Passamonte, in the name of all the rest, answered, 'What your worship commands, most worthy deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to fulfil. For we must by no means travel in a body, but single and divided, and each by himself endeavour to abscond within the bowels of the earth, in order to avoid the holy brotherhood, which will doubtless come out in search of us. But your worship may, and it is but justice you should, change that service, and tribute intended for my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of Ave-marias and Credos, which we will say for your prosperity; and this is a duty we can fulfil by night as well as by day, in motion and at rest; but to suppose that we will now return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean to the carriage of our chain, and take the road to Toboso, is to suppose that it is now midnight, though it wants little more than two hours of noon; and indeed, to expect this condescension of us, is like expecting pears from an elm.'

'Then by heavens!' said Don Quixote in a rage, 'Don Son
of

of a Whore, Don Genisello de Parapilla, or whatsoever is thy name, you shall go alone, with your tail between your legs, and carry the whole chain upon your shoulders.' Passamonte, who was none of the most passive people in the world, having already discovered the knight's weak side, from the mad action of giving them their freedom, and finding himself treated in this haughty manner, gave the wink to his companions; who retiring with him at a little distance, showered forth such a number of stones upon their deliverer, that he could not cover himself with his shield; and poor Rozinante minded the spur no more than if he had been made of brass. Sancho retired behind his ass, which sheltered him from part of the storm; but his master could not screen himself so well as to avoid an infinite number of pebble-shot which took place upon different parts of his body, some of them with such force, that he came tumbling to the ground; and no sooner was he fallen, than the student set upon him, and snatching the bason from his head, made a most furious application of it to the knight's shoulders, and then dashed it upon the ground with such force, that it went into a thousand pieces. They likewise stripped him of a jacket * he wore above his armour; and would even have taken his hose, had not his greaves been in the way: they plundered Sancho of his great coat, leaving him in his doublet and hose; and dividing the spoils of the battle, each took a separate route, more anxious to escape the holy brotherhood, which they dreaded, than to load themselves with the chain again, and go to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote, were the only persons remaining on the field. Dapple, with his head hanging down in a pensive attitude, and every now and then shaking his ears, as if he imagined the hurricane of stones that whizzed about them was not yet over; Rozinante lying stretched upon the ground, to which, like his master, he was humbled by a pebble; Sancho, in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote excessively out of humour, at finding himself so ill requited by the people whom he had served in such an essential manner.

* It was the custom of knights to wear a coat of arms made of some rich stuff figured in a particular manner. The duke of Brabant, being called in a hurry to the battle of Agincourt, took a trumpeter's banner, and making a hole through the middle, put it over his head, and wore it as his coat of arms.

CHAPTER IX.

Of what befel the renowned Don Quixote in the Brown Mountain; being one of the most surprizing Adventures which is recounted in this true History.

DON Quixote, finding himself so evil entreated, said to his squire, 'I have always heard it observed, Sancho, that benefits conferred on base-minded people are like drops of water thrown into the sea. Had I taken thy advice, I might have avoided this vexation: but, now the affair is over, we must have recourse to patience, and take warning for the future.'—'Yes,' replied Sancho, 'your worship will take warning as sure as I am a Turk; but since you allow, that if you had taken my advice, you would have avoided this misfortune, take my advice now, and you will avoid a greater still! for I give you notice, that all your errantry will stand you in little stead against the holy brotherhood, who don't value all the knight's errant in the universe three farthings: and, in faith, this minute methinks I hear their arrows buzzing about my ears.'—'Thou art naturally a coward Sancho,' said the knight; 'but that thou mayest have no reason to say I am obstinate, and never follow thy counsel, for once thou shalt prevail; I will retreat from the danger thou drestest so much; but it shall be on condition, that thou shalt never, either in life or death, hint to any person whatsoever, that I retired and avoided this peril through fear, but merely in compliance with thy earnest request; for to say otherwise would be to propagate falsehood; and from this hour to that, and from that hour to this, I give thee the lye, and affirm thou lyest, and wilt lye, as often as thou shalt say or think any such thing: make no reply, therefore; the very thought of my being supposed to abscond or retreat from danger, especially from this, as it implies some sort of shadow of fear, inspires me with such courage, that here am I alone ready to remain, and expect not only the holy brotherhood, which thou hast mentioned with fear and trembling, but also the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, those of the seven Maccabees, with Castor and Pollux, and all the brethren and brotherhoods in the universe.'—'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'to retreat is not to fly; nor is it prudent to tarry when the danger overbalances the hope; and it is always the practice of wise people to reserve something for to-morrow; without venturing all upon one cast; and you must know, that though I be a rustic and a clown, I have all my life-time had a small share of what is called good conduct: wherefore you need not repent of having
taken

taken my advice, but mount Rozinante, if you can; if not, I will lend you my assistance, and follow me; for this noddle of mine tells me, that at present, we have more need of heels than of hands.'

Don Quixote accordingly mounted, without the least reply; and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they took refuge in that part of the Brown Mountain which was nearest, the squire intending to go quite across to Viso or Almodavar del Campo, after they should have lurked for some days among the rocks, that they might not be found, in case the holy brotherhood should come in search of them: he was encouraged to this resolution, by seeing, that in the scuffle with the galley-slaves, the provisions his ass carried had escaped untouched*; a circumstance that, in his opinion, amounted to a miracle, considering what the thieves had taken, and how narrowly they had searched.

That evening they arrived in the very heart of the Sierra Morena †, where Sancho proposed to spend the night, and even to pass a few days, at least to stay as long as their store should last; accordingly they took up their lodging between two rocks, in the midst of a great number of cork trees; but fate, which, according to the opinion of those who do not enjoy the light of the true faith, guides, conducts, and disposes all things after its own way, ordained that Gines de Passamonte, that famous robber and cheat, who had been delivered from the chain by the valour and madness of Don Quixote; I say fate ordained that he, impelled by the fear of the holy brotherhood, which he did not dread without good reason, happened likewise to take refuge in those mountains; and even to be carried by this fear to the same place whither the same principle had directed Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, just time enough to know who they were, notwithstanding their being gone to sleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts them to their shifts, and the present convenience overcomes the prospect of future quiet; Gines, who was neither grateful or good natured, resolved to steal Sancho's ass, undervaluing Rozinante as a subject that he could neither pawn or sell: accordingly, while the squire was asleep, he stole Dapple; and, before morning, was gone far enough to elude all pursuit.

The appearance of Aurora, that rejoices the earth, had a quite contrary effect upon Sancho Panza; who, missing Dapple,

* This is an oversight of the author, who seems to have forget that Sancho had lost his wallet at the inn, and was afterwards robbed by the galley slaves of the great coat, or cloak, in which he carried the remains of that provision he had taken from those who attended the dead body towards Segovia.

† A chain of dusky mountains that divide Castile from Andalusia.

and searching for him in vain, began to utter the most woeful lamentation that ever was heard; and Don Quixote, waked by his noise, heard him exclaiming in this manner: 'O son of my bowels! born in my house, the play-fellow of my children, the delight of my spouse, the envy of my neighbours, and the comfort of my cares! in short, the half of my sustenance: for with six and twenty maravedis, which thou hast daily earned, did I defray one half of my family expence!' Don Quixote hearing this complaint, and being informed of the cause, consoled Sancho with all the arguments in his power; and begging him to have patience, promised to give him a bill of exchange, on sight of which he should receive three asses out of five which the knight had left at home. Sancho being comforted with this declaration, dried up his tears, moderated his sighs, and returned a thousand thanks to Don Quixote for his generosity. As they sauntered among the rocks, the knight's heart was rejoiced to see places so well adapted to those adventures he was in quest of; for they called to his remembrance those wonderful events which had happened to knights-errant among such rocks and solitudes: he went on, musing on these subjects, and indeed so wrapped up and engrossed by them, that he minded nothing else; while Sancho's only care, now that he thought he travelled in safety, was to satisfy his appetite with what remained of the spoils of the clergy; he therefore jogged on leisurely after his master, sitting sideways on his ass*, and replenishing his own bags out of that which contained the provision; and while he was thus employed, would not have given a farthing for the best adventure that could happen.

Chancing, however, to lift up his eyes, he perceived that his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise some bundle that lay upon the ground; he therefore hastened up to him, in order to lend his assistance, should it be found necessary; and arrived just as the knight had turned up with his lance, a pillion with a portmantua fixed to it, all rotted and consumed by the weather; but so heavy, that Sancho was obliged to alight, in order to take them up. His master having ordered him to examine the contents of the portmanteau, he obeyed with great alacrity; and though it was shut with a chain and padlock, there were so many holes in it, that he soon reached the inside, where he found four shirts of fine Holland, with other provision of linen, equally fashionable and clean, together with a pretty large heap, of crowns of gold. wrapped up in a rag! which he no sooner perceived, than he

* Here Cervantes has been caught napping by the Critics, who observe, that Sancho could not be mounted on the ass, which was but just now stolen by Gines de Passamonte.

cried in a rapture, 'Blessed be Heaven for granting us one advantageous adventure!' then continuing his search, he found a pocket-book richly garnished, which Don Quixote desired to have, bidding him keep the money for his own use. Sancho kissed his hand for the favour, and taking the linen out of the portmanteau, crammed it into the bag that held their provision.

The knight having considered the whole affair, 'Sancho,' said he, 'I am of opinion, and cannot possibly be mistaken, that some bewildered traveller, in his passage over these mountains, has been set upon by robbers, who, having slain him, must have dragged his body to be buried in this unfrequented place.'—'That cannot be the case,' answered the squire; 'for if they had been robbers, they would not have left the money behind them.'—'Thou art in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'and I cannot guess nor conceive what the matter can have been. Let us see if there be any thing written in this pocket-book, by which we may trace out and come at the certainty of what we want to know.' He opened it accordingly, and the first thing he found was the rough draught, though very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud for the benefit of Sancho, in these words.

I.

LOVE either cruel is or blind;
Or still unequal to the cause,
Is this distemper of the mind,
That with infernal torture gnaws.

II.

But Love's a god, and cruelty
In heavenly breasts can never dwell;
Then say by what authority
I'm doom'd to feel the pains of hell?

III.

Of all my sufferings and my woe,
Is Chloe then the fatal source?
Sure ill from good can never flow,
Nor so much beauty gild a curse.

IV.

With hopeless misery weigh'd down,
I'll seek for quiet in the grave;
For when the malady's unknown,
A miracle alone can save.

'From such rhyme,' said Sancho, 'there is no information to be got, unless by that clue we could come to the bottom of the

the affair *.—‘What clue dost thou mean?’ said the knight. ‘The Clue your worship mentioned just now in the Sonnet,’ answered the squire. ‘I mentioned no clue,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘but Chloe, which is without doubt the name of the lady of whom the author of these verses complains; and really he must have been a very ingenious poet, or else I know very little of the art.’—‘Then your worship understands crambo!’ said the squire. ‘Better than you imagine,’ answered the knight, ‘as you will see when you carry from me a letter to my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom; for thou must know, Sancho, that all, or the greatest part, of the knights-errant who lived in former ages, were very much addicted to poetry and music; these two qualities, or rather gifts of nature, being annexed to all errants, in love; though the truth is, their couplets were rather sprightly than elegant.’—‘I wish your worship would read on,’ said Sancho; ‘perhaps you may find something more to our satisfaction.’ Accordingly, the knight having turned over the leaf, ‘Here is prose,’ said he; ‘and seems to be a letter.’ Sancho asking if it was about business, his master replied, ‘In the beginning there was nothing but love.’—‘Pray, Sir,’ cried Sancho, ‘read it aloud, for I am highly delighted with matters of love.’—‘With all my heart,’ answered Don Quixote; who raising his voice, in compliance with the squire’s request, read what follows.

‘Thy false promises, together with the certainty of my misfortune, have exiled me to a corner of the world, from whence thou wilt hear an account of my death, before this my complaint shall reach thine ears. Thou hast cast me off, ungrateful as thou art, in favour of one who, though he is richer, is not a more deserving lover than me: for if virtue were the wealth that is most esteemed, I should have no cause to envy the happiness of others, or to bewail my own mishap. What thy beauty had raised, thy behaviour has overthrown: by the first I mistook thee for an angel, by the last I discovered thee to be a woman. Mayest thou live in peace, fair authoress of my misfortunes; and Heaven grant that the deceit of thy husband may never be disclosed, that thou mayest never repent of what thou hast done, nor I enjoy the revenge I do not desire!’

Don Quixote having read this letter, observed, that nothing else could be inferred either from it, or the verses, but that

* As it is impossible to preserve the original blunders of Sancho, who mistakes Filo, or Phillis, for Hilo, that signifies a thread, we are obliged to substitute another, by changing Phillis into Chloe, which Sancho, in English, might have as naturally mistaken for a clue; and by this expedient the sense of the passage is not hurt, and but very little altered.

the author was some despairing lover. Then perusing the rest of the book, he found more verses and letters, some legible, and others not intelligible; but the substance of them all was composed of complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, disgusts, favours, and disdain, some of which were extolled, and others deplored. While Don Quixote examined the book, Sancho rummaged the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in that or the pillion which he did not search, pry into, and overhaul; no seam was left unripped, no lock of wool unpicked, that nothing might be lost through negligence and want of care; so much was his cupidity awakened by finding the money, which amounted to more than a hundred crowns; and though he reaped no other fruit from his industry, he thought himself abundantly requited for his capers in the blanket, his vomit of the balsam, the benediction of the packstaves, the fisty-cuffs of the carrier, the loss of his bags, the robbery of his great coat, with all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue he had undergone in the service of his worthy master, who had made him more than amends by his generous present of this windfall.

The knight of the rueful countenance was impatient to know the owner of the portmanteau; conjecturing by the sonnet, the letter, the gold, and the fine linen, that he must be some lover of quality, whom the disdain and barbarity of his mistress had driven to some desperate end: but as, in that uninhabited and rocky place, there was nobody who could give him the information he wanted, he resolved to penetrate farther into the mountain, without taking any other road than what Rozinante should chuse for his own conveniency, still confident of meeting with some strange adventure among these briars and brambles.

As he went on, entertaining himself with these reflections, he perceived upon the top of a hill right before him, a man skipping from bush to bush, and rock to rock, with wonderful agility; his body seemed naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and matted, his feet unshod, his legs bare, and his thighs covered with breeches, which to all appearance were of crimson, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through many different holes, while his head was without any sort of covering. Notwithstanding the nimbleness with which he passed, all these minute circumstances were seen and remarked by the knight of the rueful countenance, who in vain attempted to follow him; those rough roads being quite unpassable by the feeble Rozinante, who was naturally phlegmatic and tender-footed. However, Don Quixote concluded that this must be the owner of the pillion and portmanteau, and determined

within himself to find him out, although he should travel a whole year through the mountains for that very purpose. With this view he ordered Sancho to alight, and take a short cut over one part of the mountain, while he should go round the other; and by this expedient they might come up with the man who had so suddenly vanished from their sight. 'That proposal I can by no means comply with,' answered the squire; 'for if I stir but an inch from your worship, fear instantly lays hold on me, and assaults me in a thousand horrid shapes and visions; and let this serve to apprise you, that henceforward I will not budge a finger's breadth from your presence.'—'Be it so,' said he of the rueful countenance: 'and I am very glad that thou canst avail thyself of my courage, which shall never fail thee, even if thy soul should fail thy body: follow me, therefore, step by step, or at thy own leisure, and use thine eyes like two spy-glasses; we will take a compass round this little mountain, and perhaps we may meet again with that man, who is certainly no other than the owner of what we found.' To this observation Sancho replied, 'Methinks we may save ourselves that trouble; for if, upon finding him, he should prove to be the owner of the money, I must of course make restitution; therefore we had better spare all this fruitless search, and keep it *bona fide*, until the true owner appear of himself, without all this intricate enquiry: and before that happens, perhaps I shall have spent the whole, and then I shall be discharged by law.'—'In that notion thou art mistaken Sancho,' resumed the knight; 'for as we have already good grounds to believe he is the owner, it is our duty to find him out, and restore what we have taken; and though we should not find him, the strong reason we have to believe that it belongs to him will make us equally guilty in detaining it, as we should be if it really did. Wherefore, friend Sancho, do not give thyself any uneasiness about the enquiry; because if we find him, I shall be freed from a great deal of anxiety.' So saying, he put spurs to Rozinante, and Sancho followed him in his usual manner. Having surrounded part of the mountain, they found in a brook, that watered the foot of it, a dead mule saddled and bridled, and half consumed by the dogs and crows; another circumstance which confirmed them in the opinion, that he who fled from them was master both of the mule and portmanteau.

While they were looking at this object, they heard a shepherd's whistle, and presently on the left appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, they descried the goatherd; who seemed to be a man in years. Don Quixote calling aloud, entreated him to come down; and he, in the same tone, asked what had brought them to that place,

place, which was seldom trodden, except by the feet of goats, wolves, and other wild beasts that harboured thereabouts. Sancho bade him come down, and they would tell him what had brought them thither; upon which the goatherd descended; and coming up to Don Quixote, 'I will wager,' said he, 'that you are looking at the hireling mule, which lies dead at that bottom, where in good sooth it hath lain full six months. Pray, have you met with its master?'—'We have met with nothing,' answered the knight, 'but a pillion and portmanteau, which we found not far from hence.'—'I have often seen the same things,' replied the goatherd, 'but would never touch nor go near them, being afraid of some misfortune, or of being questioned for theft; for the devil is very cunning, and raises blocks under our feet, over which we stumble, and very often fall, without knowing how or wherefore.'—'That is the very thing I say,' answered Sancho: 'though I saw them also, I would not go within a stone's throw of them; there I left them, and there they remain as they were; for I don't chuse to steal a dog with a collar about his neck.'* 'Pr'ythee, honest friend,' said Don Quixote, 'dost thou know who the owner of these things is?' 'All that I can say of the matter,' answered the goatherd, 'is, that it may be about six months, more or less, since there came to our hut, which is about three leagues from hence, a very genteel young man, of a comely appearance, riding upon that very mule that now lies dead, with the same pillion and portmanteau which you say you found. He asked what part of the mountain was the most woody and concealed; and we told him that it was this very spot where we now are; and it is so; for if you go half a league farther into the mountain, you will perhaps find it a very difficult matter to return: and I marvel much how you have got so far, for there is neither high-road or by-path that leads to this place. But as I was saying, the young man hearing our reply, turned his mule, and rode towards the place to which we had directed him, leaving us all very much pleased with his appearance, though not a little surprized at his question, and the speed with which we saw him ride back into the heart of the mountain: from that time we saw no more of him, till a few days after; when he sprung upon one of our shepherds on the road; and, without saying why or wherefore, beat and bruised him unmercifully; after which he went to the sumpter ass, and carrying off all the bread and cheese that was on his back, with surprising nimbleness, ran back again to the thicket. As soon as we understood

* Methinks it is inconsistent with the character of the knight, to allow Sancho to tell such a fraudulent untruth in his hearing; nor is Panza's behaviour on this occasion much for the honour of his simplicity.

this particular, several of us goatherds went in search of him, through the most wild and unfrequented part of the mountain, for the space of two days; at the end of which we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us in a very civil manner, with his cloaths all torn, and his face so tanned and disfigured by the sun, that we should scarce have known him, had not his cloaths, tattered as they were, which we had before taken particular notice of, assured us that he was the person we went in search of. He saluted us very courteously, and in a few words, though very well chosen, bade us not wonder at seeing him in that condition; for he was obliged in that manner to do penance which had been enjoined him on account of his manifold sins and transgressions. We earnestly begged to know who he was; but that he could never be prevailed upon to tell: we desired him also, whenever he should have occasion for food, without which he could not live, to tell us where we should find him, and we would bring it to him with great care and affection; or if that was not to his liking, we desired him to ask it civilly, without taking it by force. He thanked us kindly for our tenders of service, begged pardon for the assaults he had committed, and promised for the future, to ask it for God's sake, without giving offence to any person whatsoever. With regard to the place of his habitation, he said he had no other than that which chance presented every night when it grew dark; and concluded his discourse with such piteous lamentation, that our hearts must have been made of flint, if we could have heard it without shedding tears, considering the woeful change he had undergone since we saw him at first; for, as I have already observed, he was a genteel, comely youth; and, by his courteous and polite discourse, shewed himself to be a person of good birth and excellent breeding; and though we who heard him were only home-bred country people, the gentility of his carriage was easily perceived by our clownish ignorance. In the midst of this conversation that passed between him and us, he grew silent all of a sudden, and nailed, as it were, his eyes to the ground, for a considerable space of time, during which we remained in suspense and no small concern, to see the effect of this stupefaction; for by his staring at the ground for a good while, without moving his eye-lids, then shutting them close and biting his lips, and then drawing up the skin of his forehead, we could easily perceive that he was seized with some fit of madness; and he soon confirmed the truth of our opinion, for he sprung up with surprising force from the ground on which he had thrown himself, and attacked the person who was next to him with such rage and resolution, that if we had not taken him

him off, he would have beaten and bit him to death; crying aloud all the time, "Ha, treacherous Fernando! now shalt thou pay for the injury thou hast done me. These hands shall tear out thy heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, particularly fraud and deceit, are harboured and dwell!" To these he added other expressions, tending to reproach that Fernando with treachery and baseness. When we had got our friend out of his clutches, with no small trouble, he went off without speaking another word, and ran at full speed among these shrubs and brambles, so as that it was impossible for us to follow him. From these things we conjectured that his madness came upon him by fits, and that some person of the name of Fernando must have done him some deadly wrong, which hath driven him to distraction. Indeed, this conjecture has been since confirmed by his different behaviour on divers occasions, when he hath met with our shepherds, from whom he hath sometimes begged part of their provision, and at other times he hath taken it by force; for when the fit of lunacy is upon him, though they offer it of their own free will, he will not accept of it peaceably, without coming to blows; but when he is in his right senses, he begs it for God's sake, in a very courteous and civil manner, and returns many thanks for the favour, accompanied with abundance of tears. And truly, gentlemen, added the goatherd, 'I and four more country lads, two of them my own servants, and the other two friends of mine, yesterday resolved to go in search of him, and, after having found him, to carry him, either by force or fair means, to the city of Almodavar, which is about eight leagues from hence, and there have him cured, if he be curable; or learn of him, when he is in his senses, who he is, or whether or not he has any relations to whom we may give an account of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can say in answer to the questions you asked; and you may take it for granted, that the owner of the goods you found, is the very same person whom you saw skip about half-naked with such agility:' for Don Quixote had said that they had seen a man in that condition, leaping from rock to rock.

The knight was very much surprized at this information of the goatherd, which making him still more impatient to know who this unfortunate lunatic was, he determined with himself to put his former design in execution, and go in quest of him through the whole mountain, without leaving a cave or corner unsearched until he should find him. But accident was more his friend on this occasion, than he could either imagine or expect; for at that instant, the young man of himself appeared in the cleft of a rock hard by the place where they stood; and came

came towards them, muttering something to himself, which they could not have understood had he been near, much less as he was at some distance from them. His equipage was just as it had been described; but as he approached, Don Quixote perceived that his buff doublet, though torn to rags, still retained the perfume: from whence he concluded, that the person who wore such dress could not be a man of the lowest rank. When he came up, he saluted them very politely, though with a hoarse, mistuned voice; and the salutation was returned with no less courtesy by Don Quixote, who alighting from Rozinante, with genteel and graceful deportment, went, and embraced the stranger, whom he strained within his arms a good while, as if he had been a very old acquaintance. The other, who might have been called the tatterdemalion of the distracted, as Don Quixote was stiled the knight of the rueful countenance, after having submitted to this embrace, stepped back, and laying his hands on the shoulders of the knight, stood looking attentively in his face, in order to recollect him; no less astonished, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of Don Quixote, than this last was surprized at his forlorn appearance. At length, the first who broke silence after the embrace was the ragged youth, who spoke what you may read in the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

The Continuation of the Adventure in the Sierra Morena.

THE history relates, that Don Quixote listened with vast attention to the shabby knight of the mountain, who began the conversation thus: 'Assuredly, Signior, though I have not the honour to know who you are, I thank you heartily for those expressions of kindness with which you treat me; and wish I were in such a situation as would enable me to repay this courteous reception with something more than mere goodwill: but my hapless fortune affords me nothing to offer in return for the civilities that are shewn me, except a hearty inclination to make a more adequate satisfaction.'—'My will and desire,' answered Don Quixote, 'to serve you is so strong, that I was determined not to quit these mountains until I had found you, and learned of yourself whether or not the grief you manifest in this strange course of life, could be alleviated by any kind of remedy, for which, had need required, I would have searched with all possible diligence; and had your misfortune been

been such as shut up all the avenues to advice and redress, I was resolved to join your lamentations, and bemoan your misery to the utmost of my power: for, in all misfortunes, the greatest consolation is a sympathizing friend; and if this my friendly intention deserves the least return of civility, I entreat you, Signior, by that courtesy which I see you so eminently possess, and moreover conjure you by that object which of all others in this life you have most loved, or are most in love with, to tell me who you are, and inform me of the cause that brings you to live and die in this solitude, like the brute beasts among which you dwell, so different from that rank and situation to which your appearance and person declare you are entitled. And I swear by the order of chivalry which I have received, unworthy sinner that I am! and by the profession of a knight-errant, that if you comply with this my request, I will serve you with that earnestness which my duty obliges me to express, either in remedying your mishap, if it admits of remedy, or in condoling with you, as I have already promised.' The knight of the wood, hearing him of the rueful countenance talk in this manner, could do nothing for some time but gaze, and stare, and survey him from head to foot; at length, having examined him thoroughly, he said, 'If you have got any food, for God's sake spare me a little; and after I shall have eaten it, I will do as you desire, in return for the civility you now shew me.'

Sancho immediately pulled from his bag, and the goatherd from his scrip, some victuals to appease the hunger of tatterdemalion, who swallowed what they gave him like a frantic person, with such hurry, that he left not the interval of an instant between one mouthful and another, but seemed to devour rather than eat, without either speaking or being spoken to by the spectators. His repast being ended, he beckoned them to follow, and conducted them to a verdant spot of grass, at the turning of a rock, a little way from the place where they were; and sitting down on the green turf, they followed his example; not a word being spoke all the time, until the ragged knight, after having adjusted himself in his seat, began in this manner. 'If you desire, gentlemen, that I should, in a few words, inform you of the immensity of my misfortunes, you must give me your promise that you will not by any question, or otherwise, interrupt the thread of my doleful story; for if you should, that instant I will break off the narration.' This warning recalled to the knight's memory the story recounted by his squire, which still remained unfinished, because he had not kept an exact account of the goats, as they passed the river. But, to return to the tattered knight: 'I give you this

precaution, added he, 'because I would briefly pass over the detail of my misfortunes, the remembrance of which brings fresh addition to my woe; and the fewer questions you ask, the sooner shall I have finished the relation; although, in order to satisfy your curiosity to the full, I will not fail to mention every material circumstance.' Don Quixote promised, in behalf of himself and the company, to avoid all manner of interruption; and the stranger, thus assured, began in these words:

'My name is Cardenio; the place of my nativity one of the best cities in this province of Andalusia; my family noble, my parents rich, and my misfortunes so great, that no doubt they have been lamented by them, and even felt through my whole kindred, though all their wealth would not alleviate my woe; for the goods of fortune are but of little service against those ills inflicted by the hand of Heaven. In the same country lived, shall I call her a paradise, which love had adorned with all the charms I could desire to possess? such was the beauty of Lucinda, a young lady as well-born and rich as I, though more fortunate, and endowed with less constancy than what was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda did I admire, love, and adore, even from my most tender years; and she made me all the returns of love and inclination that I could expect from her infant age. Our parents were not ignorant of our mutual affection, which gave them no offence, because they foresaw that if it should increase with our years, it could have no other issue than marriage; an union which the equality of our age and fortune seemed to point out. Meanwhile, our passion growing up with our age, Lucinda's father thought himself obliged to forbid me his house, imitating, in that particular, the parents of Thisbe, whom the poets have celebrated so much. This prohibition added flame to flame, and wish to wish; for though our tongues were restrained, they could not silence our pens, which commonly express the sentiments of the heart with more liberty, because the presence of the beloved object often confounds the most determined intention, and puts to silence the most undaunted tongue.

'Good Heaven! what letters did I write! what chaste endearing answers did I receive! what songs did I compose, inspired by love, that displayed the soul unmasked, inflamed each soft desire, regaled the fancy, and indulged the wish! in fine, my patience being exhausted, and my heart almost consumed with the desire of seeing her, I resolved to execute the scheme which seemed most favourable for my love and pretensions; and this I put in practice, by demanding her in marriage of her father, who thanked me for the honour I intended

him

him, by this proposal of marrying into his family; but said, as my own father was alive, it was properly his business to make the demand; for unless his consent and inclination were obtained, Lucinda was not a person either to be given or taken in marriage by stealth. I thanked him in my turn, for his politeness; and thinking there was a great deal of reason in what he said, assured myself that my father would readily agree to the proposal whenever I should make it. I therefore flew instantly to disclose my sentiments to him on that subject; and entering the closet where he was, found him reading a letter, which, before I could speak a syllable, he put into my hands, saying, "By this letter, Cardenio, you will see how much duke Ricardo is inclined to do you service." This duke Ricardo, as you must know, gentlemen, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of this province. I took and read this letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself should have blamed my father, had he refused to comply with what he requested in it: this was to send me immediately to his house, he being desirous that I should live as the companion, not the servant of his eldest son: and he would take care of my fortune in such a manner as should manifest the esteem he had for me. Having read the letter, I was struck dumb at knowing the contents; especially when I heard my father pronounce, "Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall set out according to the pleasure of the duke; and you ought to thank God for having opened an avenue, through which you may arrive at that fortune I know you deserve." To this declaration he added other services, as became a prudent father; and I, the night before I departed, finding means to speak with Lucinda, told her what had happened: nay, I even imparted it to her father, entreating him to wait a few days, without disposing of her to any other, until I should know in what manner Ricardo wanted to employ me in. He gave me his promise accordingly, and she confirmed it by a thousand vows and anxious sighs,

"I at length arrived at the seat of Duke Ricardo, by whom I was so well received and kindly entertained, that Envy presently began to do her office, possessing the old servants with the opinion that every expression of favour I received from the duke was prejudicial to their interest. But he who was most rejoiced at my residing there, was the duke's second son, Fernando, a gay, genteel, liberal, and amorous youth, who in a short time was pleased to honour me with such intimacy of friendship as became the subject of every body's discourse; and though the eldest brother loved and favoured me also, he did not carry his favour and affection to such a pitch. Now, as all secrets are communicated between friends, and the confidence

in which I lived with Fernando was soon changed into friendship, he imparted to me his most secret thoughts, and, among other things, a love affair that gave him a good deal of disquiet. In short, he had an inclination for a country maid, who was his father's vassal: her parents were very rich; and she herself so beautiful, reserved, modest, and discreet, that nobody who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled. These accomplishments of this fair maiden inflamed the desires of Don Fernando to such a pitch, that he resolved, as the easiest conquest over her virtue, to promise he would marry her; for he found it impossible to gratify his wish in any other way. I, prompted and bound by my friendship, endeavoured to dissuade and divert him from his purpose, by the strongest arguments and most lively examples I could produce; but finding them all ineffectual, I resolved to communicate the whole affair to his father duke Ricardo.

Don Fernando, having abundance of cunning and discernment, suspected my intention; and was afraid that the obligation he saw I was under, as a faithful servant, would not allow me to conceal an affair so prejudicial to the honour of the duke my master; he therefore, in order to divert and deceive me, observed, that he could find no better remedy to remove the beauty that enslaved him from his remembrance, than that of absence for a few months; and therefore desired that we should go to my father's house, upon pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and purchasing some fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarce had he uttered this proposal, when, prompted by my love, exclusive of his prudent intention, I approved of it, as one of the best concerted schemes that could be imagined; and was rejoiced at meeting with such a fair conjuncture and occasion of returning to my dear Lucinda. Induced by this motive and desire, I applauded his pretence, and enforced his proposal, advising him to execute his plan with all speed; for absence would certainly do its office, in spite of the most established inclination. At that very time, as I afterwards understood, he had enjoyed the country maid, under the title of her husband, and waited for an opportunity of owning it with safety to himself, being afraid of the duke's resentment, in case he should discover his folly. It happened afterwards, that as love in young people is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, whose only aim is pleasure, and this being enjoyed, what seemed love vanishes, because it cannot exceed the bounds of nature; whereas real love is bounded by no such limits: I say, as soon as Don Fernando enjoyed the country girl, his desires were appeased, and his raptures abated; and if at first he pretended to seek a cure for them

them in absence, he now earnestly desired to be absent, that he might avoid any farther gratification.

The duke having given him leave, and ordered me to attend him, we arrived at our habitation, where he was received by my father in a manner suitable to his rank and family. I went instantly to visit Lucinda, whose presence in a moment rekindled all my desires, which indeed were neither dead or decayed within me: and, to my infinite misfortune, I made Don Fernando acquainted with my love, because I thought, by the laws of that intimate friendship with which he honoured me, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I therefore praised the beauty, grace, and discretion of Lucinda, in such a manner as excited his curiosity to see such an accomplished young lady. Prompted by my evil genius, I gratified his desire, shewing her to him one night by the light of a taper at the window from which I used to converse with her. At sight of her he absolutely forgot all the beauties he had formerly seen; he was struck dumb with wonder; he seemed to lose all sense, became absent and pensive; and, in short, enamoured of her to that degree, which you will perceive in the course of my unhappy story: and the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, and disclosed to Heaven alone, he happened one day to find a letter which she had written, desiring me to ask her in marriage of her father, so prudent, modest, and tender, that, upon perusing it, he said, "In Lucinda alone are concentrated all the charms of beauty and understanding, which are divided among the rest of her sex." True it is, and I will now confess it; and although I knew how justly Fernando applauded Lucinda, I was vexed at hearing these praises proceed from his mouth, and began to dread and suspect his inclination: for he was eternally talking of her, and always turned the discourse upon her, even when he was obliged to bring her in by the head and shoulders; a circumstance that waked a sort of jealousy within me: not that I imagined ought could alter the faith and affection of Lucinda; yet, notwithstanding, my destiny made me dread the very thing that confidence insured. Don Fernando always contrived means to read the letters I sent to Lucinda, together with her answers, on pretence of being highly pleased with the good sense they contained; and it once happened, that she having desired me to send her a book of knight-errantry, in which she took great delight, called *Amadis de Gaul*—

Don Quixote no sooner heard him mention this book than he said, 'Had you told me in the beginning of your story, that your mistress Lucinda was an admirer of books of chivalry, you would have had no occasion to use any other argument to convince

vince me of her sublime understanding; which I should not have deemed quite so extraordinary as you have represented it, had she wanted relish for that sort of reading: wherefore you need not spend any more words with me, in extolling her beauty, virtue, and good sense; for, upon the knowledge of her taste only, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and discreet lady in the universe. I wish, however, that you had sent along with Amadis de Gaul, the worthy Don Rugel of Greece: for I know your mistress Lucinda would have been greatly pleased with Darayra and Garayra, together with the judicious sayings of the shepherd Darinel, and those admirable verses of his eclogues, sung and represented by him with such grace, spirit, and discretion; but the time will come when that omission may be rectified: indeed, the fault may be repaired as soon as you shall please to accompany me to the place of my habitation, where I can supply you with more than three hundred books, which are the feast of my soul, and entertainment of my life; though now I recollect, not one of them remains in my possession; thanks to the malice of wicked and envious inchanters. But I hope you will be so good as to forgive me for having contradicted my promise of not interrupting your story; for when the subject turns upon chivalry or knights-errant, I can no more forbear interposing, than the rays of the sun can cease to warm, or those of the moon to wet; but I ask pardon; pray proceed with your story; for that is the most to the purpose at present.

While Don Quixote was talking in this manner, Cardenio hung his head, and fell into a profound reverie; and though the knight repeated his request, would neither lift up his head, nor answer one word. At length, after a long pause, looking up, 'You cannot,' said he, 'beat it out of my thoughts; nor is there any person upon earth, who can persuade me to the contrary; and he must be a blockhead who imagines or believes otherwise, than that the villain Master Elisabat carried on a criminal correspondence with Queen Madasima.'—'By Heaven, 'tis false,' cried Don Quixote, with great indignation and impetuosity, as usual: 'that report is the effect of malice, or rather mere wantonness. Queen Madasima was a most royal dame, and it is not to be presumed that a princess of her rank would confer her favours upon a mere quack doctor. Whoever thinks otherwise, lies like a very great scoundrel; and I will prove him such either on horseback or a foot, armed or disarmed, by night or by day, as will most suit his inclination.' Cardenio stood all the while looking attentively at him, and being by this time seized with the paroxysm of his madness, could not proceed with his story; neither, if he had proceeded, would

Don

Don Quixote have listened to it, for he was offended at what he had heard to the prejudice of Queen Madasima *, whose reputation interested him as much as if she had been actually his own mistress: such wonderful impression had those profane books made on his imagination!

I say then, Cardenio, being by this time under the influence of his distraction, and hearing himself called liar and scoundrel, with other terms of reproach, could not relish the joke; but, snatching up a large pebble that lay near him, aimed it so successfully at Don Quixote's breast, that he fell fairly on his back with the blow. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; but the lunatic received him with such a blow, as knocked him down to the ground at once, and then getting upon him, mauled his carcase to his heart's content: while the goatherd, who attempted to defend him, met with the same fate. Having thus mastered and pummelled them all round, he left off, and with great composure retreated to the thickets from whence he came. Sancho then arose; and, enraged to find himself handled in this manner for nothing, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, saying that he was to blame for the whole, because he had not informed him, that the man had intervals of madness; which had they known, they might have guarded against them. The goatherd affirmed, that he had apprized them of what might happen, and if they had not heard him, it was no fault of his. The squire replied; the goatherd retorted; and, in conclusion, they went by the ears together, and pulled each other's beards with such fury, that there would not have been a single hair left on either chin, had not Don Quixote interposed. Sancho, grappling stoutly with his adversary, cried, 'Give me leave, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance; this is no armed knight, but a plebeian like myself, of whom I can securely take satisfaction for the injury he has done me, by fighting him hand to hand, like a man of honour.'—'True,' said Don Quixote; 'but the cause of what hath happened cannot be justly imputed to him.' Peace accordingly ensued; and the knight asked the goatherd again, if there was a possibility of finding Cardenio; for he was extremely desirous of hearing the conclusion of his story. The goatherd repeated what he had said before, that he did not certainly know whereabout he resided; but if they should stay long in these parts, they could not fail of finding him either mad or sober.

* Queen Madasima, a lady in Amadis de Gaul, attended by one Elisabat, a surgeon, with whom she travels, and lies in woods and desarts.

CHAPTER XI.

Of the strange Adventures that happened to the valiant Knight of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena, where he did Penance, in Imitation of Beltenebros.

DON Quixote having taken leave of the goatherd, and mounted Rozinante again, commanded Sancho to follow him; and the squire, bestriding his ass, obeyed with great reluctance. As they advanced at leisure, into the most rocky part of the mountain, Sancho longed to death for an opportunity of talking, and waited impatiently till his master should begin, that he might not transgress his orders; but, being utterly unable to keep silence any longer, 'Sir Don Quixote,' said he, 'be pleased to give me your blessing, and grant me leave to return immediately to my wife and children, with whom, at least, I can talk and prattle my fill; for in commanding me to travel with you, through these desarts night and day, without opening my lips when I am disposed to speak, your worship buries me alive: if it were the will of Heaven, that beasts spoke as they did in the days of Hyssop, I should be less uneasy, because I would converse with my ass at pleasure, and that would be some comfort to me in my misfortunes; but it is a very hard case, and what I cannot bear with patience, to travel in search of adventures all my life, and find nought but rib-roastings, blanketings, robberies, and fisty-cuffs; and, after be obliged to sew up our mouths, without daring to bring up what lies upon our stomachs, more than if we were dumb.'

'I understand thee, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'thou art impatient until I take off the interdiction I have laid upon thy tongue. I take it off, then; say what you please, on condition that this repeal shall last no longer than the stay in this mountain.—be it so,' said Sancho; 'to-day I will speak, to-morrow God's will be done; and the first use I make of this safe-conduct, is to ask why your worship was in such a passion about that Queen Magimasa, or how d'ye call her; or of what signification was it to you whether that said Abat was her sweetheart or not? Had your worship overlooked that circumstance, that you had no concern in, I firmly believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have saved yourself the pebble-shot, with more than half a dozen kicks and cuffs.'

'In faith, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'if thou knewest, as I do, what an honourable and princely lady that Queen Madasima was, thou wouldst say, I had great patience in forbearing to demolish the mouth from whence such blasphemy proceeded;

ceeded; for sure, 'tis no less to say, or even think, that a queen should take a surgeon to her bed. The truth of the story is, that Master Elisabat, whom the lunatic mentioned, was a man of prudence and discernment, and served the queen in quality of tutor and physician; but to suppose that there was any indecent familiarities between them, is a piece of folly that deserves to be severely chastised: and to convince thee that Cardenio knew not what he said, thou mayest remember he was deprived of his senses, when he took notice of that circumstance.'—
 'This I'll venture to say,' replied the squire, 'that the words of a madman are not to be minded; for if fortune had not stood your worship's friend, and directed to your breast the pebble, that was aimed at your head, we should have been in a fine condition, for your having quarrelled about that lady, whom Heaven confound! you may depend upon it Cardenio would have been acquitted on account of his madness.'

'Every knight-errant,' said Don Quixote, 'is obliged to quarrel with those who are out of their senses as well as those who are in them, if they asperse the honour of women, whatsoever they might be. How much more, then, in behalf of princesses of such high quality and accomplishments as adorned Queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection on account of her admirable qualifications: for, over and above her beauty, she had a great share of prudence and resignation in her calamities, which were manifold: and the advice and company of Master Elisabat were of great service in encouraging her to bear her afflictions with patience and equanimity. From hence the ignorant and malicious vulgar took occasion to say and suppose that she admitted of his caresses; but they lie. I say again, all those who either say or think so, lie in their throats, and I will tell them so two hundred times over.'—
 'As for my own part,' said Sancho, 'I neither say nor think any such thing; those that do may dine upon it: if they were too familiar, by this time they have answered for it to God. I prune my own vine, and know nothing about thine. I never meddle with other people's concerns. He that buys and denies, his own purse belies, as the saying is. Bare I was born; and bare I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. If he did lie with her, that is no matter of mine. Many people hunt the hare without ever finding the scut; for, till you hedge in the sky, the starlings will fly. And evil tongues will not refrain from God himself.'

'Good Heaven,' cried Don Quixote, 'what fooleries art thou tringing together, Sancho? Pray, what relation have these old saws to the subject of our conversation? I charge thee to hold thy peace, and henceforth entertain thyself with spurring up

thy ass, and leave off talking of things which do not concern thee; or let thy whole five senses be convinced; that every thing I have done, am doing, or will do, is highly reasonable, and in exact conformity with the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than any knight that ever professed the order.' 'Yes; Sir, replied Sancho, 'to be sure it is an excellent law of chivalry, to stroll about bewildered in these mountains, where there is neither high road nor bye path, in search of a mad-man; who, after we have found him, will perhaps take it in his head to finish what he left undone; not of his story, but of your worship's pate, and my ribs, which he may chance to break in a thousand shivers.'

'I say again, Sancho,' resumed the knight, 'hold thy peace; for I would have thee know, that I am not detained in this place so much by the desire of finding the lunatic, as of performing in it an exploit by which I shall acquire everlasting renown throughout the whole known world; and put the stamp of perfection upon the wonderful efforts of knight-errantry!—'And will this exploit be attended with much danger?' said Sancho. 'No,' answered he of the Rueful Countenance; 'though the dice may run so as to produce bad instead of good fortune; but the whole will depend upon thy diligence.'—'Upon my diligence!' cried the squire. 'Without doubt,' answered his master; 'for, if thou wilt return speedily, from the place to which thou must be sent, my affliction will soon be at an end, and my glory will speedily begin: and, that I may no longer keep thee in suspense about the meaning of my words, know, Sancho, that the celebrated Amadis de Gaul, was one of the most perfect knights-errant: one of them, said I? he alone was the only, single, chief, and superior of all his cotemporaries. Contempt and shame upon Bellianis, and all those who say he equalled him in any one particular; for, by this light, they are all egregiously deceived! I say, moreover, when a painter desires to become famous in his art, he endeavours to imitate the originals painted by the most noted artists; and the same maxim holds in every other science and exercise that adorn a commonwealth: therefore, he who wants to attain the virtues of prudence and equanimity, must endeavour to imitate the character of Ulysses, in whose person and sufferings Homer has drawn an excellent picture of wisdom and patience, as Virgil, in the person of Æneas, represents the piety of an affectionate son, and the sagacity of a wise and valiant general: not that they are described and set forth exactly as they were, but as they ought to have been, as examples of virtue to posterity. In the same manner, Amadis shone like the north star, the Lucifer and sun of all valiant and amorous knights;

knights; and therefore must be imitated as a pattern by all those who serve under the banners of love and chivalry. Now, this being the case, friend Sancho, I find that the knight-errant who approaches the nearest to this great original, will bid fairest for attaining the perfection of chivalry: and one of the circumstances in which that knight gave the highest proofs of his worth, prudence, valour, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring to the poor rock, when he was in disgrace with his mistress Oriana; there to do penance under the feigned name of Beltenebros*; an appellation certainly very significant and proper to the way of life he had voluntarily chosen. As it is therefore more easy for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, overthrowing armies, scattering navies, and dissolving enchantments, and as this solitude is so well adapted to such designs, I am resolved to seize occasion by the forelock, which she now so complaisantly presents.'

'In reality,' said Sancho, 'what is your worship resolved to do in this remote place?'—'Have I not already told thee, replied the knight, 'that I am determined to imitate Amadis, in acting the desperado, the lunatic, and madman? to copy also after the valiant Don Roldan, when he discovered, in a fountain, certain marks by which he was convinced that Angelica the Fair had committed uncleanness with Medoro. A piece of information attended with such grief and anxiety, that he ran mad, tore up the trees by the roots, sullied the waters of the transparent springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, set fire to cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares along the ground, and performed a thousand other insolent feats worthy to be inserted in Fame's eternal record: and because I do not propose to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, for he went by all these names, literally in all the extravagancies he thought, said, and did, I will copy his outlines as well as I can, in the most essential parts of his character; nay, perhaps, I may content myself with the sole imitation of Amadis, who, by his tears and sighs alone, acquired as much fame as the other with all the mischief he did.'—'If I apprehend the matter aright,' said Sancho, 'the knights who played such mad pranks were provoked, and had some reason to act these fooleries and penance: but what cause hath your worship to turn madman? With what lady are you in disgrace? or by what signs are you given to understand that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been playing the rogue either with Moor or Christian?'—'This is the point,' answered Don Quixote, 'and refinement of my design; a knight who turns madman, because he cannot help

* The Beautiful Obscure.

it, can claim no merit from his misfortune; but the great matter is to run distracted without cause, and give my lady reason to conceive what I could do were I moistened, when I can do so much being dry. More especially, as I have sufficient cause in the long absence to which I am doomed by my ever darling mistress Dulcinea del Toboso; for, according to the words of the shepherd Matias Ambrosio, which thou mayest have heard,

“ In absence of my charming fair,

“ I suffer all those ills I fear.”

Wherefore, friend Sancho, you need not throw away your time unprofitably, in advising me to refrain from an imitation at once so admirably rare and happy: mad I am, and mad I shall be, until thou returnest with the answer of a letter which I propose to send by thee to my lady Dulcinea; and if it be such as I am entitled to by my love and fidelity, my distraction and penance will end; but, should it be otherwise, I shall run mad in earnest, and consequently be insensible of my misfortune: wherefore, let her answer be as it may, it will extricate me from the doubts and affliction in which thou leavest me; because, if it be favourable, I shall enjoy it in my right senses; and if it be unfavourable, my frenzy will not feel it.

But tell me, Sancho, hast thou taken care of Mambrino's helmet, which I saw thee take up, after that ungrateful vagabond endeavoured in vain to break it in pieces; a circumstance that proves the excellency of its temper? To this exclamation, Sancho replied, ‘ Fore God! Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I cannot suffer, nor bear with patience, some things which your worship says; for they make me imagine that all you have mentioned about chivalry, and acquiring kingdoms and empires, and giving away islands, with other favours and presents, according to the practice of knights-errant, is nothing but puffs of falsehood, and the mere effect of piction or fiction, or what do you call it? for who that hears your worship call a barber's bason the helmet of Mambrino, and sees you continue in that error so many days, but will believe, that he who affirms such nonsense must be very much crazed in his understanding? the bason, which is all bruised and battered, I have put up in my bag, in order to be mended at home, and used for the service of my own beard, if ever, by the grace of God, I come to see my wife and family again.’—‘ Hark ye, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ by the same oath you swore, I swear again, that thou hast the most slender understanding that any squire in this world does or ever did possess! Is it possible, that, after all thy travelling in my company, thou art not convinced that every thing belonging to knights-errant, appears chimera, folly, and distraction, being metamorphosed into the reverse of what it is,

by the power of a tribe of incanters who attend us, changing, converting, and restoring each particular, according to their pleasure, and the inclination they have to favour or annoy us: for which reason, what seems a barber's bason to thee, I can easily discern to be the helmet of Mambrino; and perhaps to a third it will assume a quite different appearance; and I cannot but admire the providence of the sage who is my friend, in making that which is really and truly Mambrino's helmet, appear a bason to the rest of mankind: because it is of such inestimable value, that if it was known, the whole world would combine to ravish it from me; but as it appears to them no more than a barber's bason, they never attempt to obtain it. This was plainly the case with the villain, who, having endeavoured to break it in pieces, left it on the ground, when he went off; whereas, had he known what it was, in good faith he would not have quitted it so easily. Keep it therefore with care, my friend, for at present there is no occasion for it; on the contrary, I shall strip off all my armour, and remain naked as I was born, in case I be inclined to imitate the penance of Roldan, rather than that of Amadis.'

Conversing in this manner, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain that stood alone, as if it had been cut out from the rest that surrounded it. A gentle rill murmured by the skirts of it, winding along a meadow, so green and fertile that it ravished the spectator's eye; while a number of forest trees that grew around, together with some delicious herbs and flowers, conspired to make the place enchanting. This was the scene in which the knight of the rueful countenance chose to do penance; and therefore he no sooner perceived it, than he began to exclaim aloud, as if he had actually lost his senses, 'This is the spot, ye heavens! which I chuse and appoint my residence, while I bewail that misfortune to which you yourselves have reduced me. This is the place where the tears from these eyes will increase the waters of that little brook; and where my profound and uninterrupted sighs will incessantly move the leaves of these mountain-oaks, in witness and testimony of the pangs which my tormented heart endures. O, ye rural deities, who-soever ye are, who take up your mansion in this uninhabited place, give ear to the complaint of an unhappy lover, whom a tedious absence and imaginary doubts have brought to lament among these craggy hills, and bemoan the cruel disposition of that ungrateful fair, who is the end and perfection of all human beauty! O, ye nymphs and dryads, who were wont to inhabit the hills and groves, (so may no nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom you are beloved, though loved in vain, disturb your sweet repose,) help me to bewail my mishap: or at least disdain

distain not to hear my moan! O, Dulcinea del Toboso! light of my darkness! glory of my affliction! north-star of my inclinations! and planet of my fortune! as Heaven shall pour upon you the blessings which you ask; consider the place and condition to which your absence hath exiled me, and put such a period to my woe, as my fidelity shall seem to deserve! O, ye solitary trees, who henceforth are to bear me company in this retreat, convince me, by the gentle waving of your boughs, that my presence gives you no disgust.—And thou, my squire, the agreeable companion of my good and evil fortune, faithfully retain in thy remembrance what thou shalt see me do, that thou mayest recount and rehearse every circumstance to the lovely cause of all my distraction! So saying, he alighted; and taking off the bridle and saddle from Rozinante, gave him a slap on the buttocks, pronouncing these words: ‘He who is a slave himself, bestows freedom upon thee, O steed, as excellent in thy qualities as unlucky in thy fate! go wheresoever thou wilt: thou bearest engraven on thy forehead, that thou wast never equalled in swiftness either by Astolpho’s Hypogriff, or the renowned Frontino, that cost Bradamante so dear.’

Sancho, hearing this apostrophe, ‘My blessing,’ cried he, ‘be upon him whose industry now saves us the trouble of taking the halter from the head of Dapple*, who, in good faith, should not want slaps on the buttocks, nor abundance of fine things said in his praise; but if he was here, I would not consent to his being turned loose, there being no reason for so doing; for he was never acquainted with love and despair, no more than I, who was his master, while it pleased God I should be so; and truly, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, if this departure of mine, and distraction of your worship, are really to take place, you had better saddle Rozinante again, to supply the want of Dapple; by which means a great deal of time will be saved in my going and coming; whereas, if I make the journey on foot, I know not when it will be performed, for, in short, I am a very sorry walker.’—‘I say, be it so then, Sancho,’ answered Don Quixote: ‘I approve of thy proposal, and assure thee that thou shalt set out in three days, during which I would have thee take notice of what I shall do for her sake, that thou mayest be able to give her a full account of my behaviour.’—‘What more can I see,’ said Sancho, ‘than I have seen already?’—‘You are pretty perfect in your story,’ answered the knight; but, as yet I have not torn my cloaths, scattered my armour, and dashed my head against the rocks, nor performed many other things of this sort, which thou wilt behold with admiration!’—‘For the love of God, Sir!’ cried Sancho, ‘take

* Lo! Sancho’s ass hath disappeared again.

care

care how you dash your head against the rocks; for you may chance to meet with such an one as will, at the first push, put the finishing stroke to this whole scheme of penance; and I should think, that as knocks of the head are absolutely necessary to complete the work, your worship might content yourself, seeing the whole affair as a sham, a counterfeit, and a joke; I say, your worship might content yourself with ramming your skull against water, or some soft thing, like a cotton bag; and leave it to my care to tell my lady, that your worship went to loggerheads with the point of a rock a thousand times harder than adamant.'—'Friend Sancho,' replied the knight, 'I am obliged to thee for thy kind intention; but thou must know, that what I do, is not a sham, but a very serious matter; for, to behave otherwise, were to transgress the orders of chivalry, which forbid us to lie, under pain of being degraded; and you know, that to substitute one thing instead of another, is downright telling a lie: wherefore, my knocks on the head must be real, hard, and effectual, and not sophisticated or imaginary; and it will be necessary to leave me some lint for my wounds, since it was the will of fate that we should lose the balsam.'

"It was a much greater misfortune," said the squire, "to lose the ass, and with him the lint and all; but I beseech your worship not to talk of that accursed drench, the sole mention of which not only turns my stomach, but even my very soul: and I beseech you, moreover, to suppose we have passed those three days, which you have appointed for shewing me your mad pranks; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders of them to my lady. Write the letter, therefore, and dispatch me forthwith: because I am impatient till I return and deliver your worship from that purgatory in which I leave you."—"Purgatory! call you it, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote: "it rather deserves the name of hell, or something worse, if worse can be."—"I have heard," said the squire, "that from hell there is no retention."—"I know not," replied the knight, "what you mean by retention."—"Retention," answered Sancho, "signifies, that whosoever goeth to hell, neither will nor can come back again. The contrary of which shall happen to your worship, or my feet will misgive me, provided I carry spurs to quicken Rozinante: and set me once face to face before my Lady Dulcinea, at Toboso, I will tell her such stories of the folly and madness, for they are both the same thing, which your worship has committed, and will then be committing, that though I should find her harder than a cork-tree, I will make her pliant as a glove; and with her sweet and honied answer, return through the air, like a witch, and deliver your worship from this purgatory, that appears like hell, though it be not really

really so, because there are some hopes of getting out of it; whereas those who are actually in hell can have no such expectation; and I dare say, your worship will not advance any thing to the contrary."

"That is all very true," said he of the rueful countenance; "but how shall we make shift to write this letter?"—"Aye, and the bill for the colts?"—added Sancho. "That shall be inserted in the letter," answered his master; "and I think, as there is no paper to be had in this place, the best thing we can do, will be to write it in the manner of the ancients, on the leaf of a tree, or on waxen tables; though, I believe, those will be as difficult to be found as the paper. But now I remember what will do well, and excellently well, for our purpose: I will write it in the pocket-book which belonged to Cardenio, and thou shalt take care to have it fairly transcribed in the first place where thou canst find a schoolmaster or a parish clerk to copy it. But by no means employ a scrivener, who may write it in such an unintelligible court-hand, that Satan himself could not understand it."—"But what is to be done about the signing of it?" said Sancho. "Love-letters are never signed," replied Don Quixote. "True," resumed the squire; "but all bills must be subscribed: and if this of yours were to be copied, they would say the subscription was counterfeit, and I might go whistle for my colts."—"The bill shall be subscribed with my own hand in the pocket-book; which my niece shall no sooner see, than she will comply with the order, without any farther objection: and with regard to the letter, instead of my subscription, thou shalt cause to be inserted, "Your's, till death; the Knight of the Rueful Countenance." And though it be written by another hand, it is of small importance, because, now I remember, Dulcinea can neither read or write, nor ever set eyes on any writing or letter of mine: for our mutual love has been altogether platonic, without extending farther than a modest glance; and even that so seldom, that I can safely swear, in twelve years, during which I have loved her more than the light of these eyes, which will one day be closed in dust, I have not seen her more than four times; and even in these four times, perhaps, she hath not perceived me looking at her more than once. Such is the restraint and reserve in which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up!"

"Ah, ah!" cried Sancho, "is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, whose other name is Aldonza Lorenza, the same with the Lady Dulcinea?"—"Yes," answered the knight; "and she deserves to be lady of the whole universe."—"I know her perfectly well," said Sancho; "and this will venture to say in her behalf

behalf, that she will pitch the bar as well as e'er a lusty young fellow in the village. Bless the sender! she is a strapper, tall, and hale wind and limb; and can lift out of the mire any squire or knight-errant, who shall chuse her for his sweetheart. Ah! the whore's chick! what a pair of lungs and voice she has got! I heard her one day halloo from the beifry to some young fellows of her acquaintance, who were at work in a corn-field of her father's; and, though it was at the distance of half a league, they heard her as plain as if they had been right under the steeple; and what is better still, she is not at all coy, but behaves herself civilly; and jokes, and romps, and plays the rogue with any body. Now, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I say that your worship not only has cause to run mad for her, but even to despair and hang yourself; and I am sure nobody that heard it, but would say you had done extremely well; even though the devil should run away with you; and truly I wish I were now upon my way, merely to see her; for I have not beheld her these many days: and, surely she must be greatly altered; for the sun and weather does very much damage to the face of a woman who is always at work in the field. To tell you the truth, Sir Don Quixote, I have hitherto lived in great ignorance with respect to my Lady Dulcinea, whom I verily believed to be some princess, that your worship was in love with; or a person of such rank as to deserve the rich presents you sent her; namely, the Biscayan and galley-slaves, with many others whom you conquered in the course of your numberless victories, both before and since I have been your squire. But, when one considers the affair, what benefits can my Lady Aldonza Lorenzo (I mean, my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso) reap from your worship's sending, or having sent those whom you overcome in battle, to fall upon their knees before her? especially as they might chance to come at a time, when she is busy, carding flax and threshing corn; in which case, they would be ashamed to see her, and she laugh and be out of humour at their arrival.'—'I have frequently observed before now, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that thou art an everlasting babbler; and, though of a shallow understanding, thy bluntness borders often on severity; but, to convince thee of thy own ignorance and my discretion, thou shalt give ear to a short story which I will relate.

'Know, then, that once upon a time, a certain handsome widow, young, free, wealthy, and, above all, good-humoured, fell in love with a thick, squat, brawny, lay-brother, belonging to a neighbouring convent; the superior of which being informed of the affair, said to the widow, one day, by way of brotherly reproof, "I am amazed, Madam, and not without cause, that

a lady of your rank, beauty, and fortune, should bestow your affection upon such a low, simple, clownish fellow; when there are so many masters, graduates, and divines, in the convent, among whom your ladyship may chuse, as one picks pears, saying, "This I like, that I loath." The lady answered, with great freedom and vivacity, "Signior, you are very much deceived, and very old-fashioned in your opinion; if you think I have made a bad choice in that fellow who seems so simple: for, in that particular which I admire, he is as much of a philosopher, nay, more than Aristotle himself." In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso is as proper for my occasions as the highest princess upon earth. All the poets, who have celebrated ladies, under names which they invented at pleasure, had not really such mistresses as they describe. Dost thou imagine, that all the Amaryllis's, Silvia's, Phillis's, Diana's, Galatea's, Alida's, and other names so often met with in romances, poems, barbers' shops, and on the stage, actually belonged to ladies of flesh and blood, who were adored by those who sing, and have sung their praises? No, surely; but, on the contrary, are, for the most part, feigned and adopted as the subjects of verse, that the poets might be thought men of amorous and gallant dispositions. Wherefore, let it suffice, that I imagine and believe the worthy Aldonza Lorenzo to be beautiful and modest: and, as to her pedigree, it is a matter of small importance; there is no necessity for taking information on that head, as if she were to be invested with some order of knighthood; and I take it for granted, that she is the noblest princess in the universe; for, thou must know, Sancho, if it be a thing of which thou art ignorant, that the two qualities, which, above all others, inspire love, are beauty and reputation: and these two is Dulcinea in consummate possession of; for in beauty she excels all women, and is equalled by very few in point of reputation. And, to conclude, I imagine that all I have said is true, without exaggeration or diminution. I paint her in my fancy according to my wish, as well in beauty as in rank; unexcelled by Helen, unrivalled by Lucretia, or any other heroine of ages past, whether Grecian, Roman, or Barbarian; and let people say what they will, if I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall be acquitted by the most rigid of those who are proper judges of the case.—"I say," answered Sancho, "that your worship is very much in the right, and I am no better than an ass: but I know not why I should mention the word ass; for one ought not to talk of halters in the house of a man who was hanged. But give me the letter, and farewell till I return."

Don Quixote pulled out the memorandum-book, and stepping

ping aside, with great composure, began to write the letter; which, when he had finished, he called to Sancho, saying, he wanted to read it to him, that he might retain it in his memory, in case he should lose it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his evil fortune. 'Your worship,' answered Sancho, 'may write it down two or three times in the book, and I will take special care to convey it safely; but it is folly to suppose that I can retain it in my memory, which is so bad, that I have many a time forgot my own name; but, notwithstanding, pray, Sir, read it to me; I shall be hugely rejoiced to hear it; for it must certainly be curiously penned.'—'Listen, then, and I will read it,' said Don Quixote, who began as follows:

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

'Sovereign and sublime Princess,

'HE who is wounded by the edge of absence, and whose heart is stuck full of the darts of affliction, most divine Dulcinea del Toboso! wishes thee that health which he is not doomed to enjoy. If I am scorned by thy beauty, if thy virtue affords me no relief, if thy disdain completes my misfortune; albeit I am inured to suffering, I can ill support the misery I bear; which hath not only been excessive, but also of long duration. My trusty squire, Sancho, will give thee an ample relation, O ungrateful beauty and lovely foe! of the situation in which I remain on thy account: if it be thy will to succour me, I am thy slave; if not, use thy pleasure; for the end of my life will satisfy thy cruelty and my desire. Thine till death.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

'By my father's soul!' cried Sancho, 'this is the highest thing I ever heard. Odds-biggers! how your worship writes whatsoever you please, and how curiously you conclude, "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance." I verily believe your worship is the devil himself, and knows every thing.'—'All that knowledge,' replied the knight, 'is necessary for the employment I profess.'—'Why, then,' said the squire, 'be so good as to write on the other leaf the order for the three colts, and be sure to subscribe distinctly, that when it is presented, your hand-writing may be known.'—'With all my heart,' said Don Quixote, who having written the order, read it aloud in these terms:

'Dear Niece,

'PLEASE to deliver to Sancho Panza, my squire, or orders at sight of this my first bill of colts, three of the five which I left at home in your custody; which three colts I order you to

pay, in return for the like number received of him : and this bill, together with his receipt, shall be a sufficient acquittance to you.

Given in the heart of the Brown Mountain, the twentieth and second of August, this present year.'

Sancho liked the form, and desired his master to sign it. 'There is no occasion for my signing it,' said Don Quixote, 'with any thing but my cypher, which is sufficient not only for three, but three hundred asses.'—'As to that, I will take your worship's word; and now give me leave to saddle Rozinante, which, when I have done, and received your blessing, I intend forthwith to depart, without staying to see you play any foolish tricks; though I will affirm, I have beheld you perform so many, that she will desire to hear no more of the matter.'—'At least, Sancho, said the knight, 'I would have thee, because there is a necessity for it, stay and see me strip, and perform a dozen or two of mad pranks, which I can easily finish in half an hour; for when thine eyes have been witnesses of some things I will act, thou mayest safely swear to what additions thou shalt make in thy report; and I assure thee thou wilt not relate the half of what I intend to atchieve.'—'For the love of God, dear Sir!' cried Sancho, 'let me not see your worship naked; for it will give me so much uneasiness, that I shall not be able to refrain from weeping; and my head aches already with the sorrow I felt last night about Dapple; so that I cannot bear to be set a mourning again; wherefore, if it be your worship's pleasure that I should see some of your mad actions, pray dispatch them in your clothes; and let them be such as will stand you in most stead: for my own part, I think there is no occasion for any such thing; and if you dispense with them, it will save time, and send me back the sooner with such news as your worship desires and deserves. For, if my Lady Dulcinea is not prepared to send a reasonable answer, I solemnly protest I will extract a favourable reply out of her maw, by kicking and cuffing. What! is it to be borne, that such a renowned knight-errant as your worship should run mad without why or wherefore, on account of a ——— I would not have her ladyship compel me to speak; or, egad, I shall blab things by the dozen, even though they spoil the market. I am a rare fellow at that sport. I find she knows a little of my temper, otherwise i'faith! she would take care to give me no offence.'—'In good faith, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou seemest to be as mad as myself.'—'Not quite so mad,' replied the squire, 'but a little more cholerick; but enough of that. What eatables has your worship got to live upon till my return? will you go to the high

high road, and rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?"—"Let not that give thee any concern," answered the knight; "though I had store of provisions by me, I should eat nothing but the herbs and fruits which this meadow and these trees afford; the perfection of my design consisting in abstaining from food; and in encountering other hardships."—"Your worship must know," said Sancho, "that I am afraid I shall not find my way back again to this concealed and unfrequented place, in which I leave your worship."—"Take good notice of the marks," answered the knight, "and I shall endeavour to remain always near this very spot: nay, I will take care to ascend the highest rocks hereabouts, that I may have a chance of descrying thee afar off, in thy return. But, the best scheme for preventing thy being bewildered, will be, to cut down some of the furze that grows here in great plenty, and drop bunches of it at small distances on the way, until thou shalt reach the flat country: and they will serve as land-marks to guide thee hither on thy return, like the clue of Theseus, in the labyrinth of Crete."

"I will take your advice," said Sancho; who, accordingly cutting a large bundle, begged his master's blessing, and took his leave, not without many tears on both sides. Then mounting Rozinante, whom Don Quixote strongly recommended to his care, commanding him to pay as much regard to the steed as he would shew for his own person; he set out for the plain, scattering by the way, the furze he had cut, according to the direction of his master. In this manner then did he begin his journey, notwithstanding the incessant importunities of Don Quixote, who solicited him to stay and see some of his extravagances: but he had not travelled above an hundred yards, when he returned, saying, "I confess your worship was in the right, when you observed, that, in order to my swearing with a safe conscience that I have seen you perform mad pranks, it would be necessary for you to play some in my presence; although, in my opinion, I have seen a pretty good sample already in your staying here by yourself."—"Did I not tell thee so, Sancho?" said Don Quixote: "wait a little, and I will finish them in a twinkling."—So saying, he stripped off his breeches in a great hurry, leaving his posteriors covered by the tail of his shirt alone, and without farther ceremony, cut a couple of capers, and a like number of tumbles, with his head down, and his heels up, disclosing particulars, which shocked the modesty of Sancho so much, that, in order to avoid the sight of them a second time, he turned Rozinante, fully satisfied and pleased, that he might honestly swear he had left his master distracted. We will therefore let him pursue his journey, till his return, which was more speedy than could be expected.

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✓ CHAPTER XII.

*A Continuation of the Refinements in Love, practiced by
Don Quixote in the Brown Mountain.*

BUT, to return to the account of what the Knight of the Rueful Countenance executed when he found himself alone. The history relates, that having performed the capers and the tumbles, naked from the waist downward, and perceiving that Sancho was gone, without waiting to see more of his extravagancies, he climbed to the top of a high rock, and there revolved what he had often reflected upon without coming to any conclusion; namely, whether it was better and more fit for his purpose, to imitate Orlando in his outrageous, or Amadis in his melancholy madness. 'It is not to be wondered at,' said he within himself, 'if Orlando was such a stout and valiant knight as he is represented; for he was actually enchanted, and invulnerable by every weapon but by the point of a pin thrust into his foot, upon which he always wore a shoe with seven soles of iron: though that precaution did not avail him against Bernardo del Capiro, who being informed of the contrivance, strangled him in his arms at the battle of Roncevalles: but the circumstance of his valour apart, let us consider that of his losing his senses, which actually happened, when he found the tokens in the fountain, and received the information of the shepherd, by which he learned that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Modero, the little Moor with curled locks, who was Agramante's page; and, truly, if he was convinced in his own mind, that his mistress had misbehaved in that manner, it was no great feat to run mad upon that discovery. But why should I imitate him in his madness, when the occasion is not similar? for my Dulcinea del Toboso, I dare swear, never in all the days of her life beheld one Moor in his own likeness; and is this day as much a virgin as the mother that bore her; I should therefore do her a manifest injury, in imagining otherwise, and adopting that kind of madness which possessed Orlando Enrioso. On the other hand, I am sensible that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his senses, or acting the madman, acquired as much or more fame than he, in the character of a lover; for, according to the history, all that he did, when he found himself in disgrace with his mistress Oriana, who banished him from her presence during pleasure, was to retire, in company of a hermit, to the poor rock, where he contented himself with bemoaning his misfortune, until Heaven sent him succour, in the midst of his great necessity and affliction. If this circumstance,

therefore,

therefore, be true, as I know it is, why should I now take the trouble of stripping myself naked, or give umbrage to these trees, which have done me no harm? or what reason have I to defile the pure stream of these rivulets, which, when I want it, will yield me pleasant drink? Flourish, then, the memory of Amadis! and let him be imitated as much as possible, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom may be said, that which is recorded of another *, "If he did not achieve great things, at least he died in attempting them." And, though I am not banished nor disdained by my Dulcinea, let it suffice, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. 'Come, then, let us begin: recur to my remembrance, ye feats of Amadis, and initiate me in the imitation of your fame. I know his chief exercise was prayer, and in that too will I follow his example.' So saying, he composed a rosary of the large galls of a cork tree, which he strung together instead of beads; but he found an unmountable difficulty in the want of an hermit to confess and console him; wherefore, he entertained himself in strolling about the meadow, writing and engraving verses on the barks of trees, and the smooth sand; all of them on the subject of his own melancholy, or in praise of his mistress Dulcinea; but, after he was found in this place, none, except the following, remained intelligible and entire.

I.

YE trees and herbs so green and tall,
That shade this meadow, and adorn,
If you rejoice not at my thrall,
Give ear unto a wretch forlorn;
Nor let my grief, though loud, invade
Your peace; but, by Don Quixote, be a
Self-offer'd tax of sorrow paid
In absence of his Dulcinea

del Toboso.

II.

These are the rocks to which he's driven
By her who seems not much to care for
The truest lover under heaven;
And yet he knows not why nor wherefore.
By love toss'd like a tennis-ball,
A cask of tears will not defray a
Whole day's expence of grief and gall,
In absence of his Dulcinea

del Toboso.

* Probably alluding to the epitaph of Phaeton.

*Hic citus est Phaeton, currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

Among

III.

Among these craggy rocks and brambles,
 He hangs, alas! on sorrow's tenters;
 Or curses, as alone he rambles,
 The cruel cause of his misventures.
 Unpitying love about his ears,
 With scourge severe, began to play a
 Most dreadful game, that made his tears
 Flow for his absent Dulcinea

del Toboso.

These verses, with the addition of del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea, afforded infinite diversion to those who found them: for they concluded Don Quixote had imagined, that, if he named her without this title, the stanza could not possibly be understood; and this was really the case, as he afterwards owned. Many other ditties did he compose; but, as we have already observed, none but these three stanzas could be decyphered and read. In this amusement, in sighing, invoking the fauns and sylfens of those woods, the nymphs of the brooks, with the damp and doleful echo, to hear, console, and resound his complaints, and in culling plants to sustain nature, he employed himself till the return of Sancho, who, had he stayed three weeks, instead of three days, the knight of the rueful countenance would have been so emaciated and disfigured, that he could not have been known by the mother who bore him.

However, it will not be amiss to leave him, engrossed by his sighs and poetry, in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza, in the execution of his embassy. Having reached the highway, his trusty messenger took the road to Toboso, and next day arrived at the very inn where he had met with the disgraceful adventure of the blanketing. He no sooner perceived the unlucky house, than he fancied himself cutting capers in the air again: and was very lothe to enter, although it was then dinner time, and he was very much instigated by the desire of tasting something hot, as he had lived for many days past on cold victuals only. This inclination compelled him to ride close up to the inn, where, while he was sitting in suspense, and hesitating whether or not he should enter, two persons happened to come to the door, and knowing him immediately, the one said to the other, "Pray, Mr. Licentiate, is not that man on horseback our neighbour Sancho Panza; who, as the house-keeper told us, went out with our adventurer in quality of squire?"—"The very same," answered the licentiate; "and that is the individual horse of our friend Don Quixote." And no wonder they should know him so easily; for they were no other than the curate and barber of the knight's town, by whom the

scrutiny

scrutiny and trial of his books were held. Having therefore recognized Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and being impatient to hear news of Don Quixote, they ran up to the squire, and the curate called him by name, saying, 'Friend Sancho, where is your master!' Sancho, who recollected them also, resolved to conceal the place and condition in which he had left his master; and therefore, answered, that the knight was in a certain place, employed about a certain affair of the utmost importance, which he durst not disclose for the eyes that stood in his head. 'That pretence will not do, Sancho,' said the barber; 'if you refuse to tell where he is, we shall imagine, as indeed we do, that you have robbed and murdered him, and taken possession of his horse; so that in good sooth, you must either produce him, or in this very spot, we will——' 'You have no occasion,' cried Sancho, interrupting him, 'to threaten people in this manner; I am not the man to rob and murder any person; every man must fall by his own fortune, or by the will of God that created him: my master is sound and safe, doing penance in the midst of that mountain, to his heart's content.' He then, without pausing, in a breath informed them of the condition in which he left him, recounted all the adventures which had happened to him, and told them of the letter he was carrying to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was no other than Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom his master was up to his ears in love.

They were astonished at what the squire related; and, though well acquainted with the particular species of Don Quixote's madness, this instance afforded fresh admiration: they desired Sancho to shew them the letter for the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and he told them it was only a rough draught, written on the leaf of a pocket book; and that his master had ordered him to get it transcribed on a sheet of paper, with the first convenient opportunity. The curate promised to transcribe it in a fair legible hand, and again desired a sight of it. Sancho put his hand into his bosom, in search of the book, which, however, he could not find; and indeed, had he fumbled till this time, it would have been to no purpose; for he had left it with Don Quixote, who had forgot to give, as he to ask it of him, before he set out. Sancho missing his charge, grew pale as death, and searching again his whole body with great eagerness, could find nothing; upon which, without more do, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and plucked one half of it from his chin; then, with vast dispatch and precipitation, belaboured his face and nose in such a manner, as left the whole covered with blood. The curate and barber seeing him make so free with his own person, asked what had happened to him, that made him handle himself so roughly. 'What has happened to

me!' cried the squire, 'I have lost and let slip through my fingers in an instant, three ass colts, each of which was as tall as a tower.' 'By what means?' resumed the barber. 'I have lost,' answered Sancho, 'the pocket book, in which was written the letter for Dulcinea, together with an order, signed by my master's own hand, desiring his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five which he has at home.' At the same time he told them how he had lost Dapple. The curate comforted him, by saying, that when he returned, his master would renew the order, and give him a bill upon paper, as the custom is, for those written in pocket books are never accepted or paid.

With this assurance Sancho consoled himself, observing, since this was the case, he should not give himself much uneasiness about the loss of the letter, which, as he retained it by heart, he could cause to be transcribed where and when he pleased. The barber desired him to repeat it, telling him they would transcribe it; upon which Sancho began to scratch his head, in order to recollect it, standing sometimes on one foot, sometimes on the other. One while he fixed his eyes upon the ground, then lifted them up to Heaven: at last, after a most tedious pause, during which he gnawed off the half of one of his nails, and kept his hearers in the most impatient suspense; 'Fore God, Mr. Licentiate,' said he, 'I believe the devil has run away with every word that I remembered of this letter; though I am positive it began with subterrene and sublime princess!'—'It could not be subterrene,' said the barber, 'but superterrene or sovereign.'—'You are in the right,' replied Sancho; 'then, if my memory does not fail me, it went on with the smitten, the sleepless, and the sore, kisses your hands, most ungrateful and unregarded beauty; and something or other of health and distemper which he wished her; running on at this rate, till he concluded with, your's, till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

The hearers were not a little diverted with this specimen of Sancho's memory, which they applauded very much, desiring him to repeat the letter again, twice over, that they might retain it, until they could have an opportunity of transcribing it. He accordingly renewed his efforts, repeated it three times; and as often recited three thousand other absurdities. He likewise gave them an account of every thing which had befallen his master; but mentioned not a syllable of the blanketing that had happened to himself, in that very inn which he refused to enter; nay, he gave them to understand that his master, as soon as he could bring him a favourable dispatch from my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, would put himself in the way of becoming

becoming an emperor or monarch at least, according to the plan settled between them. This he represented as a very easy matter, considering the valour of his person, and strength of his arm; and told them, that his design would be no sooner accomplished, than the knight would bestow upon him in marriage (for by that time he must of necessity be a widower) one of the maids of honour to the empress; a fine young lady, and heiress of a vast and wealthy estate upon the main land, without any oilands or islands, which he did not much care for.

Sancho uttered this piece of wrong-headed information with such composure, wiping his nose from time to time, that his townsmen could not help admiring anew the madness of Don Quixote; which, like a whirlpool, had sucked in and swept along with it the understanding of this poor simpleton. They did not chuse to fatigue themselves with endeavours to convince him of his error; but, as they believed it was not prejudicial to his conscience, resolved, for their amusement, to encourage him in his folly: with this view they advised him to pray to God for long life and health to his master; and observed, that it was a thing both likely and feasible that he should, in process of time, become an emperor, at least an archbishop, or attain some station of equal dignity. To this encouragement Sancho replied, 'Gentlemen, if fortune should bring matters about, so as that my master should incline to be an archbishop rather than an emperor, I should be glad to know what archbishops-errant bestow upon their squires?' The curate told him, that they commonly gave him some simple benefice, curacy, or the office of sacristan, with a good yearly income, besides the fees of the altar, which are usually reckoned at as much more. 'In order to fill an employment of this kind,' answered Sancho, 'the squire must be unmarried, and at least capable of assisting at mass; and if that be the case, what will become of me, who have not only the misfortune to be married, but am also ignorant of the first letter of the A. B. C.; should my master take it into his head to be an archbishop, rather than an emperor, according to the custom of the knights-errant?'—'Don't make yourself uneasy about that matter, friend Sancho,' said the barber; 'for we will entreat and advise your master, nay, even make it an affair of conscience, for him to become an emperor rather than an archbishop, as a station more suited to his disposition, which is more warlike than studious.'—'I was of the same opinion,' resumed Sancho; 'but now, I'll venture to say, he has a capacity for every thing: and what I intend to do, is to beseech our Lord to direct his choice to that station which will be most for his own honour and my advantage.'—'You speak like a sensible man,' said the curate; 'and in so doing will

will act the part of a good Christian; but our present business is to think on some means of putting an end to this useless penance your master has imposed upon himself; and in the mean time go in to dinner.' Sancho desired them to enter, saying, he would wait for them at the door, and afterwards tell them why he did not go in, and wherefore it was not proper for him so to do; but begged they would be so good as to bring out something hot for himself, and some barley for Rozinante. They accordingly went in, and in a little time the barber brought out a mess of hot victuals. After they had both maturely deliberated about the means of accomplishing their design, the curate fell upon a scheme extremely well adapted to the taste of the knight, as well as to their purpose. He proposed to clothe himself in the dress of a lady-errant, and that the barber should disguise himself, as well as he could, in the likeness of a squire; which being done, they should go to the place where Don Quixote was, and the priest, on pretence of being a damsel in distress, should beg a boon, which he, as a valiant knight-errant, could not help granting. This boon should be a request, that he would accompany her to a certain place whither she would conduct him, there to redress an injury she had received from a discourteous knight; and the boon should be attended with an humble supplication, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor ask any question about her affairs, until he should have done her justice upon her adversary. And as he firmly believed that Don Quixote would comply with any request made in that stile, he hoped, by these means, to withdraw him from the mountain, and conduct him to his own habitation, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for this strange disorder.

CHAPTER XIII. *scrip 26*

How the Curate and Barber set out on the Execution of their Plan: with other Events worthy to be recorded in this sublime History.

THIS scheme of the curate was so well relished by the barber, that they began to put it in execution immediately; by borrowing of the landlady a petticoat and tucker, for which the priest left a new cassock in pawn; while the barber made an artificial beard of the tail of a pied ox, in which the inn-keeper used to stick his comb. When the hostess asked what occasion they had for these things, the curate gave her a brief account

account of Don Quixote's madness, and explained the use to which they intended to put the disguise, in order to disengage him from the mountain where he then was. The innkeeper and his wife immediately discovered that this lunatic was no other than their quondam guest, who was author of the balsam, and master of the blanketed squire; and recounted to the curate every thing that had happened, not even forgetting the circumstance which Sancho was at such pains to conceal. In short, the landlady dressed up the curate in a most curious manner; she put upon him a cloth petticoat flounced and furbelowed, with a broad border of black velvet; and a close jerkin of green velvet, garnished with robings of white sattin, which, together with the petticoat, seemed to have been made in the reign of King Bamba*; he would not suffer himself to be coifed, but covered his head with a quilted linen night-cap, which he always carried about with him; and bound his forehead with a garter of black taffety, making a sort of mask with the other, which effectually concealed his countenance and beard. Over all, he flapped his beaver, which was so broad that it might have served for an umbrella; and, wrapping himself up in his cloak, mounted his mule, sitting sideways like a woman; while the barber bestrid his own beast, with his beard flowing down to his girdle, of a white and red colour, being made, as we have before observed, of a pied ox's tail.

Thus equipped, they took leave of every body present, even the kind Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to mumble a whole rosary over in prayers to God, for the good success of that arduous and Christian design they had undertaken; but scarce had they sallied from the inn, when the curate began to think he was to blame for disguising himself; it being, in his opinion, indecent for a priest to appear in such a manner, how much soever depended upon their success. He therefore proposed that he should exchange characters with the barber, who might act the part of the damsel in distress, while he took that of the squire, which he thought did not so much profane the dignity of the cloth; and unless his neighbour would agree to this proposal, he assured him he was resolved to go no farther, even if the devil himself should carry off Don Quixote. At that instant Sancho chanced to come up, and seeing them in such a garb could not refrain from laughing: in short, the barber assented to every thing the other proposed; and the plan being thus altered, the curate began to instruct him touching

* Bamba, or Wamba, king of the Visigoths in Spain, mounted the throne in the year 672, and was famous for his success against the Arabians, as well as for his attachment to the Christian religion, as a proof of which he retired into a monastery, and resigned the kingdom to Ervige.

his behaviour and speech to Don Quixote, in order to move and induce him to accompany them, and quit that place he had chosen for the scene of his vain and extravagant penance. The barber told him, that, without his lessons, he knew very well how to demean himself in the character; and as he did not chuse to put on the dress till they should be near Don Quixote, he folded it up with great care; the priest adjusted his beard; and both together proceeded on their journey, under the direction of Sancho Panza, who by the way related to them what happened between his master and the madman whom they met with in the Brown Mountain; concealing, nevertheless, the circumstance of the portmanteau, and its contents; for, notwithstanding his simplicity, our youth was as covetous as wiser people.

Next day they came to the broom boughs, which Sancho had strewed in order to ascertain the place where he had left his master: he no sooner, therefore, perceived his marks, than he told them that was the entrance into the mountain; and desired them to put on their dresses, if they were necessary towards the deliverance of his master: for they had already assured him, that their travelling in such disguise was of the utmost importance, in disengaging the knight from that disagreeable course of life he had chosen: and they charged him not to tell his master that he knew who they were; and if he should ask, as doubtless he would, whether or not he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, they advised him to answer in the affirmative, and tell him, as she could not read it, she had sent her answer by word of mouth, commanding him, on pain of her displeasure, to appear in her presence with all convenient speed, on an affair of the utmost consequence to him: for, with this answer, and other speeches they intended to make, they did not at all doubt of reconciling him to a better way of life, and prevail upon him immediately to begin his career towards being an emperor or king; and as to the office of archbishop, Sancho had nothing to fear. The squire listened to these directions, which he carefully deposited in his memory, thanking them heartily for their intention to advise his master to accept of an emperor's crown, rather than an archbishop's mitre; as he was very sensible that emperors could do more for squires than archbishops-errant. He also proposed to go before, in search of his master, and impart to him this answer of his lady, which, he assured them, would be sufficient to bring him out of the mountain, without their being put to any farther trouble. They approved of his opinion, and resolved to stay where they were until he should return with the news of his having found Don Quixote: accordingly, Sancho proceeded

ceeded towards the heart of the mountain, leaving them in a spot watered by a small purling brook, and shaded in a most cool and agreeable manner by some rocks and trees that grew round it.

It being then the month of August, when the heat in those parts is excessive, and three in the afternoon, which is the hottest time of the day, they were the more charmed with the situation, which was so inviting, that they chose it for the place of their residence until Sancho should return. While they lay at their ease, under the cover of this shade, their ears were saluted with the sound of a voice, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sung so sweet and melodiously, that they were struck with astonishment; little expecting to meet with such a delicious warbler in that unfrequented place; for though it is usually said, that the woods and mountains abound with shepherds, who sing most enchantingly, that report is rather the fiction of poets than the voice of truth: besides, the verses which they heard were not composed in the rustic phrase of clowns, but in a polite and courtly strain; as may be perceived by the song itself, which follows:

I.

Ah! what inspires my woeful strain?

Unkind disdain!

Ah! what augments my misery?

Fell jealousy!

Or say, what hath my patience worn?

An absent lover's scorn!

The torments, then, that I endure,

No mortal remedy can cure:

For every languid hope is slain,

By absence, jealousy, disdain!

II.

From Love, my unrelenting foe,

These sorrows flow!

My infant glory's overthrown,

By Fortune's frown!

Confirm'd in this my wretched state,

By the decrees of Fate,

In Death alone I hope release

From this compounded, dire disease;

Whose cruel pangs to aggravate,

Fortune and Love conspire with Fate!

Ah!

III.

Ah! what will mitigate my doom?

The silent tomb!

Ah! what retrieve departed joy?

Inconstancy!

Or say, can aught but frenzy bear

This tempest of despair?

All other efforts, then, are vain,

To cure this soul-tormenting pain,

That owns no other remedy

Than madness, death, inconstancy.

The hour, the season, and the solitude, conspired with the agreeable voice of the singer, to increase the wonder and satisfaction of the hearers, who listened for some time in expectation of something else; but the silence having continued a good while, they resolved to go in quest of the person who sung so enchantingly, and were just going to set out on this design, when they were arrested by the same voice, which again saluted their ears with this other song:

I.

O sacred Friendship! mild and gay,

Who to the regions of the bless'd

Hath soar'd, and left mankind a prey

To fraud, in thy resemblance dress'd.

II.

Auspicious hear, and hither send.

Thy sister Truth, with radiant eyes,

To brand the false professing friend,

Detected in the fair disguise.

III.

Or come thyself, and re-inspire

The purpose candid and humane;

Else Peace and Order will retire,

While Horror and Confusion reign.

This sonnet was concluded with a most profound sigh, and the curate and barber began again to listen for more; but finding the music converted into mournful sobs and interjections, they were determined to know who this melancholy person was, who sung so well, and groaned so piteously. They had not gone many paces with this intent, when turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same make and appearance that Sancho described when he related the story of Cardenio. He did not seem surprized at the sight of them, but stood with his head reclining upon his breast, in a very pensive posture, without lifting his eyes to look at them, after their first sudden appearance.

pearance. The curate, who was a well-spoken man, concluding, from the description, that this must be he whose misfortune he had been apprized of, went up, and, in a short but pathetic address, exhorted and entreated him to quit that miserable course of life, which was the greatest of all misfortunes, and altogether perverted the end of his being. Cardenio being at that time in one of his lucid intervals, entirely free of that frantic paroxysm which used so utterly to deprive him of his senses, and seeing two people so differently dressed from those he commonly met with in that solitude, could not help being somewhat surprized; especially, when he heard him talk of his misfortune as a circumstance with which they were well acquainted; for the curate had mentioned it in the course of his expostulation; and therefore he answered in this manner: 'I plainly perceive, gentlemen, that Heaven, which is careful in succouring the good, and sometimes even the bad, hath sent, though I little deserve such favour and condescension, divers people into this unfrequented solitude, so remote from all commerce and society, in order to convince me, by just and various arguments, how unreasonably I act in leading this kind of life, which they have endeavoured to make me exchange for a better; and, as they know not the reasons I have to think that, in quitting this situation, I shall be plunged into a worse, they have perhaps looked upon me as a person of very shallow understanding, or, which is still a conjecture more unfavourable, a downright madman: and truly, it is not to be wondered at, if that was really the case; for I can easily conceive that my misfortunes operate so intensely upon my imagination, and impair my faculties so much, that sometimes, in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary, I become, like that rock, void of all sentiment and knowledge; and am convinced of my infirmity too late, when people shew me the marks of what I have done, while I was under the influence of that terrible transport: then, all that I can do, is to bewail my distemper; curse my lot in vain; and, in excuse of my madness, relate my sufferings to all who express the least desire of hearing them; that those of sounder judgment, knowing the cause, may not wonder at the effects; and if they cannot prevent, at least pardon my frenzy; converting their indignation at my extravagance into compassion for my woes; and if you, gentlemen, are come with that intention, which hath brought others to this place, before you proceed with your prudent admonitions, I entreat you to hear the detail of my misfortunes; which you do not yet know, and then, perhaps, you will save yourselves the trouble which you might otherwise take in consoling an affliction that admits of no consolation.'

The two friends, who desired nothing else than to hear from his own mouth the cause of his misfortune, earnestly begged he would recount it, and promised to attempt nothing contrary to his own inclination in the way of remedy or comfort. Thus assured, the melancholy gentleman began his distressful story, nearly in the same words and circumstances which he had used a few days before, to Don Quixote and the goatherd, when he was interrupted in the affair of Mr. Elisabat, by the knight's punctuality in asserting the decorum of chivalry, as the particulars of that quarrel have been already related; but now he remained fortunately free from his paroxysm, and, of consequence, had time to finish the narration, which was imperfect before. When he therefore came to the circumstance of the letter which Don Fernando had found between the leaves of *Amadis de Gaul**, he said he remembered the contents, and accordingly repeated them in these terms:

“ Lucinda to Cardenio.

“ I every day discover new qualities in Cardenio, which oblige and compel me to esteem him the more. If you are inclined to extricate me out of all suspence, you may effectuate your purpose without the least prejudice to my honour; for my father, who is well acquainted with your virtues, loves me dearly, and, far from tyrannizing over my affections, will cheerfully grant that which is so justly your due, if your passion is such as I wish and believe it to be.”

“ I resolved, as I have already told you, to demand Lucinda in marriage, upon the receipt of this letter, which not only confirmed Don Fernando's high opinion of her prudence and virtue, but also inflamed him with the desire of ruining my hopes before I should be able to bring them to maturity. I told this faithless friend, Lucinda's father expected that mine should propose the match; and that I durst not communicate my desire to him, lest he should refuse to comply with it: not that he was ignorant of Lucinda's rank, virtue, beauty, and qualifications, which were sufficient to ennoble any other family in Spain; but, because I understood he was averse to my being married, until he should see what Duke Ricardo would do in my behalf: in short, I told him that I would not venture to propose it, being afraid not only of this ill consequence, but also of many others which I could not foresee; although I had a strong impression upon my mind, that my wishes would never be completed. In answer to this declaration, Don Fernando undertook to manage the affair, and prevail upon my father to

* There is no such letter mentioned in his conversation with Don Quixote, propose

propose the match to Lucinda's parents.—O villain! more ambitious than Marius, more cruel than Catiline, more savage than Sylla, more fraudulent than Galalon, more treacherous than Vellido*, more vengeful than Julian, and more covetous than Judas! Cruel, false, vindictive traitor! what injuries hadst thou suffered from this poor credulous wretch, who with such confidence disclosed to thee the most secret recesses of his soul?—What offence had he given? what words had he uttered, or what advice had he offered, that did not directly tend to thy honour and advantage?—But, unhappy that I am! wherefore should I complain? seeing it is a thing certain, that when once the tide of misfortune, heaped up by one's malignant stars, begins to descend with violence and fury, no earthly mound can oppose, nor human industry divert its course. Who could imagine that such an illustrious, accomplished young gentleman as Don Fernando, who lay under obligations for the services I had done him, and was powerful enough to obtain the gratification of his wish, whithersoever his amorous inclination pointed, should plague himself, as I may say, in attempts to rob me of my single lamb, even before I had possessed it?

But, let us lay aside these vain and unprofitable reflections, and rejoin the broken thread of my unfortunate story. Well, then, Don Fernando, perceiving that my presence would be an obstruction to the execution of his false and perfidious design, resolved to send me back to his elder brother, on pretence of getting money to pay for six horses, which he purposely bought that very day he undertook to speak to my father, in order to have an excuse for sending me away, that he might in my absence, the more easily succeed in his villainous intention. Was it possible for me to prevent this treachery, or indeed conceive his design? No, surely. On the contrary, I offered, with the utmost alacrity, to set out forthwith, so pleased was I with the purchase he had made. That very night I had a private conversation with Lucinda, in which I told her the scheme I had concerted with Don Fernando, and bade her rest assured in the hope that our just and honourable desires would soon be gratified. She, as little suspicious of Don Fernando's perfidy as I was, entreated me to return with speed, believing that our wishes would be completed as soon as my father should mention the affair to her's. I don't know upon what account, her eyes were filled with tears when she pronounced these words; and something that seemed to swell in her throat, prevented her from uttering another syllable, though she looked

* Who murdered Sancho I. king of Castile, while he was engaged in the siege of Zamora.

as if she had something more to say. I was confounded at this new circumstance, which had never happened before: and in all our former conversations, which my good fortune offered, or my diligence effected, there had been nothing but joy and satisfaction, without any mixture of tears, sighs, jealousy, dread, or suspicion; all my discourse used to consist of acknowledgments to Heaven, for having bestowed upon me such a mistress, whose beauty I extolled, and whose virtue and good sense I admired: while she returned the compliment, by praising those qualities in me, which she, in the partiality of her fondness deemed worthy of applause; besides, we used to entertain each other with an account of a thousand trifling accidents that happened among our neighbours and acquaintance: and the height of my vivacity never amounted to more than the seizure of one of her delicate white hands, and pressing it to my lips, through the narrow distance betwixt the rails that divided us. But, on that night which preceded the fatal day of my departure, she wept, sighed, and sobbed, and left me filled with confusion and surprise, and terrified at such unusual and melancholy marks of grief and affliction in my Lucinda. But I was flattered by my hopes, which ascribed the whole to the strength of her passion, and that sorrow which is commonly produced by the absence of a beloved object. In fine, I set out, pensive and sad, my imagination tortured with suspicions and doubts, which my reflection could neither digest nor explain: a sure presage of the melancholy fate that awaited me.

I arrived at the place of my destination, and delivered my letters to Don Fernando's brother, who received me kindly; but, far from dispatching me immediately, desired me, to my infinite regret, to wait eight whole days in a place where his father should not see me, because his brother had writ to him to send the money without the knowledge of the duke. But this was altogether an invention of the false Fernando, whose brother had money enough, and could have sent me back the very same day on which I arrived. This was such an order as I was scarce able to obey, for I thought it impossible to support life for so many days in the absence of Lucinda, considering the sorrow in which I had left her. Yet, notwithstanding I resolved to do my duty like a faithful servant, though I very well foresaw that my obedience must be at the expence of my peace. Four days of the eight were not yet elapsed, when a man came in search of me, and gave me a letter, the superscription of which I no sooner beheld, than I knew it to be written by Lucinda's own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing that there must be something very extraordinary in the case, which induced her to write to me in my absence;

absence: considering that while I was present, she had been so sparing of her pen*. But, before I had read a syllable, I asked the messenger, who had put it into his hands, and how long he had been upon his journey? He answered, that passing through a certain street about noon, he was stopped by a very beautiful young lady, who called to him from a window, saying with great earnestness, while the tears trickled from her eyes, "Brother, if you are a Christian, I entreat you to carry this letter to the person for whom it is directed; he is well known; and in so doing, you will render me a service. Here is something to defray the expence of your journey.—So saying, she threw down a handkerchief, in which were tied a hundred rials, this gold ring, and the letter I have delivered. Without waiting for a reply, she went from the window, after having seen me take up the handkerchief and the letter, and made signs that I would do as she desired. Finding myself so well paid for my trouble, and seeing, by the direction, that I knew you perfectly well; induced, moreover, by the tears of that beautiful young lady, I resolved to trust no other messenger, but deliver it with my own hand; and in sixteen hours, I have travelled to this place, which, as you know, is eighteen leagues from our town." While I listened to the information of this courier, my legs shook under me that I could scarce stand upright. At length I ventured to read the letter, which contained these words:

"THE promise which Don Fernando made to prevail upon your father to propose a match, hath been performed more to his inclination than your advantage. Know, Cardenio, that your pretended friend asked me in marriage for himself; and my father, swayed by the advantage Don Fernando has over you in point of fortune, hath given his consent; two days hence the nuptials are to be celebrated so privately, that only some people in the family are to be present at the marriage. My situation you may guess. If it be in your power, return with all speed, the event of this affair will shew whether I love you tenderly or not. Heaven grant that this may come to your hand before mine shall be presented to him who so ill performs the duty of a friend!"

* The original *pues presente pocas vezes lo havia*, signifies, 'Since while I was present she did it very seldom.' This at first sight appears a solecism, and the petulant critic will exclaim, 'What occasion had she to write to her lover who was present, unless she had lost the faculty of speech?' But the seeming absurdity will vanish, when we reflect that by *present*, he means in the same city with his mistress; to whom, however, according to the custom of Spain, he had little or no access but by a literary correspondence.

“This made me set out immediately, without waiting for any answer, or the money which I had come for. I plainly perceived that it was not the purchase of the horses, but his own treacherous intention, which had induced Don Fernando to send me out of the way. The indignation I conceived against him, together with the fear of losing the jewel which I had acquired, with such unwearied services and care, added wings to my speed, and conveyed me to the place of my habitation, just at the hour proper for my visit to Lucinda. I entered the town; and leaving my mule at the house of the honest man who brought the letter, I went to Lucinda, and was so far favoured by fortune as to find her.—We knew each other: though not as we ought. But, who is he who can arrogate praise to himself, for having fathomed and discerned the capricious sentiments and sickly disposition of woman? Surely no man on earth.—But this apart. Lucinda perceiving me, “Cardenio,” said she, “I am now in my bridal dress, and this moment expected in the hall by the traitor Don Fernando, my covetous father, and some other people, who shall bear witness to my death sooner than to my marriage. Be not confounded, but endeavour to be present at the sacrifice, which, if I cannot prevent by my declaration, I wear a dagger concealed, which can obstruct a more vigorous determination; and, by putting an end to my life, convince thee of the sincere passion I have always entertained, and still retain, for my Cardenio.” Afraid I should want time to answer her, I replied with great hurry and confusion, “Let your words be verified by your deeds, Madam. If you have a dagger to assert your love, I wear a sword to defend it.” I believe she did not hear all that I said, because she was called away in a hurry to the bridegroom, who waited for her.

“Thus deepened the night of my distress; thus set the sun of my happiness! I remained without light to my eyes, or reflection to my mind, for some time; I could neither resolve to enter her father’s house, nor remove to any other place; at length, however, considering of what consequence my presence might be, in case any thing extraordinary should happen, I recollected myself, as well as I could, and went in, without being perceived, as I was well acquainted with all the passages and corners of the house, and was favoured by the confusion which then prevailed in it on account of the nuptials. Thus entering, unseen, I found means to conceal myself in the hollow of a window in the hall, that was covered by the meeting of two pieces of tapestry, from behind which I could, without being perceived, observe every thing that happened.

“How shall I describe the throbbings and palpitations of my heart, the images that occurred to my fancy, the reflections that

that I made, while I remained in that situation! they were such as I neither can, nor ought to describe. Let it suffice to say, the bridegroom came into the hall, without any other ornaments than his usual dress, attended by a first cousin of Lucinda, in quality of bridesman, no other person being present, except some servants of the family. A little while after Lucinda came in from her closet, accompanied by her mother and two waiting women; and as richly dressed and adorned as her rank and beauty deserved. The suspense and transport of my soul would not allow me to observe and mark the particulars of her dress; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white; and the blaze of jewels that adorned her, which was even excelled by the singular beauty of her golden locks, that struck the eye with more splendor than all the precious stones, together with the light of four torches that burned in the hall.—O memory! thou mortal enemy of my repose! to what purpose dost thou now represent to my fancy the unparalleled beauty of that adorable foe? Cruel remembrance! rather recal to my view the particulars of what then happened, that, incensed by such a manifest injury, I may take vengeance, if not upon her, at least upon my own life. But you, gentlemen, must be tired with these digressions; though my misfortune is such as neither can nor ought to be superficially or succinctly related; because every circumstance, in my opinion, requires a full discussion. The curate answered, that, far from being tired, they were very much entertained by those minute particulars, which he thought deserved as much attention as the principal events of the story.

‘I say, then,’ resumed Cardenio, that the parties being assembled in the hall, the curate of the parish entered, and taking them both by the hands, in order to perform his functions, he said, “Madam Lucinda, are you willing to take Don Fernando here present for your lawful spouse, as holy mother church ordains?” At this question, I thrust out my whole head and neck from behind the tapestry, and, with the utmost attention and disorder of soul, listened to Lucinda’s answer, which I expected, as either the sentence of my death, or confirmation of my life.—O that I had boldly advanced, and called aloud, “Ah Lucinda! Lucinda! take care what you do: reflect upon your duty to me: remember you are mine, and can never belong to any other husband. Consider that my life must end the moment you answer yes.—Ha! treacherous Don Fernando! robber of my glory! death of my life! what are thy intentions? What wouldst thou have? remember that, as a Christian, thou canst not fulfil thy desires; for I am Lucinda’s husband, and she is my lawful wife!”—Fool that I am! now, when I am absent,

and far removed from the danger, I can reflect upon what I ought to have done. Now that I am robbed of all that was dear to my soul! accursed be the robber, on whom I might have taken vengeance, had my heart supplied with courage, as it now affords inclination to complain. In fine, as I then acted like a booby and a coward, it is but reasonable that I should now die of madness, sorrow, and shame. The priest waited for the reply of Lucinda, who declined it a good while; and when I expected she would either unsheath her dagger to vindicate her love, employ her tongue in the cause of truth, or utter some ingenious fraud that should tend to my advantage, I heard her pronounce with a weak and faltering voice, "Yes, I will." Don Fernando repeated the same words, and the ring being put upon her finger, they were united in the indissoluble bond of marriage; then he embraced his new-married spouse, who, laying her hand on her heart, fainted away in the arms of her mother. It now remains to describe my own situation, when I heard and saw my hopes thus baffled by Lucinda's breach of promise: and found myself rendered incapable of ever retrieving the happiness I had that instant lost. I remained without sense or reflection, abandoned, as I thought, by Heaven, and a declared enemy to that earth on which I lived. The air refused breath for my sighs, the water denied moisture for my tears; fire alone increased within me, in such a degree, that I was scorched with jealousy and rage! Lucinda's swooning threw the whole company into confusion; and her mother opening her breast to give her air, found in it a folded paper, which Don Fernando taking, read by the light of one of the torches, and then sat down in a chair, and leaned one side of his head upon his hand, in a pensive attitude, without minding the remedies they were applying for the recovery of his spouse.

I, seeing the whole family in confusion, ventured to come out, cost what it would; resolving, should I be seen, to do some desperate action that would convince the whole world of my just indignation, in chastising the false Don Fernando, and the fickle fainting traitress. But fate, that reserved me, if possible, for greater misfortunes, ordained that I should then abound in reflection, which hath since failed me; and resolve, rather than take vengeance upon my greatest enemies, who, as they had no suspicion of me, were then at my mercy, to turn upon myself that resentment which they so justly deserved to feel; and, perhaps, with more rigour than I should have exercised upon them, had I at that time sacrificed them to my rage; because sudden death is infinitely more easy than that which is lengthened out by lingering torments. In short, I quitted the house, and went to the place where I had left my mule, which
being

being saddled, I mounted her, and, without taking leave of my host, sallied out of town, dreading like another Lot, to look behind me. When I found myself alone in the open field, shrouded by the darkness of the night, and invited by the silence to complain, without caution or fear of being overheard or known, I raised my voice, and gave a loose to my indignation, in venting curses upon Lucinda and Don Fernando; as if those vain exclamations could have atoned for the injury they had done me. I bestowed upon her the epithets of cruel, false, perfidious, and ungrateful; but, above all, avaricious; since the wealth of my rival had shut the eyes of her love, detached her from me, and swayed her inclination towards him to whom fortune had shewn herself more kind and liberal. Yet, in the midst of these reproaches and invectives, I could not help excusing her, observing, it was no wonder that a damsel, educated under restraint, in the house of her parents, bred up, and always accustomed to obey them, should comply with their will and pleasure, in marrying a young gentleman of such wealth, rank, and qualifications, that her refusal might have been thought to proceed either from want of sense, or a passion for some other man, which would have been a suspicion equally prejudicial to her virtue and reputation: then I argued on the other side of the question; saying, had she owned that I was her husband, her parents would have seen she had not committed an unpardonable crime in making such a choice: since, before the offer of Don Fernando, they themselves could not have desired, had their desires been bounded by reason, a better match than me for their daughter; and consequently, before she complied with that compulsive injunction of giving her hand to another, she might have told them, that she had already given it to me; in which case, I would have appeared, and confirmed the truth of every thing she should have feigned for the occasion; in fine, I concluded, that superficial love, slender understanding, vast ambition, and thirst after grandeur, had obliterated in her memory those professions by which I had been deceived, cherished, and supported, in the unshaken hope of my honourable desires.

‘ In this exclamation and anxiety I travelled all night; and in the morning found myself in one of the passages to this mountain, in which I proceeded three days more, without high-road or bye path, till I stopped at a small meadow, that lies either on the right or left of these rocks; there I enquired of some goatherds whereabout the most craggy part of the mountain was; and, according to their directions, thither I rode, resolving to put an end to my life. When I arrived among these ragged rocks, my mule fell down dead of weariness and hunger; or, as I

rather believe, to disencumber herself of such a useless load as then burdened her; and I remained on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any support. In this situation, I know not how long I continued stretched upon the ground; but, at length, I got up without feeling any cravings of hunger, and found myself in the midst of some shepherds, who, doubtless, had relieved my necessity. Indeed, they told me in what condition I had been found, uttering such incoherent and extravagant expressions, as clearly demonstrated that I had lost my senses. Since that time, I have frequently perceived my intellects so crazy and unsound, that I performed a thousand mad actions, tearing my cloaths, bellowing through these unfrequented places, cursing my fate, and repeating in vain the beloved name of my fair enemy, without any connected sentences, or indeed any other intent than that of putting an end to my life by violent outcries; and when I recover the use of my senses, I find myself so weak and exhausted, that I scarce can move. My usual habitation is the hollow of a cork tree, large enough to contain this miserable carcase; the cow and goatherds, who frequent these mountains, maintain me out of charity, by leaving food upon the road, or rocks, on which they think I may chance to find it; and, even while I am deprived of my understanding, natural instinct teaches me to distinguish this necessary nourishment, awakening my appetite and desire of seizing it for my use. They tell me, too, when they meet with me in one of my lucid intervals, that at other times I sally out by the highway, and take it by force from the shepherds, as they are bringing it from their cots, although they offer it of their own accord. In this manner I lead my woeful and wretched life, until Heaven shall be pleased to put a period to it, or give me grace to forget the beauty and falsehood of Lucinda, together with the wrong I have suffered from Don Fernando. If this shall happen before I die, my intellects will return into their right channel; otherwise there is nothing to be done, but to supplicate Heaven to have mercy on my soul; for I find I have not power to extricate myself out of this extremity, into which I was plunged.

‘This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune; tell me, if you think it could have been rehearsed with less concern than I have shewn; and pray give yourselves no trouble in offering to me such persuasions and advice, as your reason prompts you to think will do me service; for they can have no other effect upon me, than the prescription of a celebrated physician upon a patient who will not receive it. I will have no health without Lucinda; and since she who is, or ought to be, mine, hath attached herself to another, I, who might have been the

child of happiness, am now the willing votary of woe. She, by her inconstancy, wants to fix my perdition; and I welcome it, in order to gratify her desire, and be an example to posterity, of one who wanted that consolation which almost all the wretched use! namely, the impossibility of receiving comfort; a consideration that increases my misery, which, I fear, will not end even with death.'

Thus did Cardenio wind up the long thread of his amorous and unfortunate story; and just as the curate was about to give him his best advice and consolation, he was prevented by a voice that saluted his ears, and in mournful accents pronounced what will be rehearsed in the fourth book of this narration: for, in this place, the third is concluded by the sage and attentive historian Cid Hamet Benengeli.

PART I. BOOK IV. 37.

CHAPTER I.

Of the new and agreeable Adventure that happened to the Curate and Barber in the Brown Mountain.

JUST as the curate was ready to offer some consolation to Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice in these mournful accents: 'Would to God I could find a place to serve as a tomb for this wearisome burden of life, which I bear so much against my inclination! this very spot will yield me what I ask, if I can trust the solitary appearance of these mountains. Alas! how much more agreeable is the company of these rocks and thickets, which give me opportunities of complaining to Heaven, than that of faithless man! since nature hath not created one of whom I could reasonably expect advice in difficulty, comfort in affliction, or remedy in distress!'

This exclamation was distinctly overheard by the priest and his company, who, arose to make enquiry. They had not gone twenty paces, when, behind a rock, they perceived a boy sitting under an ash-tree, in the habit of a peasant. Their approach they managed with silence, while the boy's attention was employed in bathing his legs, that seemed two crystal pillars, which had been produced among the pebbles in the rill. They were surprized at the whiteness and beauty of his feet, which they could not believe had been formed to tread the clods, and follow the cattle or plough, as his dress indicated. The curate, who went foremost, finding himself unperceived

by the youth, made signs for the rest to hide themselves behind a rock. All three stood gazing attentively at the boy, who was clad in a double skirted grey jacket, girted about the middle with a white napkin, and wore breeches and hose of the same cloth, with a grey hunting-cap upon his head; the hose being pulled up to the middle of his leg, which actually seemed of white alabaster. Having washed his delicate feet, he wiped them with a handkerchief which he took out of his cap, and lifted up his head, shewing a face of such exquisite beauty, that Cardenio said to the curate, ' Since that is not Lucinda, it can be no earthly, but some celestial being ! ' The youth taking off his cap, and shaking his head, a large quantity of hair, that Apollo might envy, flowed down upon his shoulders, and discovered to the spectators that the supposed peasant was a woman, the most delicate and handsome that the curate and barber had ever beheld; or even Cardenio, had he not seen and been acquainted with Lucinda, who alone, he observed, could contend with her in beauty. Her golden locks fell down in such length and quantity, as not only covered her shoulders, but also concealed every other part of her body except her feet; and, instead of a comb, she made use of her hands, which appeared among her hair like moulds of drifted snow. All these circumstances increasing the desire to know who she was, they resolved to shew themselves; and at the stir they made in advancing, the beauteous phantom raised her head, and parting her locks with both hands, to see what occasioned the noise, she started up, and, without staying to put on her shoes, seized a bundle that lay by her, and betook herself to flight, full of consternation and surprize: but she had not run six yards, when her delicate feet, unable to bear the roughness of the stones, failed under her, and she fell to the ground. This accident being perceived by the other three, they ran to her assistance, and the curate approaching her first, ' Stay, Madam, ' said he, ' whosoever you are: those whom you see have no other design than that of doing you service: therefore there is no necessity for your attempting such a precipitate flight, which neither your own feet nor our inclination will allow. ' To this address she made no reply, being quite astonished and confused: but the priest taking her by the hand, proceeded in this manner. ' Madam, though your dress concealed, your hair hath discovered manifest signs, that it must be no slight cause which hath shrouded your beauty in such unworthy disguise, and brought you to this solitude, where it is our fortune to find you; and to offer our best advice: for no grievance can harrass or drive the afflicted to such extremity, while life remains, as to make them shut their ears against that counsel which is given with the most humane

humane and benevolent intention. Wherefore, recollect yourself from the confusion in which the sight of us hath thrown you, and tell us the particulars of your evil fortune, in full assurance of finding us disposed to sympathize with your affliction.

While the curate pronounced these words, the disguised damsel stood wrapt in attention, gazing at them all round, without moving her lips, or uttering one syllable, like a country villager gaping at rarities which he had never seen before: but the priest enforcing what he had said, with other arguments to the same effect, she heaved a profound sigh, and broke silence, saying, since these solitary mountains have not been able to conceal me, and my loose dishevelled hair allows me not to disguise the truth, it would be in vain for me to feign such things as your reason could not believe, though your courtesy might excuse them. On that supposition, I thank you gentlemen, for your humane offer, which lays me under the obligation of giving you all the satisfaction you desire; though I am afraid that the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will, instead of compassion, excite your disgust; for you will find it impossible either to cure my woes, or teach me to bear them with fortitude; but, nevertheless, that my reputation may not suffer in your opinion, as you have discovered me to be a woman, and a young one, alone, and in this disguise; circumstances which, considered either together or apart, might prejudice my good name in this world; I will freely disclose to you those things, which, if possible, I would have willingly concealed.

All this preamble was uttered in a breath by the beautiful apparition, with such volubility of tongue, and sweetness of voice, that they admired her good sense as much as her beauty; and repeating their proffers of service, as well as their intreaties that she would perform her promise; she, without farther importunity, put on her shoes with great modesty, adjusted her hair, and sat down in the midst of her three hearers, upon a seat in the rock, where having endeavoured to repress a few tears that started in her eyes, she with a clear and deliberate voice, began the story of her life in this manner.

‘In this province of Andalusia, there is a place, from whence a certain duke, one of those who are called grandees of Spain, derives his title: he hath two sons, the eldest of whom is heir to his estate, and, in all appearance, to his good qualities; but the younger inherits nothing that I know but the treachery of Vellido, and falsehood of Galalon. To this nobleman my parents are vassals; and though low in pedigree, so considerable in wealth, that, if their descent was equal to their fortune, they would have nothing more to desire, nor I the mortification of
seeing

seeing myself in this distress; for, I believe, my misfortunes proceed from their defect in point of birth, which, though not so mean as to make them ashamed of their origin, is not splendid enough to overthrow my conjecture about the source of my affliction; in short, they are farmers, of a plain honest family, without the least intermixture of Moorish blood; but, as the saying is, old rusty Christians; aye, and so rusty, that by their riches and opulent way of living, they are gradually acquiring the title of gentlefolks, nay, of quality too; though what they prized above all riches and title, was their happiness in having me for their daughter; and therefore, as they had no other child to inherit their estate, and were naturally the most affectionate of parents, I was beloved and indulged by them with the utmost degree of parental fondness. I was the mirror in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their age, and shared with Heaven their whole attention and desires, with which, as they were pure and unblemished, my own perfectly corresponded; and therefore I was mistress of their affection as well as their wealth. By my advice they received and dismissed their servants; the tale and account of what was both sowed and reaped, passed through my hands; I managed the oil-mills, the vineyards, the herds and the flocks, the bee-hives, and every thing that such a rich farmer as my father may be supposed to possess; in short, I was steward and mistress; and acted with such care and œconomy, that I should not find it easy to exaggerate the pleasure and satisfaction which my parents enjoyed. Those parts of the day that remained, after I had given all due attention to the herdsmen, overseers, and other day-labourers, I employed in exercises equally decent and necessary for young women, such as lace-making, needlework, and spinning; and if, at any time, I interrupted these employments, in order to recreate the mind, I entertained myself with some religious book, or diversified my amusement with the harp; being convinced by experience, that music lulls the disordered thoughts, and elevates the dejected spirits. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have described it too minutely, it is not through ostentation, in order to display our riches, but with a view of manifesting how innocently I forfeited that happy situation, and incurred the misery of my present state. While I passed my time in these occupations, my retirement was such as almost equalled that of a nunnery, being seen by nobody, as I thought, but the servants of the family; for I went to mass early in the morning, accompanied by my mother and the maids, and veiled with such reserve, that my eyes scarce beheld the ground on which I trod; yet, nevertheless, I was perceived by those of love, or rather

rather libertinism, which even exceeds the lynx in penetration, and then possessed the faculties of Don Fernando, younger son of the duke whom I have already mentioned.'

She no sooner mentioned the name of Don Fernando, than Cardenio changed colour, and began to sweat with such agitation, that the curate and barber, perceiving it, were afraid he would be seized with one of those fits of distraction which, as they had assaulted him from time to time: but, after some drops of sweat had burst out upon his skin, he remained quiet, and looking earnestly at the farmer's fair daughter, immediately guessed who she was; while she, without observing the emotions of Cardenio, went on with her story in these words: 'And he no sooner beheld me, than, as he afterwards protested, he deeply felt the power of love; which indeed his behaviour clearly evinced; but, to shorten the account of my misfortune, which is lengthened beyond all comfort, I will pass over in silence the industrious schemes that Don Fernando planned, for opportunities of declaring his passion. He bribed every servant in the family, and even made presents and proffers of service to my relations: there was nothing but gaily and rejoicing all day long in our street; and all night, it was impossible to sleep for serenades. The letters which, through an unknown channel, came to my hand, were without number, filled with the most amorous flights and professions, and vows and promises in every line; but all these efforts, far from soothing, hardened me against him, as much as if he had been my mortal foe; and all the stratagems he practiced, in order to subdue my coyness, had a quite contrary effect: not that I was disgusted at the gallantry of Don Fernando, or enraged at his importunities, for I felt a certain kind of pleasure in being courted and beloved by such a noble cavalier; neither did I take umbrage at seeing myself praised in his letters; for it is my opinion, that all women, let them be never so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for beauty; but to all these artifices, I opposed my own virtue, together with the repeated advices of my parents, who plainly perceived the passion of Don Fernando, because he himself took no care to conceal it from the world. They assured me, that in my virtue and prudence alone they confided and deposited their own honour and reputation: they bade me consider the inequality between Don Fernando and me, which was a convincing proof that his love, though he himself asserted the contrary, tended more to his gratification than my advantage; and said, if I could throw any obstruction in his way, to make him quit his unjust pretensions, I should be married immediately according to my own choice, either to one of the principal persons of our
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own town, or to some gentleman in the neighbourhood, as I had abundance of lovers, attracted by their wealth and my reputation. With these assurances, the truth of which I could not doubt, I fortified my integrity, and would never send any reply to Don Fernando, that could in the most distant manner flatter him with the hope of accomplishing his wish: but all my reserve, which he ought to have looked upon as the effect of disdain, served only to whet his libidinous appetite, which is the true name of the passion he professed; for, had it been genuine love, you would not now be listening to my story, which I should have had no occasion to recount.

‘ In fine, Don Fernando got notice that my parents intended to bestow me in marriage, that they might deprive him of all hope of possessing me, or, at least, provide me with more guards to protect my virtue; and this piece of news alarmed him so much, that he put in practice an expedient to retard the dreaded match. One night while, I sat in my apartment, attended by my maid only, the doors being all fast locked, that through negligence my virtue might not be in danger, without knowing or comprehending the means of his conveyance, he appeared before me, in the midst of this reserve, precaution, solitude, silence, and retreat! At sight of him, I was so much confounded, that the light forsook my eyes, and my tongue denied its office; so that being deprived of the power of utterance, I could not cry for help; neither, I believe, would he have suffered me to exclaim; for he instantly seized me in his arms, my confusion being such, that I had not strength to defend myself, and began to pour forth such protestations; that I cannot conceive how falsehood is able to ape truth so exactly. The traitor’s tears gave credit to his words, and his sighs confirmed the honesty of his intention. I, being a poor young creature by myself, altogether unexperienced in those affairs, began, I know not how, to believe his false professions; but, not so as to be moved to weak compassion, either by his vows or artful sorrow; on the contrary, my first surprize being over, I recollected my dissipated spirits, and with more courage than I thought myself possessed of, said to him, “ Signior, if, instead of being within your arms, as I now am, I was in the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance entirely depended upon my doing or saying any thing prejudicial to my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to comply with these terms, as it is impossible for that which is, to lose its existence; wherefore, though you keep my body confined within your arms, I am in full possession of my soul, with all her chaste desires, which are entirely opposite to yours, as you will plainly perceive, if you resolve to gratify your wishes by force. I am your vassal,
but

but not your slave; the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the power of dishonouring or despising the lowliness of mine; and my character is as precious to me, though I am but a plebeian farmer's daughter, as yours can be to you, who are a nobleman and cavalier. All your strength could not effect your purpose; neither am I to be influenced by your riches, deceived by your words, or melted by your sighs and tears. Any of these expressions in a man, to whom my parents should give me in marriage, would gain my consent and reciprocal inclination; nay, if my honour were safe, I could sacrifice my satisfaction, and voluntarily yield what you, Signior, now attempt to obtain by force; this I observe, that you may rest assured, I will never grant any favour to him who is not my lawful spouse."

"If that be your sole objection, charming Dorothea," (for that is the name of this wretched creature) said the perfidious cavalier, "behold I here present my hand, in pledge of being your's for ever; and may Heaven, from which nothing is concealed, together with that image of the blessed Virgin, bear witness to the sincerity and truth of this declaration!" Cardenio, when she called herself Dorothea, was surprized anew, and was confirmed in his first conjecture; but, unwilling to interrupt the story in which he expected to hear the issue of what he already knew, he only said, 'Is your name Dorothea, Madam? I have heard of one of that name, to, whose misfortunes your's bear a great resemblance: but pray proceed; the time will come when I shall tell you such things as will equally excite your terrors and affliction.' Dorothea, surprised at the discourse of Cardenio, as well as at his strange and ragged attire, intreated him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to communicate it immediately; saying, that if fortune had left her any thing of value, it was the courage to endure any disaster that might befall her; though she was almost certain, that what she had already suffered could admit of no addition. 'Madam,' replied Cardenio, 'I would not be the means of impairing that fortitude, by telling you what I know, if my conjecture be right; neither is there any opportunity lost, nor is it of any consequence to you, whether you hear it or not.'—'Be that as it will,' answered Dorothea, 'I will go on with the sequel of my story. Don Fernando, addressing himself to the image he found in my apartment, invoked the blessed Virgin to bear witness to our nuptials, and avowed himself my husband with the most binding and solemn oaths; though, before he proceeded so far, I desired him to reflect upon what he was going to do, and consider how much his father might be incensed at his conduct, when he should find him married to the daughter of his own

farmer and vassal. I cautioned him against being blinded by my beauty, such as it was, telling him it would be far from being a sufficient excuse for his error; and begged, if he had any love and regard for me, he would manifest it, in leaving me to a fate more adequate to my rank and circumstances; observing, that such unequal matches were seldom blessed with a long duration of those raptures with which they begin.

‘All these reflections I repeated to him, with many more which I do not remember; but they had no effect in diverting him from the prosecution of his purpose; for he was like a man, who, in making a bargain, never boggles at the price of the commodity, because he never intends to pay it. At the same time, I held a short conference with my own breast, saying within myself, “Neither shall I be the first, who, by marriage, has risen from a low station to rank and grandeur; nor will Don Fernando be the first nobleman, whom beauty, or rather blind affection, hath induced to share his greatness with a partner of unequal birth. Since, therefore, I neither make a new world, nor a new custom, it is but reasonable in me to embrace this honour that fortune throws in my way; and although the affection he professes should not survive the accomplishment of his wish, I shall nevertheless, in the sight of God, remain his true and lawful wife. Besides, should I treat him with disdain, I see he has determined to transgress the bounds of duty, and avail himself of force; in which case, I shall be dishonoured, and inexcusable in the opinion of those who do not know how innocently I have incurred their censure; for where shall I find arguments to persuade my parents, that this cavalier entered my apartment without my knowledge and consent?”

‘All these reflections, which my imagination revolved in an instant, began to sway me towards that which (though I little thought so) proved my ruin; especially when aided and enforced by the oaths of Don Fernando, the powers he called to witness, the tears he shed, and, in short, by his genteel carriage and agreeable disposition, accompanied by such marks of real passion, as might have incited any other heart as soft and unexperienced as mine. I called my maid to be a joint evidence with the powers of Heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths; took other saints to witness his integrity; imprecated a thousand curses on his head, in case he should fail to fulfil his promise; had recourse to sighs and tears again, straining me still closer in his arms, from which he had never released me. By these means, and the departure of my maid, I forfeited that name, and he became a false and finished traitor.

‘The morning that succeeded this night of my misfortune, did

did not arrive so soon, I believe, as Don Fernando could have wished: for, when once a man hath satisfied his rage of appetite, his chief inclination is to quit the scene of his success. This I observe, because Don Fernando seemed impatient to be gone; and, by the industry of my maid, who had conducted him to my chamber, found himself in the street before day: when he took his leave, he told me, though not with such violence of rapture as he expressed on his first coming, that I might depend upon his honour, and the sincerity of the oaths he had sworn; as a farther confirmation of which he took a ring of value from his finger, and put it upon mine. In short, he vanished, leaving me in a situation which I can neither call joyful nor sad. This I know, that I remained in a state of confusion and perplexity, and, as it were, beside myself, on account of what had happened; but I either wanted courage or memory to quarrel with my maid for the perfidy she had been guilty of in conducting Don Fernando to my apartment; indeed, I could not as yet determine, whether the adventure would redound to my advantage or misfortune. I told him at parting, that now I was his wife, he might see me any night by the same means he had used to procure the first interview, until he should think proper to make our marriage public: but, except the following night, I could never set eyes on him, either in the street or at church, during a whole month, which I spent in the utmost anxiety of expectation; although I knew he was in town, and almost every day employed in the chace, an exercise to which he was greatly addicted. Those were doleful and distracting hours and days to me; for then I began to doubt, and afterwards to disbelieve, the faith of Don Fernando; then was my maid exposed to those rebukes for her presumption, which she had never heard before; then was I obliged to husband my tears, and wear composure on my countenance, that I might not give occasion to my parents to ask the cause of my discontent, and be put to the trouble of inventing falsehoods to deceive them. But all this constraint was banished by an event, the knowledge of which trod down all other respects, put an end to all my prudent measures, and, by destroying my patience, published my misfortune to the world. This was no other than a report that soon after prevailed in our town, by which I learned that Don Fernando was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of exceeding beauty, and distinguished birth, though her parents could not give her a portion suitable to such a noble alliance. I understood her name was Lucinda, and that several surprizing accidents had happened at their nuptials.

Cardenio bearing Lucinda's name, though he said nothing,

shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, contracted the skin of of his forehead, and discharged from his eyes two fountains of tears; but, notwithstanding, Dorothea continued her story, saying, ' This melancholy piece of news no sooner reached my ears, than, instead of freezing, it inflamed my heart with such rage and fury, that I had well nigh run out into the streets, and and published aloud the falsehood and treachery he had practised upon me: but my rage was restrained for that time, by a plan which I conceived, and actually put in execution that very night, I dressed myself in this garb, which I received from one of the swains belonging to the house, to whom I disclosed my whole misfortune, intreating him to attend me to the city, where I understood my adversary was. After having disapproved of the attempt, and blamed my resolution, seeing me determined, he offered to keep me company, as he said, to the world's end: that moment I packed up my woman's dress in a pillow-case, together with some jewels and money, as a resource in time of need; and in the dead of that very night, without giving the least hint to my perfidious maid, left my father's house, and accompanied by my servant, and a thousand strange imaginations, set out for that city on foot, winged with the desire of finding Don Ferdinando: and resolved, though I could not prevent what was already done, to demand with what conscience he had done it.

' In two days and an half I arrived at the city, and enquiring for the house of Lucinda's parents, the first person to whom I put the question, told me more than I desired to hear. He directed me to the house, and related every incident which had happened at his daughter's wedding; a story so public, that it was the common town-talk. He said, that on the night of their nuptials, after she had pronounced the " Yes," by which he became her husband, Lucinda was seized with a violent fit; that Don Fernando opened her breast to give her fresh air, found in it a paper written with her own hand, importing that she could not lawfully espouse Fernando, being already the wife of Cardenio, who, as the man told me, was one of the principal cavaliers of that town; and that she had now pronounced the fatal " Yes," merely because she would not swerve from the obedience she owed to her parents; in short, he said, the contents plainly gave them to understand, that she intended to make away with herself immediately after the ceremony, induced by the reasons which were there contained; and this resolution was confirmed by a poignard which they found concealed in some part of her dress. Don Fernando perceiving, by what happened, that Lucinda had baffled, scorned, and undervalued his addresses, ran to her before she had re-
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covered the use of her senses, and with the poignard they had found, would have stabbed her to the heart; had he not been prevented by her parents and the rest of the company. It was, moreover, reported that Don Fernando immediately retired; and that Lucinda continued in a fit till next day. When she recovered from her swoon, she declared to her father and mother, that she was the true and lawful wife of the same Cardenio, who, it seems was present at the ceremony; and who, when he saw her actually married, contrary to his former belief and firm expectation, quitted the city in despair, having first left a writing that declared the wrong she had done him, and signified his intention to banish himself for ever from the society of mankind. All this transaction was so notorious and public in this city, as to furnish discourse for every body; and the subject was not diminished, when it was known that Lucinda was not to be found either in her father's house, or in any other part of the town, which were searched all over by her parents, who had almost run distracted, not knowing what other methods they should take to retrieve her. This information revived my hopes a little; for I was better pleased to have missed Don Fernando, than to have found him married to another; thinking, that every gate of comfort was not yet shut against me; and that Heaven, perhaps, had thrown that impediment in the way of his second marriage, with a view of making him reflect upon what he owed to the first; and reminding him of his being a Christian, consequently more interested in the care of his own soul than in any other human concern. All these things I revolved in my imagination; and, as I had no real comfort, consoled myself with the most feeble and distant hope, in order to support a life which I now abhor.

While I remained in this city, undetermined what course to take, as I could not find Don Fernando, I heard a public crier describe my person and dress, and offer a considerable reward to any one that should discover where I was. Nay, it was said, that I had seduced from my father's house, the young man who attended me; a circumstance that touched me to the very soul: finding my credit fallen so low, that they were not satisfied with publishing my escape, but must needs also mention my attendant, a creature so mean and unworthy of my attention and regard, as soon as I heard myself proclaimed, I quitted the town, accompanied by my servant, who already began to give marks of staggering in his promised faith and fidelity, and that night reached the most woody part of this mountain, urged by the fear of being discovered: but, as it is commonly observed, one mischance invites another, and the end of one misfortune is often the beginning of a worse, this

was literally my case : my trusty servant, who had hitherto behaved with such zeal and fidelity, seeing me in this solitary place, and instigated by his own villainy rather than any beauty of mine, attempted to avail himself of the opportunity which he thought this desert offered : and with great impudence, contempt of Heaven, and disregard to me, began to talk of love ; when, finding that I rejected his immodest proposals with just indignation and disdain, he laid aside intreaties for the use of those who might please to use them, and began to employ force for the accomplishment of his will ; but, just Heaven, who seldom or never abandons the righteous intention, favoured and assisted mine so effectually, that, with the little strength I have, and no great trouble, I pushed him over a precipice, unknowing whether or not he survived the fall ; then, as nimbly as my weariness and terror would allow, I penetrated farther into the mountain, without any other thought or intention, than that of keeping myself concealed from my father, and those whom he had employed to find me out.

‘ I know not how many months I have lived in this place, where I met with a grazier who took me into his service, and carried me to his house, which stands in the very heart of this mountain. Him I served all this time in quality of a cowherd, endeavouring to be always in the field, that I might the more easily conceal that hair which now so unexpected discovered my sex : yet, all my care and industry were vain ; for my master having found me out to be a woman, was seized with the same desire that took possession of my own servant. But fortune with the evil, does not always send the remedy ; for, I could neither find rock nor bog, by which I might have disabled my master, as I had before punished my man ; and therefore, as the least inconvenience, I have left his house, and chosen to hide myself again among these thickets, rather than try my strength against him, in defence of my innocence. I say, I returned to these woods, in hopes of finding a place in which I might, without impediment, implore Heaven with sighs and tears, to have compassion upon my misery, and give me industry and grace to overcome it, or quit my being in this solitude, without leaving behind me the least trace or remembrance of this forlorn wretch, who, without any fault of her own, hath afforded so much matter for conversation and censure both at home and abroad.’

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CHAPTER II. 28

Of the beautiful Dorothea's Discretion, with other pleasant and entertaining Particulars.

THIS, gentlemen, is the genuine detail of my tragic story; consider, therefore, and judge whether or not I have sufficient cause to heave more sighs than I have vented, utter more complaints than you have heard, and shed more tears than have flowed from mine eyes: and when you should have deliberated upon the quality of my misfortune, you will perceive how vain all consolation must be, as the disease admits of no remedy. I only ask what you easily can, and ought to grant, namely, that you would inform me where I can pass my life, without being harrassed by the surprize and fear of being found by those who are in search of me. For, though I am well assured, that my parents, out of their great love and affection, would receive me again into their favour, such is the shame and confusion I feel at the bare thought of their having altered their opinion to my prejudice, that I would rather conceal myself from their sight for ever, than appear in their presence under the suspicion of having acted contrary to the expectations they entertained from my virtue.' So saying, she left off speaking, and her face was overspread with a blush that plainly denoted the sentiments and confusion of her soul. Those who had heard her story, were equally surprized and afflicted at her misfortune; to which the curate was going to offer some consolation and advice, when Cardenio took her by the hand, saying, 'It seems, then, Madam, you are the beauteous Dorothea, only daughter of Cleonardo the rich!' She was astonished to hear her father's name pronounced by one of such a miserable appearance, (for we have already observed how wretchedly Cardenio was clothed,) and said to him, 'And who are you, brother, who know so well my father's name; which, if I remember aright, I have not once mentioned in the whole course of my unfortunate story?'

'I am,' replied Cardenio, 'that unfortunate man, to whom, as you have observed, Lucinda said she was married. I am that miserable Cardenio, whom the villainy of him who reduced you to your present situation, hath brought to this deplorable condition in which you now see me, ragged, half-naked, destitute of all human comfort, and, which is still worse, deprived of my understanding, except at certain short intervals, that I enjoy by the permission of Heaven. I, Dorothea, am the person who

was present at the perfidy of Don Fernando, and heard Lucinda pronounce the fatal "Yes," by which she accepted him for a husband. I am he who wanted resolution to wait the issue of her swoon, or stay and see the result of that paper which was found in her bosom; for, my soul could not sustain the shock of such accumulated misfortune; and therefore, I quitted the house, already abandoned by my patience, and leaving a letter with my host, whom I charged to deliver it into Lucinda's own hand, and betook myself to these desarts, with an intention here to finish the life which from that instant I have abhorred as my most inveterate foe. But fate hath not been pleased to grant my wish, contenting itself with having deprived me of my judgment, with a view, perhaps, of reserving me for better fortune; which I begin to hope may proceed from this lucky meeting with you, since, if that which you have recounted be true, as I believe it is, there is a possibility that Heaven may have in store for us both a more favourable termination of our disasters than we imagine; for supposing that Lucinda, who is already my wife, as she hath openly declared, cannot be married to Don Fernando, nor he lawfully wed her, being already espoused to you, I think we have reason to hope, that Heaven will one day restore what mutually belongs to us; as it is neither alienated, ruined, nor irretrievable. And since this consolation still remains, sprung from hopes that are not very remote, and founded on expectations which are not the effects of a disordered imagination, I entreat you, Madam, in the purity of your sentiments, to change your resolution, as I intend to alter mine, and accommodate yourself to the hopes of better fortune; for, I swear upon the faith of a gentleman and a Christian, that I will never abandon you, until I see you in the arms of Don Fernando, whom if I cannot by reasonable arguments, bring to a true sense of his duty towards you, I will then use that privilege to which every gentleman is intitled, and in single combat demand satisfaction for the injury he has done you, without minding my own wrongs, which I will leave to the vengeance of Heaven, that I may the sooner revenge your's upon earth.

This speech of Cardenio put an end to the surprize of Dorothea, who being at a loss how to thank him for his kind and generous offer, stooped in order to kiss his feet, but this piece of condescension he would by no means allow. The priest answering for both, approved of Cardenio's declaration; and, in a particular manner, intreated, advised, and persuaded them, to accompany him to the village where he lived, in order to provide themselves with what they wanted; and there consult some scheme either for finding Don Fernando, or for carrying Dorothea back to her parents, or, in short, for doing that which should

should seem most necessary and convenient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him for his courteous offer, which they immediately embraced; and the barber, who had been silent and attentive all this time, having joined the curate in his compliments and hearty proffers of service, briefly recounted the cause which brought them thither; namely, the strange madness of Don Quixote; observing, that they were then waiting for the return of his squire, whom they had sent in quest of his master. Cardenio immediately, as if it had been the faint impression of a dream, recollected and related the quarrel which had happened between the knight and him, though he could not remember the cause of the dispute.

At that instant they heard and recognized the voice of Sancho; who, not finding them in the place where he had left them, hallooed aloud: upon which they went to meet him, and enquiring about Don Quixote, were told by the squire, that he found him naked to the shirt, wan, meagre, half-famished, and sighing for his mistress Dulcinea; that when he (Sancho) told him she had commanded him to quit that place, and go immediately to Toboso, where she waited with impatience to see him, he had answered, that he was determined never to appear before her, until he should have performed such achievements as would render him worthy of her favour; and Sancho observed, that if this resolution should hold, it was possible he might never attain to the rank of an emperor, as he was in duty bound, nor even to that of an archbishop, which was the least he could expect. He desired them, therefore, to consider some means of disengaging the knight from his solitude. The priest bade him be under no concern, for they would fall upon a method to remove his master whether he would or no.

Then he explained to Cardenio and Dorothea, the plan they had laid to cure Don Quixote of his madness, or at least to bring him back to his own house. This Dorothea no sooner understood, than she told him, that she was more proper than the barber for acting the part of the distressed damsel; especially, as she had cloaths along with her, that would answer the purpose; and bade them trust to her, for representing every part of the character which should be necessary towards the success of their design, for she had read a great many books of chivalry, and was perfectly well acquainted with the stile in which afflicted damsels were wont to beg boons of knights-errant. 'If that be the case,' said the curate, 'let us not delay the execution of our scheme; for, without doubt, Heaven seems to favour my endeavours; not only in opening a door so unexpectedly towards the cure of your misfortunes, but also in making you subservient in facilitating our success.' Dorothea

then pulled out of her pillow-case, a gown and petticoat of very rich stuff, with a beautiful green mantelet, and opening a little casket, took out a rich necklace and other jewels, with which she instantly dressed herself to such advantage, that she appeared like a lady of the first rank and fortune. All these, and other ornaments, she said, she had carried off from her father's house, in case of what might happen; though hitherto she had met with no opportunity of using them. Every one present was charmed with her graceful mien, easy deportment, and exceeding beauty; and passed sentence on Don Fernando, as a person of little taste and discernment, for having abandoned such excellence. But the admiration of Sancho was superior to that of all the rest; for he actually thought, and indeed it was true, that in all the days of his life, he had never seen such a beautiful creature; and, accordingly, asked the curate, with great eagerness, who that handsome lady was, and what she looked for in these bye places. 'Friend Sancho,' answered the curate, 'that handsome lady, to say no more of her, is heiress, in the direct male line, of the kingdom of Micomicon*, come hither to beg a boon of your master, that he would redress a wrong and grievance done to her by a discourteous giant; for such is the fame and reputation of that excellent knight Don Quixote, through the whole extent of Guinea, as to induce this princess to come from thence in quest of him.'—'Blessed quest!' cried Sancho, 'and happy finding, say I! especially if my master should be so fortunate as to right the wrong, and redress the grievance, by killing that son of a whore of a giant that your worship mentions; and kill him he certainly will, if they should once meet, provided he be not a phantom; for you must know, my master has no power over phantoms. But one thing above many others, I must beg of you, Mr. Licentiate, and that is, to put my master out of conceit of an archbishopric, for I am afraid his inclination leans that way, and advise him to marry this princess out of hand, a match which will make it impossible for him to receive holy orders; and therefore he will the more easily arrive at the seat of empire, and I at the end of my wish. For I have carefully considered the affair, and by my reckoning, I shall not find my account in his being an archbishop, as I am altogether unfit for the church, by reason of my being married; and for me, who have a wife and children, to be petitioning for dispensations to hold livings, would be an endless task. Wherefore, Signior, the point is this: let my master immediately take to wife this same lady, whose name I do not know; for, indeed, I never saw her grace before this blessed minute.' 'She is called the Prin-

* As if he had said Ape-land, *mico* signifying an ape.

cess Micomiconia,' replied the curate, 'because her kingdom being Micomicon, it is plain her name must be Micomicon.' 'Yes, to be sure,' said Sancho; 'I have known several people take a surname and addition from their place of nativity, calling themselves for example, Pedro d'Alicala, Juna de Ubeda, Diedo de Valadolid; and I suppose they have the same custom in Guinea, where the queens take their names from the kingdoms they rule.' The priest confirmed Sancho's opinion, and promised to use his utmost influence to promote the marriage of the knight. With this assurance Sancho rested as much satisfied as the other was surprized at his simplicity, when he perceived how carefully he cherished, in his imagination, the same extravagant whims that possessed his master, whom he firmly believed would one day become an emperor.

By this time, Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber's face accommodated with the ox's tail by way of a beard, they desired Sancho to guide them to the place where Don Quixote was, and cautioned him against pretending to know the licentiate and his companion, assuring him that his master's becoming an emperor entirely depended upon his professing ignorance of their persons. Yet neither the curate nor Cardenio would accompany them; because the presence of this last might recall to the knight's memory the quarrel which had happened between them; and it was not yet proper that the priest should appear; for which reasons they let the rest proceed by themselves, and they followed at a small distance, after the curate had given her cue to Dorothea; who desired him to make himself perfectly easy on her account, for she would act the part assigned to her, without the least occasion for a prompter, in the true stile and spirit of knight-errantry.

Having travelled about three quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote already cloathed, though still unarmed, sitting in the midst of a labyrinth of rocks; and Dorothea no sooner understood it was he, in consequence of Sancho's information, than she whipped up her palfrey, close attended by the well-bearded barber, who, when she approached the knight, threw himself from his mule, and ran to help his lady to alight. But she, dismounting with great agility, went and fell upon her knees before Don Quixote, whom, in spite of his repeated endeavours to raise her, she accosted in these words:

'Never will I rise from this posture, most valiant and invincible knight, until your benevolence and courtesy grant me a boon, which will not only redound to the honour and applause of your own person, but also to the advantage of the most injured and disconsolate damsel that ever the sun beheld; and if

the valour of your mighty arm corresponds with the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to favour the unfortunate, who, attracted by the odour of your celebrated name, come from far distant regions, in quest of your assistance.'—Beauteous lady, replied Don Quixote, 'I will not answer one word; nor hear one circumstance of your affairs, until you rise from the ground.'—'I will not rise, Signior,' answered the afflicted damsel, 'until I shall have obtained from your condescension, the boon I beg.'—'I condescend and grant it,' resumed the knight, 'provided, in so doing, I act neither to the detriment nor derogation of my king, my country, and her who holds my heart and liberty *.'—'Your compliance, worthy Signior,' replied the mourning lady, 'shall in no ways affect the exceptions you have made.'

At that instant Sancho came up, and whispered softly in his master's ear, 'Your worship may safely grant the boon she asks, which is a mere trifle; no more than slaying a giantish sort of a fellow; and she who begs it, is the high and mighty Princess Micomicona, Queen of the great empire of Micomicon in Ethiopia.'—'Whoever she is,' answered Don Quixote, 'I will do what I am in duty bound to perform, and act according to the dictates of my own conscience, and conformable to the order I profess.' Then turning to Dorothea, 'Rise, most beautiful lady,' said he, 'the boon you ask is granted.'—'Then, what I ask is this,' resumed the damsel, 'that your magnanimity would accompany me to the place from whence I came, and promise to attempt no other adventure, nor grant any other request, until you shall have taken vengeance on a traitor who hath usurped my crown, contrary to all right human and divine.'—'I grant your request, Madam,' answered Don Quixote; 'henceforth you may dispel that melancholy with which you are depressed, and let your fainting hope resume new strength and vigour; for, with the assistance of God, and this my arm, you shall in a short time see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your royal ancestors, in defiance and despite of all those evil-designing persons who

* When a knight had once granted a boon in this manner, it was impossible for him to retreat, let the request be never so extravagant. We are told by Joinville, that the queen of St. Lewis, being big with child, and in the utmost terror of falling alive into the hands of the infidels at Damietta in Egypt, fell upon her knees before an old knight turned of fourscore, and conjured him to grant her a boon: the old man having promised to comply, on the faith of his knighthood, she told him the favour she so pressingly solicited, was, that he would cut off her head before she should fall alive into the hands of the enemy, provided the Saracens should become masters of the town. The senior answered, without hesitation, that she might depend upon his word; and owned he had taken that resolution even before she signified her request.

mean

mean to oppose you: let us set hands to the work then; for according to the common observation, Delay breeds danger.'

The distressed damsel struggled with great perseverance to kiss his hand; but Don Quixote, who was in all respects a well-bred knight, would by no means allow such humiliation: on the contrary raising her up, he embraced her with great politeness and cordiality, ordering Sancho to secure Rozinante's girths and help him to arm with all expedition. The squire taking down the armour, which hung on a tree, in the manner of a trophy, and adjusting the horse's girths, in a twinkling, equipped his master, who finding himself armed, 'Now,' said he, 'let us go, in the name of God, to the assistance of this high-born lady.' The barber, who was all this time on his knees, at infinite pains to preserve his gravity and his beard, the fall of which, perhaps, would have utterly ruined their laudable design, when he found the boon was granted, and saw with what eagerness the knight undertook to fulfill it, rose up, and, with the assistance of Don Quixote, helped his lady upon her mule again; then her protector bestrode Rozinante, and he himself mounted his own beast, while Sancho Panza, being left on foot, felt the loss of Dapple anew: but this he contentedly bore, believing that his master was now in the right road, and almost at the very point of being an emperor; for he assured himself, that the knight would wed that princess, and so become king of Micomicon at least: the only uneasiness he felt, was on account of that kingdom being in the land of negroes, so that all his servants and vassals must be black; but his imagination supplied him with a remedy for this inconvenience, and he said within himself, 'Suppose my vassals are negroes, what else have I to do, but transport them to Spain, where I can sell them for ready money, with which I may purchase some title or post that will maintain me at my ease all the days of my life! No, to be sure! sleep on, void of all invention or ability to dispose of your ware, and sell thirty, or ten thousand slaves in the turning of a straw! Before God! I'll make them fly, little and big, or just as I may; and, blacks as they are, turn them all into whites and yellows! Let me alone to suck my own fingers.' With these conceits he was so much engrossed, and so well satisfied, that he actually forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the curate saw every thing that passed, from behind some bushes where they were hid, and could fall upon no method of joining them conveniently, until the priest, who was an excellent schemer, thought of an expedient for the purpose; having a pair of scissars about him, he cut off the beard of Cardenio with infinite dispatch, and giving him a grey jacket,

jacket, with his own black cloak, he himself remaining in his doublet and hose, the tattered cavalier was so much altered in point of appearance, that he would scarce have known himself had he looked in a glass. Although the others were jogging on while they disguised themselves in this manner, they easily reached the highway, before the knight and his company, whose beasts were retarded by the bushes and rockiness of the ground ; and taking their station just at the mouth of the entrance to the mountain, no sooner perceived the knight and his attendants come forth, than the curate looked earnestly at him a good while, as if he had been recollecting a person whom he knew, then ran to him with open arms, crying aloud, ' Blessed be this meeting with the mirror of chivalry, my worthy compatriot Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the protector and physician of the distressed, and quintessence of knights-errant ! ' So saying, he embraced the left-knee of Don Quixote ; who, being astonished at the words and action of the man, began to consider his features with great attention, and at length recollecting him, was struck dumb with admiration, at seeing him in that place, and made many efforts to alight ; which when the priest opposed, ' Give me leave, Mr. Licentiate,' said he, ' it is not seemly that I should remain on horseback, when such a reverend person as you travels on foot.' ' I will by no means,' answered the curate, ' consent to your alighting ; since, on horseback, your mighty arm hath atchieved the greatest exploits and adventures that this age hath seen ; it shall suffice for me, who am but an unworthy priest, to get up, with permission, behind this gentleman who travels in your worship's company ; and then I shall imagine myself mounted upon Pegasus, a zebra, or that fiery courser that carried the famous Moor Musaraque, who still lies enchanted in the vast mountain Zulema, at a little distance from the great Compluto.' ' I did not think of that expedient, Mr. Licentiate,' replied the knight ; ' but I know that my lady the princess, will, out of regard to me, be pleased to order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule, and he himself may ride upon the crupper, if the beast will carry double.' ' I believe she will,' said the princess ; ' and I am sure there will be no occasion to lay my commands upon my squire, who is too courteous and polite to suffer an ecclesiastic to travel on foot, when it is in his power to provide him with a beast.' ' Your majesty is in the right,' answered the barber ; who instantly alighting, complimented the curate with the saddle, which was accepted with-out much intreaty.

But the misfortune was, when the squire attempted to get up behind, the mule, which was an hireling, consequently mischievous,

chievous, lifted up her hind legs, and kicked with such fury, that had they lighted on the head or breast of Mr. Nicholas, he would have had reason to curse the hour on which he set out in quest of Don Quixote: such, however, was his confusion, that he came to the ground, and his beard being neglected, fell off; so that he could find no other method to prevent a discovery, than to clap both hands to his face, with great expedition, and roar out that his teeth were demolished. Don Quixote, seeing the huge mass of beard torn from the jaw without blood, and lying at a good distance from the squire's face, 'Good heavens!' cried he, 'what a wonderful phenomenon is this! the beard is taken off and shaved as clean by the heel of the mule, as if it had been done by the hand of a barber.' The curate, seeing the risk he ran of being detected in his scheme, snatched up the tail, and running with it to Mr. Nicholas, who still lay bellowing for help, pulled his head to his breast with one jerk, and clapping it on again, muttered some words, which he said were an infallible charm for fixing on beards, as they should presently see; accordingly, when the affair was adjusted, he quitted the squire, who now seemed as well bearded and as sound as ever; a circumstance that, above measure, surprized the knight, who begged that the curate, at a proper opportunity, would impart to him the charm, which he imagined must contain more virtues than that of cementing beards, because it was plain, that where the hair was torn off, the skin and flesh must be lacerated and hurt, and if the application could heal those wounded parts, it was good for something more than mere mustachios. The curate confirmed his conjecture, and promised to disclose the secret to him with the first proper opportunity; then it was agreed, that the priest should mount the mule by himself, and, with the other two, ride her by turns, until they should arrive at the inn, which was about two leagues off.

Don Quixote, the princess, and the curate, being thus mounted, and Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza, following on foot, the knight told the damsel, that her highness might conduct him whithersoever she pleased; but, before she could make any reply, the priest interposed, saying, 'Towards what kingdom is your majesty journeying? I am much mistaken in my notions of kingdoms, if you are not bound for Micomicon?' She, who had been well instructed in her cue, concluding that she must answer in the affirmative, said, 'Yes, Signior, that is the place of my destination.'—'Then you must pass through our village,' answered the curate, 'and take your route to Carthagená, where your highness may happily embark; and if you meet with no hurricane, but be favoured with
a fair

a fair wind and smooth sea, in something less than nine years you may get sight of that vast Lake Meone, I mean Meotia, which is a little more than one hundred days journey from your majesty's kingdom.'—'Your worship must be mistaken,' said the princess, 'for two years are not yet elapsed since I set out from thence; and though the weather has always been bad, I have already obtained what I so much longed after, namely, the sight of Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose fame reached my ears as soon as I landed in Spain, and induced me to come in quest of him, that I might solicit his courtesy, and trust my righteous cause to the valour of his invincible arm.'—'Enough, Madam,' said Don Quixote, 'spare your encomiums; for I am an utter enemy to all sorts of adulation; and although you are not to be suspected of flattery, my chaste ears are always offended at that kind of discourse. What I can safely affirm, is this: whether I have valour or not, here is he; valiant or pusillanimous, who will exert himself to the last drop of his blood in the service of your highness. But, this apart.—Pray, Mr. Licentiate, what cause has brought you hither alone, where I am really astonished to find you so ill attended, and so slightly clothed?'

'In that particular you shall soon be satisfied,' answered the curate: 'your worship must know, that I, and our friend Mr. Nicholas the barber, set out for Seville, to recover a sum of money, which was sent to me by a relation of mine that went to the Indies, a good many years ago; no less than sixty thousand pieces of eight in good silver, which make no inconsiderable sum: and yesterday, passing through this place, we were set upon by four highwaymen, who stripped us even to our very wiskers, and that in such a manner as obliged the barber to wear artificial ones; and you may see,' pointing to Cardenio, 'how they have despoiled the face of this young man who accompanied us; and the cream of the story is, that, according to the public report, which prevails in this neighbourhood, those who robbed us were galley-slaves, that, almost in this very place, were set at liberty by a man so valiant, as to let them all loose, in spite of the commissary and his guards. Without doubt he must have been deprived of his senses, or as great a villain as any of those he freed, or some person void of all conscience and feeling, who could thus turn loose the wolf among the lambs, the fox among the poultry, and the flies among the honey-pots; defrauding justice, and rebelling against his king, and rightful sovereign, by acting contrary to his just commands, in depriving the galleys of their hands, and putting in confusion the holy brotherhood, which have continued so many years in undisturbed repose: in short, he hath done

done a deed that may tend to the perdition of his own soul as well as body.'

Sancho had before recounted to them the adventure of the galley-slaves, which he had achieved with so much glory; and therefore the curate urged it home, in order to observe the behaviour of Don Quixote, who changed colour at every word, without daring to own himself the deliverer of that worthy crew. 'Those,' added the priest, 'were the persons who risted us; and God of his infinite mercy forgive the man who prevented the punishment they so richly deserved!'

CHAPTER III. 29

The pleasant Artifice practiced to extricate our enamoured Knight from the most rigorous Penance he had imposed upon himself.

SCARCE had the curate pronounced this apostrophe, when Sancho blundered out—'Then, in good faith, Mr. Licentiate, he who performed this exploit, was no other than my master; not that I neglected to tell and advise him beforehand, to consider what he was about, and think what a sin it would be to let loose those who were going to the galleys for the most grievous enormities.'—'You blockhead,' cried Don Quixote, incensed, 'it neither concerns nor belongs to knights-errant, to examine whether the afflicted, the enslaved, and oppressed, whom they meet on the highway, are reduced to these wretched circumstances by their crimes or their misfortunes; our business is only to assist them in their distress, having an eye to their sufferings, and not to their demerits. I chanced to light upon a string of miserable and discontented objects, in behalf of whom I acted according to the dictates of my religion, without minding the consequence; and he who takes umbrage at what I have done, saving the sacred character and honourable person of Mr. Licentiate, is, I insist upon it, utterly ignorant of chivalry, and lies like the base-born son of a whore; and this assertion I will make good with my sword, in the most ample manner.' So saying, he fixed himself in his stirrups, and cocked his beaver, the barber's bason, which he mistook for Mambrino's helmet, hanging useless at the saddle-bow until the damage it received from the galley-slaves could be repaired.

Dorothea, who was equally prudent and witty, understanding that every body present, except Sancho, dived themselves with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, was willing to

have her share of the entertainment; and accordingly, perceiving that his indignation was raised, 'Sir knight,' said she, 'I hope your worship will remember your promise to me, by which you are restricted from engaging in any other adventure, howsoever pressing it may be. Subdue your resentment, therefore, and be assured that had Mr. Licentiate known the galley-slaves were set at liberty by that invincible arm, he would have taken three stitches in his mouth, and bit his tongue three times, rather than have uttered one word that should rebound to the prejudice of your worship.'—'That I swear I would have done,' said the curate; 'aye, and have plucked off one of my whiskers to boot.'—'Madam,' answered the knight, 'I am silent. I will restrain the just indignation which begins to rise within me, and proceed in the utmost peace and quiet, until I shall have fulfilled the boon I promised to your highness; but, in recompense for this my kind intention, I beseech you, if it be not too much trouble, to make me acquainted with the nature of your misfortune; and tell me the number, quality, and condition of those persons on whom I am to take just satisfaction and full vengeance, in your behalf.'—'With all my heart,' answered Dorothea; 'Though I am afraid of tiring you with a recital of woes and misfortunes.' The knight assured her that would be impossible, and she resumed, 'Well then be so good as to favour me with your attention.'

At these words, Cardenio and the barber went up close to her, in order to hear what story she, in her discretion, would invent; and Sancho Panza, who was as much deceived as his master, followed their example. After she had seated herself firmly in the saddle, cleared her pipes with a hem or two, and made other preliminary gestures, she with great sprightliness thus began:

'In the first place, gentlemen, you must know that my name is ———.' Here she made a full stop, having forgot how the curate had christened her: but this defect was soon remedied; for, immediately conceiving the cause of her hesitation, he said, 'It is no wonder, Madam, that your highness is disturbed and disordered at the recollection of your misfortunes, which are often so great as to impair the memory to such a degree, that the afflicted cannot even remember their own names: this effect they have had upon you, Madam, who forget that you are the Princess Micomicona, legitimate heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon. With the assistance of this hint, your highness will easily recal the whole thread of your story to your sorrowful remembrance.'—'You are in the right,' replied the damsel; and I believe I shall be able to bring my true narrative to a happy conclusion, without farther prompting.

‘The King, my father, whose name was Tinacrio the sage, foresaw, by his profound skill in magic, that my mother, who was called Queen Zamarilla, would die before him; and that, if he himself must quit this life soon after, I should be left an helpless orphan; but this consideration, he said, did not give him so much pain and confusion, as the certain foreknowledge that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island that bordered on our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect: (for, it is affirmed, that although his eyes are like any other person’s, placed in the middle of his face, he always looks askance, as if he squinted; and this obliquity the malicious tyrant practises, in order to surprise and intimidate those who behold him;) I say, my father foresaw by his art, that this giant, informed of my being an orphan, would invade me with a great army, and deprive me of my whole kingdom, without leaving so much as a village for my retreat; and that nothing could prevent this my ruin and misfortune, unless I would consent to marry him; though, so far as he could learn, it would never come into my thoughts to make such an unequal match; and truly his conjecture was well founded; for, it never entered into my head, to wed this giant, or any other person, howsoever tall and unmeasurable he might be. My father, therefore, advised me, that when, after his death, I should get notice that Pandafilando was beginning to invade my kingdom, I should not stay to put myself in a posture of defence, which would prove my destruction, but freely leave him the possession of my realms, if I was resolved to avoid my own death, and to prevent the total destruction of my good and faithful subjects; for it would be impossible to defend myself against the infernal force of the giant; but, that I should immediately set out for Spain, where I would find a remedy for all my misfortunes, in the person of a certain knight-errant, whose fame would be at that time spread over the whole kingdom, and whose name, if I right remember, would be Don Hacket, or Kicksot.’ ‘Don Quixote, your ladyship would say,’ cried Sancho, interposing, ‘alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.’ ‘The very same,’ replied Dorothea: ‘he told me, moreover, that this knight would be a tall man, with a long meagre visage, and have on his right side, below his left shoulder, or thereabouts, a grey mole, garnished with hairs, which bore some resemblance to a hog’s bristles.’

Don Quixote, hearing this circumstance, said to his squire, ‘Come hither, son Sancho, and help me to strip; for I want to see if I am actually the knight of whom that sage king foretold.’—‘Why should your worship strip?’ said Dorothea. ‘In order to satisfy myself about that mole which your royal father mentioned.’—‘You need not give yourself the trouble,’ said

Sancho; 'I know your worship hath just such a mole on the middle of your back-bone, which is a sign of strength.'—'That assurance is sufficient,' resumed Dorothea, 'for, among friends, we ought not to stand upon trifles; and it is of very little consequence whether the mole be upon the shoulder or the back-bone, provided there is really such a mark on any part of your body, which is all composed of the same flesh. Without doubt my worthy father was right in every thing he prognosticated; and I have exactly followed his directions, in recommending my cause to the protection of Signior Don Quixote, who is certainly the individual knight my father described; since his features correspond with his fame, which fills not only Spain, but likewise the whole province of La Mancha*; for scarce had I landed at Ossuna, than hearing of vast exploits, my mind suggested that he must be the very person I came in quest of.'—'How could your highness,' said Don Quixote, 'land at Ossunna, which is not a sea-port?'

Before she had time to make a reply, the curate took the task upon himself, saying, 'The princess must mean, that after she landed at Malaga, Ossuna was the first place in which she heard of your worship.'—'That was my meaning,' said Dorothea. 'There is nothing more plain,' answered the priest; 'and now your majesty may proceed.'—'I have nothing more to say,' resumed the princess, 'but that, at length, destiny has been so favourable to me, in my finding Don Quixote, I reckon and look upon myself as queen again, and mistress of my whole realms, since, out of his great courtesy and magnificence, he hath promised, in consequence of the boon I asked, to go with me whithersoever I shall conduct him; and my intentions is no other than to bring him face to face with Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may, by putting him to death, restore me to the possession of that which he so unjustly usurps; and all this will literally happen, as it was prophesied by my father Tinacrio the Sage; who hath also left it written in Chaldean or Greek characters, for I cannot read them, that if the knight mentioned in the prophecy should, after having cut off the giant's head, demand me in marriage, I must instantly accept of him as my lawful husband, without the least hesitation, and give him immediate possession of my person and throne.'

Don Quixote hearing this circumstance, cried, 'What do you think now, friend Sancho? do you hear what passes? and

* This is a diverting example of the Bathos, not unlike that anticlimax repeated in the art of sinking.

Nor Alps, nor Appenines could keep us out,

Nor fortified redoubt!

did not I tell thee as much? Observe now, whether or not we have not a queen to marry, and a kingdom to govern.'—'Ad-zookers, it is even so!' cried the squire; 'and plague upon the son of a whore who refuses to marry her, as soon as Mr. Pandahiladoe's weazond is cut; then, what a delicate morsel the queen is! odd, I wish all the fleas in my bed were such as she!' So saying, he cut a brace of capers, with marks of infinite satisfaction; then running up, and taking hold of the bridle of Dorothea's mule; made her halt, while he, falling down on his knees before her, besought the princess to let him kiss her hand, in token of his receiving her as his queen and mistress. Which of the company could behold the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man, without laughing! Dorothea actually gave him her hand, and promised to make him a grandee, as soon as, by the favour of Heaven, she should be restored to the possession of her kingdom; and he thanked her in terms which redoubled the mirth of all present.

'This, Gentlemen,' added the damsel, 'is my story, and nothing now remains but to tell you, that of all the people who attended me when I left my own country, not one survives, except this well-bearded squire; all the rest having perished in a dreadful storm that overtook us after we were within sight of land: he and I miraculously floated to the shore on two planks: and indeed the whole course of my life, as you may have observed in my narration, hath been full of mystery and wonder. If I have in any thing exceeded the bounds of credibility, or been less accurate than I ought, I hope you will impute it to that cause assigned by the licentiate, in the beginning of my story: namely, the continual and extraordinary affliction, that often impairs the memory of the unfortunate.'—'But mine shall not be impaired, most high and virtuous lady!' said Don Quixote, 'by all the misfortunes I shall undergo in your service, let them be never so great and unprecedented: therefore I again confirm the boon I have promised, and swear to attend you even to the world's end, until I get sight of that ferocious adversary of yours, whose proud head I hope to slice off, with the assistance of God, my own arm, and the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; thanks to Gines de Pasamonte who run away with my own*.' This last apostrophe he muttered between his teeth, and then proceeded aloud, saying,—'and after I shall have deprived him of his head, and put you in peaceable possession of your throne, you shall be at free liberty to dispose of your person, according to your own will and pleasure, for, while my memory is

* If, the knight was robbed of his own sword by Gines, where did he find that which he wore on this occasion?

engrossed, my will enslaved, and my understanding subjected to her who—I say no more; but, that it is impossible I should incline, or have the least thought towards marrying any other person, though she were a perfect phoenix.’

Sancho was so much disgusted at this last declaration of his master refusing the marriage, that, raising his voice, he cried with great indignation, ‘Signior Don Quixote, I vow and swear your worship is crazy, else you would never boggle at marrying such a high-born princess as this! Do you imagine that fortune will offer such good luck at every turn, as she now presents? or pray, do you think my Lady Dulcinea more handsome than the princess? I am sure she is not half so beautiful, and will even venture to say, that she is not worthy to tie her majesty’s shoe-strings. How the plague shall I ever obtain the earldom I expect, if your worship goes thus a fishing for mushrooms at sea? Marry her, marry her, in the devil’s name, without much ado; lay hold on this kingdom that drops, as it were, into your hand: and, after your coronation, make me a marquis, or lord-lieutenant, and then the devil, if he will, may run away with the rest.’

Don Quixote was enraged when he heard such blasphemies uttered against his mistress Dulcinea, and lifting up his lance, without speaking a syllable, or giving the least notice of his intention, discharged two such hearty blows upon the squire, as brought him instantly to the ground; and had not Dorothea called aloud, and begged of him to forbear, would certainly have murdered poor Sancho on the spot. ‘Do you think,’ said he, after some pause, ‘you plebeian scoundrel, that I always stand with my hands in my pockets; and that there is nothing to be done, but for you to misbehave, and for me to forgive you? I’ll teach you better manners, you excommunicated rascal; for such to be sure you are, else you would not wag your tongue against the peerless Dulcinea. Don’t you know, you grovelling beggarly villain, that were it not for the valour with which she inspires this arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, you viperish scoffer, what you think hath won this kingdom, cut off the giant’s head, and made you a marquis, for all this I look upon as already done and determined? Is it not the valour of Dulcinea that makes use of my arm as the instrument of her exploits? In me she fights and overcomes; in her I live, breathe, and have my being. O thou whoreson, ungrateful ruffian, who seest thyself raised from the dust of the earth to the rank of nobility, and repayest the obligation by slandering thy benefactress.’

Sancho was not so roughly handled but he heard every syllable that his master spoke; and, starting up as nimbly as he could,

could, ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, from whence he said to the knight, 'Pray, Sir, if your worship is determined against marrying this great princess, is it not plain that the kingdom cannot be yours; and if that be the case, what favours can you bestow upon me? This is what I complain of. I would your worship would, once for all, marry this queen, who is, as it were, rained down from Heaven upon us; and then you may converse with my lady Dulcinea, according to the custom of some kings, who keep concubines. As to the affair of beauty, I will not intermeddle: but, if the truth may be told, I like them both very well, though I never saw my lady Dulcinea in my life.'—'How! not seen her, blasphemous traitor!' cried Don Quixote: 'have you not just brought a message from her?'—'I say,' answered Sancho, 'that when I saw her, I had not an opportunity of examining the particulars of her beauty and good qualities one by one; but altogether she pleased me very much.' 'Now, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I exculpate thee, and thou must forgive what I did in my wrath; for no man can command the first emotions of his passion.'—'That I can plainly perceive,' answered the squire, 'and therefore, the desire of speaking is always the first motion in me; and truly, when once my tongue begins to itch, I cannot for my blood keep it within my teeth.'—'For all that, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'I would have you consider before you speak; for, though the pitcher goes often to the well—I need not mention what follows.'—'In good time,' replied the squire, 'there is a God above, who sees the snare, and will judge which of us is the most to blame; I in speaking, or your worship in doing evil.'—'Let there be no more of this, Sancho,' said Dorothea, 'but run and kiss your master's hand, and beg his pardon; and henceforth set a better guard upon your praise and disparagement; above all things, beware of saying any thing to the prejudice of that Lady Toboso, whom I know by nothing else than my inclination to serve her: and if you put your trust in God, you will not fail of acquiring some estate, by which you will live like a prince.'

Sancho took her advice, and, hanging his head, went to beg a kiss of his master's hand, which was granted with great solemnity of deportment; nay, the knight gave him his blessing also, desiring he would attend him while he rode on a little before the rest of the company, that he might have a better opportunity of asking a few questions, and conversing with him about affairs of the utmost importance. Sancho obeyed the order; and the two having advanced a good way before the rest, 'Since thy return,' said Don Quixote, 'I have had neither time nor convenience to enquire about many particular circumstances

circumstances of thy embassy, with the answer thou hast brought: and now that fortune favours us with a fit opportunity, thou must not deny me the pleasure I shall receive from thy agreeable information.—‘Your worship,’ answered the squire, ‘may ask as many questions as you please: I shall make every thing come out as clear as it went in; but I intreat your worship, dear Sir, not to be so revengeful for the future.’—‘Why dost thou call me revengeful?’ said the knight. ‘Because,’ resumed the squire, ‘those blows I was just now honoured with were more owing to the quarrel the devil picked between us, t’other night, than to any thing I said against my Lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence as a relic, though she be not one, merely because she appertains to your worship.’—‘No more of these reflections, on thy life,’ said Don Quixote; ‘else thou wilt give me fresh umbrage. I freely forgave thee at that time, and thou knowest, that, according to the common observation, Every new fault deserves a new penance.’

While this conversation passed between them, they perceived a man riding towards them on an ass; and, when he came a little nearer, discerned him to be a gipsy; but Sancho Panza, who sent his soul abroad with his eyes, to examine every ass that appeared, no sooner beheld the rider, than he recognized Gines de Passamonte, and by the thread of the gipsy discovered the clue of his own ass; for it was actually Dapple that carried Passamonte, who, for the better convenience of selling the beast, had disguised himself in the dress of a gipsy, whose language, with many others, he could speak as fluently as his mother-tongue. Sancho saw and recollected him, and not sooner had he seen and recollected him, than he bellowed forth, ‘Ah, villain, Ginesillo! restore my goods! give me back the comfort of my life! rob me not of my heart’s content! give me my ass! give me my darling! Fly, thief! skip robber! and seek not to preserve that which is none of thy own.’

There was no need of all this exclamation and reproach; for Gines leaped off at the first word, and at a pretty round trot, which might have passed for a gallop, made the best of his way, and vanished in a twinkling. Sancho running to his ass, embraced it with great affection, saying, ‘How hast thou been, my dear Dapple? my trusty companion and joy of my eyes!’ Then kissed and caressed it as if it had been a Christian; while Dapple very peaceably received these demonstrations of love and kindness, without answering one word. The whole company wished him joy of his recovery; particularly Don Quixote, who assured him, that although he had retrieved Dapple, the promise of the three colts should not be annulled; and Sancho thanked him for his generosity.

While

While the master and man were conversing by themselves, the curate told Dorothea, that she had behaved with great discretion in her story, both with regard to the matter and brevity of it, as well as the resemblance it bore to those legends that are found in books of chivalry. She observed, that she had employed a good part of her leisure time in reading such romances; but, being ignorant of the situation of different provinces and sea-ports, she had spoke at random, when she mentioned her landing at Ossuna. 'I thought so,' resumed the priest, 'and made all haste to adjust matters by what I said; but, is it not very strange to see with what facility this poor unfortunate gentleman swallows all those lies and fictions, merely because they are delivered in the stile and manner of his nonsensical books?' 'So very strange and singular,' said Cardenio, 'that I question if there be any genius whatever so fertile as to frame such a character by the mere force of invention.' 'And what is a very remarkable circumstance,' replied the curate, 'waving those extravagancies which this worthy gentleman utters upon the subject of his disorder, he can discourse upon other topics with surprising ability, and appears to be a man of great knowledge and intellects; so that, if you do not touch upon chivalry, his hearers must look upon him as a person of excellent understanding.'

While they were engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his with Sancho; to whom he said, 'Come, friend Panza, let us forget what is past, with regard to animosity, and tell me, without any ingredient of rancour and resentment, where and how you found Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did she say? What answer did she make? How did she look when she read my letter? Who transcribed it for her perusal? These particulars, and every other circumstance of the affair, which you think worthy to be known, asked, and answered, I expect you will explain, without seeking to increase my pleasure with false additions, much less to diminish it by malicious omission.'—'Signior,' said Sancho, 'if the truth must be told, nobody transcribed the letter; because I had no letter to be transcribed.'—'That is very true,' replied the knight; for, two days after thy departure, I found the pocket-book in which it was written; a circumstance that gave me infinite pain, as I could not conceive what thou wouldst do when the mistake should appear; indeed I always imagined thou wouldst have returned hither immediately upon the discovery.'—'That would certainly have been the case,' said the squire, 'if, when your worship read it to me, I had not retained it in my memory, so perfect as to be able to dictate it to a parish clerk, who, as I repeated, transcribed it so

exactly, that he said, in all the days of his life, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen such a clever letter as yours.'—'And dost thou still retain it?' said Don Quixote. 'No, Sir,' replied Sancho, 'For, after I had put it into her hand, I thought there was no farther occasion to retain it, and therefore let it slip out of my remembrance; or, if any part remains, it is that of the subterrene, I mean sovereign lady, and the conclusion Yours till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; with about three hundred souls, and lives, and pignies, which I set down in the middle.'

Reality - Sancho's
Interpretation - Don Quixote's
CHAPTER IV. 31

The savoury Conversation that passed between Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho Panza, with many other Incidents.

'ALL this is pretty well; proceed!' said Don Quixote: 'how was that queen of beauty employed, when you arrived? I dare say, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device for this her captive knight, with threads of gold.'—'No, truly,' answered the squire: 'I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in the yard.'—'Then you may depend upon it,' resumed the knight, 'the grains of that wheat were converted into pearls by the touch of her hand; and didst thou observe, my friend, whether it was of the finer or common sort?'—'Why, neither,' said Sancho; 'it seemed to be, as it were, red wheat.'—'But since it was winnowed by her fair hands,' answered Don Quixote, 'I dare affirm, it will make the whitest bread in Spain. Go on with thy information. When the letter was delivered, did she not kiss it, and place it on the crown of her head, in token of respect? Did she not perform some ceremony worthy of such a letter? Pray how did she receive it?'—'When I presented the letter,' answered Sancho, 'she was in a main hurry, winnowing a large heap of wheat that was in her sieve; and said to me, "Friend, lay down the letter on that sack; for I cannot pretend to read it, until I have made an end of my work."—"Discreet lady!" cried the knight; "her intention certainly was to read it at her leisure, that she might recreate herself with the contents. Proceed, Sancho; and while she was thus employed, what conversation passed between you? what questions did she ask concerning me? and what answers didst thou make? Recount the whole, without leaving one syllable untold.'

'She asked me no questions,' replied the squire; 'but I told

told her, how I had left your worship doing penance for love of her, skipping among those rocks, naked from the waist upwards, like a mere savage; sleeping on the bare ground; neglecting to eat your food like a Christian, or to comb your beard like a decent man; but whining, and weeping, and cursing your fortune.'—'If you said I cursed my fortune, you misrepresented me,' said Don Quixote; 'for I bless my fate, and will bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to aspire to the love of such an high lady as Dulcinea del Toboso.'—'High indeed!' answered Sancho, 'for, in faith, she is a good hand taller than I am.'—'How hast thou been measured with her, Sancho?' said the knight. 'I'll tell you how,' answered the squire; 'while I was helping to lay a load of corn upon an ass, we came so close together, that I could easily perceive she over-topped me by a full hand.'—'That may be true,' said Don Quixote; 'though her tallness is accompanied and adorned by a myriad of mental graces. But this you will not deny, Sancho, that while you was so near her, your nostrils were regaled by a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, a certain delicious sensation, for which there is no name. I mean, a scent, a perfume, such as fills the shop of some curious glover.'—'All that I can say,' answered Sancho, 'is, that I was sensible of a sort of rammish smell, which I believe was owing to her being in a muck sweat with hard work.'—'That is impossible,' cried the knight; 'thy sense must have been depraved, or that smell must have proceeded from thy own body; for I am perfectly well acquainted with the odour of that rose among briars, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber.' 'It may be so,' said Sancho; 'I have often known such smells come from my Lady Dulcinea; but that is not to be wondered at; because, as the saying is, every fiend may stink of brimstone.' 'Well, then,' added Don Quixote, 'she hath now winnowed the wheat and sent it to the mill, how did she behave after she had read my letter?' 'The letter,' answered Sancho, 'was not read at all; for, as she could neither read nor write, she chose to rend and tear it to pieces, rather than give it to any body who might publish her secrets in the village, saying, she was very well satisfied with the information I gave her by word of mouth, concerning your worship's love for her, and the extraordinary penance I left you doing on her account. Finally, she bade me tell you, that she kissed your worship's hands, being much more desirous of seeing than writing to you; and therefore she entreated and commanded your worship, by these presents, to quit this desert, and leave off playing the fool, and forthwith set out on your journey to Toboso, provided that something else of greater

importance should not happen, for she longed very much for a sight of your worship, and laughed heartily when I told her, that you had taken the name of the Knight with the Rueful Countenance. When I asked if the Biscayan had been lately with her, she answered, "Yes;" and that he was very much of a gentleman; but, when I enquired about the galley-slaves, she said she had as yet seen none of them.'

'Hitherto all goes well,' said the knight: 'but pray tell me what jewel she gave you at parting, for the news you had brought of me her lover; for, it is an ancient practice and custom among knights-errant and their mistresses, to bestow upon their squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of each other, some rich jewel, as a reward and acknowledgment for the message.' 'It may be so,' said Sancho; and I think it an excellent custom, but that must have been in time past: for in this age it is customary to give nothing but a piece of bread and cheese, which was all the present I received from my Lady Dulcinea, who reached it over the yard wall, when I took my leave; by this token, that the cheese was made of ewes' milk.' 'She is liberal to excess,' said the knight; 'and if she omitted giving thee a jewel, it must certainly have been owing to her not having any by her; but all in good time; I shall see her soon, and then every thing will be set to rights. Yet there is one thing, Sancho, which overwhelms me with astonishment. You seem to have travelled through the air; for you have spent little more than three days in your journey; though Toboso is more than thirty leagues distance from hence. From this extraordinary expedition, I conjecture that the sage, who is my friend, and interests himself in my affairs, and such there certainly is, and must be, else I should be no true knight-errant; I say, this inchanter must have assisted thee in thy journey, though thou didst not perceive it; for some there are of that class, who will take up a knight-errant whilst he is asleep in his bed, and, without his knowing any thing of the matter, he shall awake next morning in some place more than a thousand leagues from the house where he took up his lodging the night before; and without such sudden transportations, it would be impossible for knights to succour each other in distress, as they frequently do. A knight-errant, for example, happens to be fighting in the desarts of Armenia, with some fierce dragon, dreadful goblin, or rival knight; and being worsted, and just at the point of being slain, behold, when he least expects it, there suddenly appears in a cloud or fiery chariot, another knight, a friend of his, who but a minute before resided in England, and who assists and delivers him from death; and that same night, he finds himself supping at his

case at his own house, which is often two or three thousand leagues from the field of battle; and all this is effected by the industry and art of sage inchanters, who take those valiant knights under their protection.

'Wherefore, friend Sancho, I can easily believe that thou hast in so little time travelled from hence to Toboso and back again; because, as I have already observed, some friendly sage must have carried thee through the air, though thou didst not perceive it.' 'Not unlikely,' replied the squire; 'for, in good faith, Rozinante went like a gypsy's ass, with quicksilver in his ears.' 'With quicksilver,' cried the knight; 'ay, and a legion of daemons to boot, who are beings that travel themselves, and make other people travel as fast as they please, without tiring.'

'But, waving this subject, how dost thou think I ought to regulate my conduct, now that my mistress commands me to appear in her presence? for, although I find myself obliged to comply with her orders, I am utterly incapacitated by the boon I have granted to this princess: and I am bound by the laws of chivalry to fulfil my promise, before I indulge my inclination. On the one hand, I am persecuted and harrassed by the desire of seeing Dulcinea; on the other, I am incited and invited by my honour and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprize. I am therefore determined to travel with all expedition, until I arrive at the place where the giant resides; and, when I shall have restored the princess to the peaceful possession of her kingdom, after having shortened the usurper by the head, I will return to the rays of that beauty which enlightens my thoughts, and excuse myself in such a manner as to obtain her forgiveness, as she will plainly perceive that my delay tended to the increase of her glory and fame; seeing all my reputation in arms, past, present, or to come, proceeds from her favour and inspiration.' 'Lord!' cried Sancho, 'how your worship is concerned about a parcel of pot-sherds. Pray tell me, Sir, do you intend to make this journey for nothing, and to let such a rich and noble marriage as this slip through your fingers; while the dowry is no less than a kingdom, which I have actually heard is more than twenty thousand leagues round, plentifully stored with every thing that is needful for the sustenance of mortal man, and larger than Portugal and Castile put together? Hold your tongue, a God's name, and take shame to yourself, for what you have said: pardon my freedom, take my advice, and marry in the first place where we can find a curate, or make use of our friend the licentiate, who will buckle you handsomely. Take notice, therefore, that I am of an age to give good counsel, and this that I offer will

will fit you to a hair; for a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and, as the saying is, He that hath good in his view, and yet will not evil eschew, his folly deserveth to rue.'

'Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'if thou advisest me to marry, with a view of seeing me king, after I shall have killed the giant, that I may have an opportunity of rewarding thee with what I have promised, thou must know that I can easily gratify thy wishes, without wedding the princess; for, before I engage in the combat, I will covenant, that, provided I come off conqueror, and decline the marriage, I shall have it in my power to dispose of one part of the kingdom as I shall think proper: and to whom should I give it but to thee?' 'That is very plain,' replied the squire; 'but I beseech your worship to make choice of the sea-coast, because if I should happen to dislike the country, I may ship off my black slaves, and sell them, as I have already hinted. Wherefore, without troubling yourself at present about my Lady Dulcinea, I would have you go and slay the giant, and conclude that affair from which, before God! we shall certainly reap much honour and advantage.' 'I tell thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou art in the right, and I will follow thy advice, so far as it regards my attendance on the princess, before I visit Dulcinea. But say not a word to any body, even those of our company not excepted, of this conversation; for as she is so reserved and careful of concealing her sentiments, it would be inexcusable in me, if I, or any other, through my means, should disclose them.' 'Since this is the case,' said the squire, 'why does your worship command all those that are vanquished by your arm to go and present themselves before my lady Dulcinea? you may as well give it under your hand, that you are her true and trusty lover: for, if you compel them to fall upon their knees before her, and say they are sent by your worship to pay homage to her, how is it possible that the sentiments of either you or her can be concealed?' 'What an ignorant and simple fellow thou art!' resumed the knight; 'canst thou not see that all this redounds to her praise and exaltation? Thou must know, that in our stile of chivalry, it is deemed a great honour for a lady to be admired by a great many knights, whose wishes extend no farther than to the desire of serving her for her own sake, without expecting any other reward for their great and manifold services, than the glory of being admitted into the number of her knights.' 'In like manner,' said Sancho, 'I have heard a priest in the pulpit observe, that we must love our Saviour for his own sake, without being moved thereto, by any fear of punishment or hopes of applause, though, for my own part, I am inclined to love and

and serve him on account of his power.' 'Now the devil take the clown!' cried Don Quixote; 'he sometimes makes such shrewd observations one would think he had actually studied.' 'And yet, upon my conscience,' answered the squire, 'I know not so much as my letters.' At that instant Master Nicholas calling aloud to them to stop a little, that the rest might have time to drink at a spring which they found in the way. Don Quixote turned back, to the no small satisfaction of Sancho, who was already tired with telling lies, and afraid of being detected by his master; for, although he knew that Dulcinea was the daughter of a peasant at Toboso, he had never seen her in his life. By this time Cardenio had put on the clothes which Dorothea wore when they found her; and though they were none of the most elegant, he made a much better figure than with his tattered dress, which he now threw away. The whole company sat down by the spring, where, while they appeased the keen hunger that possessed them all, with what the curate had brought from the inn, a lad chanced to pass that way, who, looking earnestly at the whole company, at length run up to Don Quixote, and embracing his knees, began to blubber most heartily, saying, 'Ah, Signior, don't you know me? look at me again; I am that same individual young man called Andrew, whom your worship delivered from the tree to which I was tied.' The knight recollected his features, and taking him by the hand, addressed himself to the company in these words:

'That you may see of what importance knight-errantry is, to redress the wrongs and grievances which are daily committed by the insolent and wicked wretches who live upon this earth: know, that as I passed by a wood some time ago, I heard the screams and woeful cries of some afflicted creature in the utmost distress: and, in consequence of my oath and obligation, riding towards the place from which the lamentation seemed to come; I found this very young man tied to an oak tree; and I am glad from my soul that he is here in person, to bear witness to the truth. I say, he was bound to an oak, naked from the waist upwards; and a peasant, who I afterwards understood was his master, stood scourging him with the reins of a bridle. When I enquired into the cause of this barbarous treatment, the rustic answered, that he only whipped his own servant for being guilty of some neglect that savoured more of knavishness than simplicity. The boy protested he had done nothing but asked his wages: to this affirmation the master replied by some asseverations which I have forgot; but though I heard his excuses, I would not admit of them. In short, I ordered the peasant to untie the youth, and made him swear that he would carry him home, and pay him his wages in ready cash, nay, and pay

pay him in rials that should be perfumed. Is not this literally true, son Andrew? Didst thou not observe with what authority I commanded, and with what humility he promised to comply with every thing that I imposed, suggested, and desired? Answer without perturbation or doubt, and tell this honourable company what passed, that they may see and be convinced of what use it is, as I said, to have knights-errant continually upon duty.

All that your worship hath told is very true,' answered the young man; 'but the end of the business was quite the reverse of what you imagined.' 'How! the reverse!' cried the Knight; 'has not the peasant paid thee thy wages?' 'Far from paying me my wages,' said Andrew, 'your worship was no sooner out of the wood, and we by ourselves again, than he bound me a second time to the same oak, and lashed me so severely, that I remained like St. Bartholomew, flayed alive, and at every stripe he jeered and scoffed, and made game of your worship in such a manner, that if it had not been for the excessive pain I felt, I could not have refrained from laughing at what he said. In short, he treated me so cruelly, that till this very day, I have been in the hospital for the cure of the wounds I received from that mischievous farmer: and truly your worship was the cause of all that I suffered; for if you had followed your own road, without going where nobody called you, or meddling with other people's affairs, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a cool dozen or two, and then loosed and paid me my due. But when your worship abused him so unseasonably, and called him so many bad names, his choler was inflamed; and, as he could not be revenged upon you, as soon as you was gone he discharged the storm of his wrath upon me, in such a manner that I shall never be my own man again.'

'The misfortune,' said the knight, 'was in my leaving him before I had seen thee paid; for I ought to have known by long experience, that no peasant will keep his word, if he thinks it his interest to break it. But thou mayest remember, Andrew, that I swore if he did not perform his promise, I would return and search for him, until he should be found, even if he should hide himself in the whale's belly.' 'Very true,' replied Andrew; 'but that threat signified nothing.' 'Thou shalt presently see what it signifies!' resumed Don Quixote; who, getting up hastily, ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was following their example in refreshing himself with grass.

When Dorothea asked what he intended to do, he replied, he was going in quest of the peasant, to chastise him for his villainous behaviour, and make him pay Andrew to the last farthing.

thing, in despite and defiance of all the rustics upon earth. To this declaration she answered, by desiring him to consider that, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any enterprize until her affair should be finished; and since this stipulation was known to himself better than to any other person, she intreated him to repress his resentment till his return from her kingdom. 'That is very true;' resumed the knight; 'and Andrew must wait with patience for my return, as your majesty observes; but I repeat my oath and my promise, never to desist until I shall have seen his wages paid, and his injuries revenged.' 'I don't trust to those oaths,' said Andrew, 'and would rather, at present, have wherewithal to bear my expences to Seville, than all the revenge in the world: be so good, if you have any victuals, to give me something to eat upon my journey, and the Lord be with your worship and all knights-errant, who, I wish, may always err as much in their own affairs as they have done in mine.' Sancho, taking a luncheon of bread and cheese from the store, gave it to the young man, saying, 'Here, brother Andrew, take this; and now we have all shared in your misfortune.' When Andrew asked what share of it had fallen to him, he replied, 'That share of bread and cheese, which I have given you; and God knows whether I shall not feel the loss of it; for you must know, friend, that we squires of knights-errant are subject to many a hungry belly, with other misfortunes which are more easily felt than described.'

Andrew accepted of the bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody offered him any thing else, made his bows, and, as the saying is, took his foot in his hand*. True it is, before he departed, he addressed himself to Don Quixote, saying, 'For the love of God! Sir knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, spare yourself the trouble of coming to my assistance, even though you should see me cut into minced meat; but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great but that it may be increased by the succour of your worship, whom God confound, together with all the knights-errant that ever were born.' Don Quixote started up, in order to chastise him, but he run away with such nimbleness, that nobody attempted to pursue him; and the knight was so ashamed of his exploit, that the company were at great pains to contain their laughter, to prevent his being quite out of countenance.

* Literally, "Took the road in his hands."

CHAPTER V.

Which treats of what happened to Don Quixote and his Company at the Inn.

THEIR sumptuous meal being ended, they saddled their beasts, and without meeting any thing worthy of mention, arrived next day at the very inn which was so much the dread and terror of Sancho; but, unwilling as he was to enter, he could not avoid going into it. The innkeeper, his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho at the gate, went out to receive them, with great demonstrations of joy; and the knight returned their compliments with grave deportment and solemn approbation, desiring them to prepare a better bed for him than that which he had occupied before. To this demand the landlady answered, that provided he would pay better than he did before, he should lie like a prince: he promised to see her satisfied, and they immediately made up a tolerable bed, in the same garret where he had formerly lodged, in which he laid himself down, very much disordered, both in body and mind. He was no sooner looked up in his chamber, than the landlady attacked the barber, and seizing him by the beard, cried, 'By my faith! you shall no longer use my tail for a beard. Give me my tail, I say; for it is a shame to see how my husband's thing is bandied about for want of it; I mean the comb that he used to stick in my tail.' But the barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the priest desired him to restore it, because there was no farther occasion for the disguise, as he might now appear in his own shape; and tell the knight, that after he had been robbed by the galley-slaves, he had fled to that inn; and if he should enquire for the princess's gentleman-usher, they would tell him she had dispatched him away before her, to advertise her friends and subjects, that she was upon the road, accompanied by the deliverer of them all. Thus satisfied, the barber willingly restored the landlady's tail, and every thing else they had borrowed with a view of disengaging Don Quixote from the mountain; and all the people of the inn were astonished at the beauty of Dorothea, as also at the genteel mien of the swain Cardenio. The curate ordered them to get ready something to eat; and the inn-keeper, in hope of being well paid, dressed, with all dispatch, a pretty reasonable dinner; but they did not think proper to waken Don Quixote, who, they believed, stood at that time more in need of sleep than of food.

The discourse at table, in presence of the innkeeper, his wife,

wife, daughter, Maritornes, and all the other lodgers, happening to turn upon the uncommon madness of the knight, and the condition in which they found him; the hostess recounted to them, what had happened in her house between him and the carrier; then looking round the room, and seeing Sancho was not present, she told the whole story of the blanket-ing, to the no small entertainment of the company. The curate observing that Don Quixote's understanding was disordered by the books of chivalry he had read, the innkeeper replied, 'I cannot conceive how that is possible; for really, in my opinion, they are the best reading in the world: I have now in my custody two or three of them, together with some other papers, which, I verily believe, have preserved not only my life, but also that of many others; for, in harvest-time, a great number of reapers come hither, to pass the heat of the day; and there being always one among them who can read, he takes up a book, and we, to the number of thirty or more, forming a ring about him, listen with such pleasure, as were enough to make an old man grow young again; at least, I can say for myself, when I hear him read of those furious and terrible strokes that have been given by certain knights, I am seized with the desire of being at it myself, and could listen to such stories whole nights and days without ceasing.' 'I wish you would, with all my heart,' replied the wife: 'for, I am sure, I never enjoy a quiet minute in the house, except when they are reading, and then you are so bamboozled with what you hear, you forget to scold for that time.' 'That is the very truth of the matter,' said Maritornes; 'in good faith, I myself am hugely diverted, when I hear those things; they are so clever, especially when they tell us how yon t'other lady lay among orange-trees, in the embraces of her knight, while a duenna, half dead with envy and surprise, kept sentry over them; odd! all these things make my chops water.'

'And what is your opinion of the matter, my young mistress?' said the priest to the innkeeper's daughter. 'Truly, Signior, I don't well know,' she replied; 'but listen among the rest: and really, though I do not understand it, I am pleased with what I hear; yet I take no delight in those strokes that my father loves; but, in the lamentations made by the knights, when they are absent from their mistresses, which, in good sooth, often make me weep with compassion.' 'Then you would soon give them relief, if they mourned for you, my pretty maid?' said Dorothea. 'I don't know what I should do,' answered the girl; 'but this I know, that some of these ladies are so cruel, their knights call them lions, tigers, and a thousand other reproachful names. Jesus! I can't conceive what sort of folks

those must be, who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable as to let a man of honour die, or lose his senses, rather than take the least notice of him; why should they be so coy? If their suitors court them in an honest way, let them marry, and that is all the men desire.' 'Hold your peace, child,' said the landlady: 'methinks you are too well acquainted with these things; young maidens, like you, should neither know nor speak so much.' The daughter said, as the gentleman asked her the question, she could do no less than answer him: and the curate demanded a sight of the books. 'With all my heart,' replied the innkeeper, who, going to his own chamber, brought out an old portmanteau secured with a chain, which being opened, the priest found in it three large volumes, and some manuscripts written in a very fair character.

The first book they opened appeared to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace; the second, Felixmarte of Hyrcania; and the third, was the history of that great Captain Goncalo Hernandes de Cordova, with the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. The curate having read the titles of the two first, turned to the barber, saying, 'We now want our friend's housekeeper and cousin.' 'Not at all,' answered Mr. Nicholas: 'I myself can convey them to the yard, or rather to the chimney, where there is actually a special good fire.' 'What! you intend to burn these books, then?' said the innkeeper. 'Only these two,' answered the curate, pointing to Don Cirongilio and Felixmarte. 'I suppose, then, resumed the landlord, 'my books are heretic and flegmatic?' 'You mean schismatic, honest friend, and not flegmatic,' said the barber. 'Even so,' replied the landlord: 'but, if any of them be burnt, let it be the history of that great captain, together with Diego Garcia; for, I would rather suffer you to commit my son to the flames, than to burn e'er a one of the rest.' 'Hark ye, brother,' said the curate, 'these two books are stuffed with lyes, vanity and extravagance; but that of the great captain is a true history, containing the exploits of Goncalo Hernandez de Cordova, who, by his numerous and valiant atchievements, acquired, all the world over, the epithet of the Great Captain, a renowned and splended appellation, merited by him alone; and that Diego Garcia de Paredes was a noble cavalier, born in the city of Truxillo in Estremadura, a most valiant soldier, and endowed with such bodily strength, that with a single finger he could stop a mill-wheel in the heat of its motion; and being once posted at the end of a bridge, with a two-handed sword, he alone prevented a vast army from passing over it; he performed a great many actions of the same kind, which he himself hath recounted with all the modesty of a gentleman who
writes

writes his own memoirs; whereas, had they been committed to writing by any other free and dispassionate author, they would have eclipsed all the Hector, Achilles, and Orlando, that ever lived.' 'You may tell such stuff to my grannam,' said the innkeeper. 'Lord! how you are surprized at the stopping of a mill-wheel; before God, I advise your worship to read, as I have done*, the history of Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with a single back stroke, cut five giants through the middle, as easily as if they had been made of beans, like the figures with which the boys divert themselves. Another time, he engaged a most infinite and powerful army, consisting of a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed cap-a-pee, whom he totally routed, as if they had been flocks of sheep. Then what shall we say of the most excellent Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so valiant and courageous, as may be seen in the book of his history, that while he was sailing on the river a fiery serpent rose above the water, which he no sooner saw, than leaping on its back, he fastened himself astride upon its scaly shoulders, and seized it by the throat, with both hands, so forcibly, that the serpent feeling itself well nigh strangled, could find no other remedy but to dive into the profound, with the knight, who would not quit his hold; and when he descended to the bottom, he found himself in a palace situated in the midst of a garden that was wonderfully pleasant; and then the serpent turned itself into an ancient man, who told him such things as you would rejoice to hear. Say no more, Signior, if you was to hear it, you would run stark mad for joy; so that, a fig for your great captain, and that same Diego Garcia you talk of!

Dorothea hearing this harangue, whispered to Cardenio, 'Our host wants not much to make the second edition of Don Quixote.' 'I think so too,' answered Cardenio; 'for, by his discourse, he seems to take it for granted, that every thing which is recounted in these books, is neither more nor less than the truth; and all the capuchins in Spain will not be able to alter his belief.' 'Consider, brother,' resumed the curate, 'that there never was upon earth such a person as Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other of such knights as are celebrated in books of chivalry. The whole is a fiction composed by idle persons of genius, for the very purpose you mentioned, namely, pastime, which was the aim of your reapers; for, I swear to you, no such knights ever existed, nor were any such exploits and extravagancies ever

* It will appear in the sequel, that the landlord could not read at all, nevertheless he might boast of what he could not do.

performed in this world.' 'You must throw that bone to some other dog!' replied the landlord; 'as if I did not know that two and three make five; or where my own shoe pinches. Your worship must not think to feed me with pap, for egad I am no such suckling! A good joke, faith! You would make me believe that all the contents of these books are madness and lies, although they are printed by licence from the king's council; as if they were persons who would wink at the printing of such lies, battles, and enchantments, as turn people's brains.' 'Friend,' replied the curate, 'I have already told you, that they are designed for the amusement of our idle hours; and, as in every well-governed commonwealth, the games of chess, billiards, and tennis, are licensed for the entertainment of those who neither can nor ought to work; in like manner, those books are allowed to be printed, on the supposition, that nobody is so ignorant as to believe a syllable of what they contain; and if I was now permitted, or the company required it, I could give some hints towards the improvement of books of chivalry, which perhaps might be both serviceable and entertaining; but I hope the time will come, when I may have an opportunity of imparting my suggestions to those who can convert them to general use: meanwhile, Mr. Publican, you may depend upon the truth of what I have said: take your books away, and settle the affair of their truth or falsehood, just as your own comprehension will permit; much good may they do you, and God grant that you may never halt on the same foot on which your lodger Don Quixote is lame!' 'I hope,' answered the innkeeper, 'I shall never be mad enough to turn knight-errant, as I can easily perceive that the customs now-a-days are quite different from those in times past, when, as it is reported, those famous heroes travelled about the world.'

Sancho, who had come into the room about the middle of this conversation, was very much confounded and perplexed; when he heard them observe that there was no such thing as knight-errantry in the present age, and that all the books of chivalry were filled with extravagance and fiction; he therefore determined within himself, to wait the issue of his master's last undertaking; and if it should not succeed as happily as he expected, to leave him, and return, with his wife and children, to his former labour.

When the innkeeper took up the portmanteau with the books, in order to carry them away, 'Stay,' said the curate, 'until I examine these papers which are written in such a fair character.' The landlord accordingly pulled out a manuscript, consisting of eight sheets of paper, intitled, in large letters,

'The

• The Novel of the Impertinent Curiosity*.' The priest having read three or four lines to himself, said, 'Really the title of this novel pleases me so much, that I have a strong inclination to peruse the whole.' To this observation, the innkeeper replied, 'Then your reverence may read it aloud; for, you must know, the reading of it hath given great satisfaction to several lodgers at this inn, who have earnestly begged the copy; but the request I would not comply with, because I think of restoring it to the right owner, as I expect that the person who left the portmanteau with the books and papers, in a mistake, will return, on purpose to fetch them; or, you know, he may chance to travel this way on other business; and though I should miss them heavily, in faith they shall be restored; for, though an innkeeper, I am still a Christian.' 'Friend,' said the curate, 'you are very much in the right; but, for all that, if I like the novel, you shall give me leave to transcribe it.' 'With all my heart,' replied the landlord. While this discourse passed between them, Cardenio having taken up the manuscript, and began to read, was of the curate's opinion, and intreated him to read it aloud, that the whole company might hear it. 'I will,' answered the priest, 'if you think we had not better spend the time in sleeping than in reading.' 'For my own part,' said Dorothea, 'it will be a sufficient refreshment for me to listen to some entertaining story; for my mind is not composed enough to let me sleep, even if I stood in need of repose.' 'If that be the case,' resumed the curate, 'I will read it out of curiosity, at a venture, and perhaps it will yield us some entertainment into the bargain.' Master Nicholas earnestly joined in the request, and Sancho himself expressed a desire of hearing it; upon which the licentiate finding he should please the whole company as well as himself, 'Well, then,' said he, 'listen with attention, for the novel begins in this manner.'

CHAPTER VI.

The Novel of the Impertinent Curiosity.

IN Florence, a rich and celebrated city of Italy, situated in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two wealthy and noble cavaliers, so strictly united in the bands of amity, that every body who knew them, called

* The original which is *curioso impertinente*, signifies one who is impertinently curious, not a curious impertinent.

them, by way of excellence and epithet, the Two Friends; and, indeed, being both batchelors, and their age and education so much alike, it was not to be wondered at if a reciprocal affection sprung up between them: true it is, Anselmo was rather more addicted to amorous pastime than Lothario, whose chief delight was in hunting; yet, upon occasion, Anselmo could quit his own amusements to pursue those of his friend; and Lothario could postpone his favourite diversion, in order to practise that of Anselmo: in this manner their inclinations proceeded so mutually, that no clock ever went with more regularity. Anselmo happened to fall desperately in love with a young lady of rank and beauty in the same city, descended from such a noble family, and so amiable in herself, that he determined, with the approbation of his friend, without which he did nothing, to demand her of her parents in marriage; and accordingly put his resolution in practice. Lothario was intrusted with the message, and concluded the affair so much to the satisfaction of his friend, that in a very little time Anselmo saw himself in possession of his heart's desire; and Camilla thought herself so happy in having obtained such a husband, that she was incessant in her acknowledgments to Heaven and Lothario, by whose mediation her happiness was effected.

During the first two days after marriage, which are commonly spent in feasting and mirth, Lothario, as usual, frequented the house of his friend, with a view of honouring his nuptials, and endeavouring, as much as in him lay, to promote the joy and festivity attending all such occasions; but the wedding being over, and the frequency of visits and congratulations abated, he began carefully and gradually to absent himself from Anselmo's house, thinking, as every prudent person would naturally conclude, that a man ought not to visit and frequent the house of a friend after he is married, in the same manner as he had practised while he was single: for, though suspicion should never find harbour with true and virtuous friendship, yet the honour of a married man is so delicate, as to be thought subject to injury, not only from a friend, but even from a brother. Anselmo perceived Lothario's remissness, and complained of it loudly; saying, that if he had thought his marriage would have impaired their former correspondence, he never would have altered his condition; and begged, that as by the mutual friendship which inspired them while he was single, they had acquired such an agreeable title as that of the Two Friends, he would not suffer that endearing and celebrated name to be lost, by a scrupulous adherence to mere form and punctilio. He therefore entreated him, if he might

might be allowed to use the expression, to be master of his house, and to come in and go out as formerly, assuring him that the inclinations of Camilla, in that respect, were exactly conformable to his own; and that knowing the perfect friendship which subsisted between them, she was extremely mortified at his late shyness.

‘To these and many other arguments used by Anselmo, to persuade his friend to frequent his house as usual, Lothario answered with such prudence, force, and discernment, that the other was convinced of his discreet conduct: and it was agreed betwixt them, that Lothario should dine with him twice a week, besides holidays; but, notwithstanding this agreement, he resolved to comply with it no farther than he should see convenient for the honour of Anselmo, which was dearer to him than his own. He said, and his observation was just, that a man on whom Heaven hath bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as cautious of the men he brings home to his house, as careful in observing the female friends with whom his spouse converses abroad; for that which cannot be performed nor concerted in the street or the church, or at public shows and diversions, with which a husband must sometimes indulge his wife, may be easily transacted in the house of a female friend or relation, in whom his chief confidence is reposed. Wherefore, Lothario observed, that every married man had occasion for some friend to apprise him of any omission in her conduct; for it often happens that he is too much in love with his wife to observe, or too much afraid of offending her, to prescribe the limits of her behaviour in those things, the following or eschewing of which may tend to his honour or reproach, whereas that inconvenience might be easily amended by the advice of a friend. But where shall we find such a zealous, discreet, trusty friend, as is here required? I really know not, except in Lothario himself, who, consulting the honour of Anselmo, with the utmost care and circumspection, was at great pains to contract, abridge, and diminish the number of the days on which he had agreed to frequent his house; that the idle vulgar, and prying eyes of malice, might not indulge their love of slander, when they perceived a genteel young man of such birth, fortune, and accomplishments as he knew himself possessed of, go into the house of such a celebrated beauty as Camilla; for, although his virtue and honour might be a sufficient check to the most malevolent tongue, he would not expose his own character, or that of his friend, to the smallest censure; and therefore employed the greatest part of those days on which he agreed to visit Anselmo, in such things as he pretended were indispensable; so that when they were present,

sent, a great deal of time was consumed by the complaints of the one, and excuses of the other. One day, however, as they were walking through a meadow, near the suburbs of the city, Anselmo addressed himself to Lothario in these terms:

"You believe, my friend Lothario, that I can never be thankful enough to Heaven for the blessings I enjoy, not only in the most indulgent parents, and in the abundance of those things which are called the goods of nature and fortune, but also in a friend like you, and a wife like Camilla; two pledges which I esteem, if not as highly as I ought, at least as much as I can. Yet, though I possess all those benefits which usually constitute the happiness of mankind, I find myself one of the most disgusted and discontented men alive. I have been for these many days so harrassed and fatigued with such an odd unaccountable desire, that I cannot help being amazed at my infatuation, for which I often blame and rebuke myself, endeavouring to suppress and conceal it from my own reflection; but I find it as impossible to keep the secret, as if I had industriously published it to the whole world, and since it must actually be disclosed to somebody, I would have it deposited in the most secret archives of your heart, in full confidence, that by the diligence which you as a trusty friend will exert in my behalf, when you know it, I shall soon see myself delivered from that anxiety to which it hath reduced me, and by your assiduity be raised to a pitch of joy equal to the degree of vexation which my own folly hath entailed upon me."

Lothario was astonished at this discourse of Anselmo, as he could not comprehend the meaning of such a long preface and preamble, and endeavoured, by revolving every thing in his imagination, to find out what this desire could be, that preyed so much upon the spirits of his friend; but, finding himself always wide of the mark, he was willing to ease himself immediately of the excessive pain his suspense occasioned; and with this view told Anselmo, that he did a manifest injury to the warmth of his friendship, in going about the bush, seeking indirect methods to impart his most secret thoughts, since he was well assured that he might entirely depend upon him, either for advice to suppress, or assistance to support them. "I am well convinced of the truth of what you say," answered Anselmo, "and in that confidence will tell you, my friend, that the desire with which I am possessed, is to be certain, whether or not my wife Camilla is as virtuous and perfect as I believe her to be; and this truth I shall never be fully persuaded of, until the perfection of her nature appear upon trial, as pure gold is proved by fire; for it is my opinion, that there is no woman virtuous, but in proportion to the solicitation she

she hath withstood; and that she only is chaste, who hath not yielded to the promises, presents, tears, and continual importunities of persevering lovers. And pray were is the merit of a woman's being chaste, when nobody ever courted her to be otherwise? what wonder that she should be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity of indulging loose inclinations, and who knows her husband would immediately put her to death should he once catch her tripping? Wherefore I can never entertain the same degree of esteem for a woman who is chaste out of fear, or want of opportunity, as I would for her who hath triumphed over perseverance of solicitation; so that for these, and many other reasons I could urge to sanction and enforce my opinion, I desire that my wife Camilla may undergo the test, and be refined in the fire of importunate addresses, by one possessed of sufficient accomplishments to inspire a woman with love; and if she comes off as I believe she will, victorious in the trial, I shall think my own happiness unparalleled. I shall then be able to say that my wishes are fulfilled, and that she hath fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man saith, "*Who hath found her?*" And even if the contrary of what I expect should happen, the satisfaction of seeing my opinion confirmed, will help me to bear with patience that which would otherwise prove such a costly experiment. Supposing, then, that nothing you can say, in opposition to this desire of mine, can avail in diverting me from my purpose, I expect and entreat that you, my friend Lothario, will condescend to be the instrument with which I execute this work of my inclination. I will give you proper opportunities, and supply you with every thing I see necessary for soliciting a woman of virtue, honour, and disinterested reserve; and what among other things induces me to intrust you with this enterprize, is the consideration, that should Camilla's scruples be overcome, you will not pursue your conquest to the last circumstance of rigour, but only suppose that done, which, for good reason, ought to remain undone: so that I shall be injured by her inclination alone, and my wrongs lie buried in the virtue of your silence, which I know, in whatever concerns my welfare, will be eternal as that of death. Wherefore, if you would have me enjoy what deserves to be called life, you will forthwith undertake this amorous contest, not with lukewarmness and languor, but with that eagerness and diligence which corresponds with my wish, and the confidence in which I am secured by your friendship."

'Such was the discourse of Anselmo; to which Lothario listened so attentively, that, except what he is already said to have uttered, he did not open his lips, until his friend had finished his proposal: but finding he had nothing more to al-

ledge, after having for some time gazed upon him as an object hitherto unseen, that inspired him with astonishment and surprise, "I cannot be persuaded, Anselmo," said he, "but what you have said was spoke in jest; for, had I thought you in earnest, I should not have suffered you to proceed so far; but, by refusing to listen, have prevented such a long harangue. Without doubt, you must either mistake my disposition, or I be utterly unacquainted with your's; and yet I know you to be Anselmo, and you must be sensible that I am Lothario; the misfortune is, I no longer find you the same Anselmo you was wont to be, nor do I appear to you the same Lothario as before; your discourse favours not of that Anselmo who was my friend, nor is what you ask to be demanded of that Lothario who shared your confidence. Good men, as a certain poet observes, may try and avail themselves of their friends, *usque ad aras*; I mean, not presume upon their friendship in things contrary to the decrees of Heaven. Now, if a heathen entertained such ideas of friendship, how much more should they be cherished by a Christian, who knows that no human affection ought to interfere with our love to God; and, when a person stretches his connections so far as to lay aside all respect for heaven, in order to manifest his regard for a friend, he ought not to be swayed by trifles or matters of small consequence, but by those things only on which the life and honour of a friend depend. Tell me, then, Anselmo, which of these is in danger, before I venture to gratify your wish, by complying with the detestable proposal you have made? Surely, neither; on the contrary, if I conceive you aright, you are desirous that I should indefatigably endeavour to deprive you, and myself also, of that very life and honour which it is my duty to preserve; for if I rob you of honour, I rob you of life; since a man without honour is worse than dead; and I being the instrument, as you desire I should be, that entails such a curse upon you, shall not I be dishonoured, and of consequence dead to all enjoyment and fame? Listen with patience, my friend Anselmo, and make no answer until I shall have done with imparting the suggestions of my mind, concerning the strange proposal you have made; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and me to listen in my turn." "With all my heart," cried Anselmo; "you may speak as long as you please."

'Accordingly, Lothario proceeded, saying, "In my opinion, Anselmo, your disposition is at present like that of the Moors, who will not suffer themselves to be convicted of the errors of their sect, by quotations from the Holy Scripture, nor with arguments founded on speculation, or the articles of faith; but must be confuted or convinced by examples that are palpable,
easy,

easy, familiar, and subject to the certainty of mathematical demonstration; for instance, if from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are equal. And if they do not understand this proposition verbally, as is frequently the case, it must be explained and set before their eyes by manual operation, which is also insufficient to persuade them of the truth of our holy religion. The self-same method must I practise with you, whose desire deviates so far from every thing that bears the least shadow of reason, that I should look upon it as time mispent, to endeavour to convince you of your folly, which is the only name your intention seems to deserve. Nay, I am even tempted to leave you in your extravagancy, as a punishment for your preposterous desire; but I am prevented from using such rigour by my friendship, which will not permit me to desert you in such manifest danger of perdition. But, to make this affair still more plain, tell me, Anselmo, did not you desire me to solicit one that was reserved, seduce one that was chaste, make presents to one that was disinterested, and assiduously court one that was wise? Yes, such was your demand. If you are apprised, then, of the reserve, virtue, disinterestedness, and prudence of your wife, pray what is your aim? If you believe that she will triumph over all my assaults, as undoubtedly she will, what fairer titles can you bestow upon her, than those she possesses already? or how will she be more perfect after that trial, than she is at present? You either do not believe she is so virtuous as you have represented her, or know not the nature of your demand. If you think she is not so chaste as you have described her, you should not hazard the trial; but rather, according to the dictates of your own prudence, treat her as a vicious woman: if you are satisfied of her virtue, it would be altogether impertinent to make trial of that truth, which, from the test, can acquire no additional esteem. From whence we may reasonably conclude, that for men to execute designs which are clearly productive of more hurt than benefit, is the province of madness and temerity; especially, when they are not incited or compelled to these designs by any sort of consideration; but, on the contrary, may at a greater distance perceive the manifest madness of their intention. Difficulties are undertaken either for the sake of God, of this world, or of both. The first are incurred by holy men, who live the life of angels here on earth; the second by those who traverse the boundless ocean, visiting such a diversity of climates and nations, with a view of acquiring what are called the goods of fortune; and such undertakings as equally regard God and man, fall to the share of those valiant soldiers, who no sooner behold, in the wall of an adverse city, a breach, though no bigger

bigger than that which is made by a single cannon-ball, than laying aside all fear, and overlooking with unconcern the manifest danger that menaces them, winged with desire of signalizing their valour in behalf of their king, country, and religion, throw themselves with the utmost intrepidity, into the midst of a thousand deaths that oppose and await them. These are the enterprizes which are generally undertaken, and though full of peril and inconvenience, attended with glory, honour, and advantage: but that which you have planned, and purpose to put in execution, neither tends to your acquiring the approbation of God, the goods of fortune, nor the applause of mankind; for, granting that the experiment should succeed to your wish, it will make you neither more happy, rich, or respected than you are; and should it turn out contrary to your expectation, you will find yourself the most miserable of all mortals. It will then give you little ease to reflect, that your misfortune is unknown; for, the bare knowing it yourself will be sufficient to plunge you in affliction and despair. As a confirmation of this truth, you must give me leave to repeat the following stanza, written by the celebrated poet Lewis Tansilo, at the end of the first part of the Tears of St. Peter.

“ When Peter saw the approach of rosy morn,

“ His soul with sorrow and remorse was torn;

“ For, though from ev’ry mortal eye conceal’d,

“ The guilt to his own bosom stood reveal’d;

“ The candid breast will, self-accusing, own

“ Each conscious fault, though to the world unknown:

“ Nor will th’ offender ’scape internal shame,

“ Tho’ unimpeach’d by justice or by fame.”

“ Wherefore, secrecy will never assuage your grief; but, on the contrary, you will incessantly weep, not tears from your eyes, but drops of blood from your heart, like that simple doctor, whom our poet mentions *, who made trial of the vessel, which the prudent Rinaldo, with more discretion, refused to touch; and although this be a poetical fiction, it nevertheless contains a well couched moral, worthy of notice, study, and imitation; especially, as what I am going to say, will I hope, bring you to a due sense of the great error you want to commit.

“ Tell me Anselmo, if Heaven or good fortune had made

* Ludovico Ariosto, author of *Orlando Furioso*, to which poem Cervantes frequently alludes. Here, however, he seems to have forgot the passage he meant to cite; for the person who proffered the cup to Rinaldo was no doctor. In *Canto* 43, of the *Orlando Furioso*, mention is made, indeed, of one Anselmo, who was a Doctor of Law, but not at all concerned in the enchanted cup; yet it must be owned, that Dr. Anselmo had recourse to an astrologer, in order to know whether his wife preserved her chastity in his absence.

you master and lawful possessor of an exquisite diamond, the brilliancy of which was admired by all the lapidaries who had seen it, and unanimously allowed to be the most perfect of its kind; an opinion, which, as you knew nothing to the contrary, was exactly conformable to your own; would it be wise or pardonable in you, to put that jewel betwixt an anvil and a hammer, and, by mere dint of blows and strength of arm, try if it was as hard and perfect as it had been pronounced? for, supposing that the diamond should resist the force of this foolish experiment, it would thereby acquire no addition of value or fame; and if it should be broke to pieces, a thing that might easily happen, would not all be lost? Yes, for certain; and the owner be universally deemed a fool. Consider, then, my friend, that Camilla is an exquisite diamond, not only in your estimation, but in that of every one who knows her; and it would be highly unreasonable to expose her to the least possibility of being broke; for, even should she remain entire, her reputation will receive no increase; but should she fail in the trial, reflect upon what you must feel, and the reason you will then have to complain of yourself, for having been the fatal cause of her perdition, and your own despair. Consider, that no jewel upon earth is comparable to a woman of virtue and honour; and, that the honour of the sex consists in the fair characters they maintain. Since, therefore, the reputation of your wife is already as high as it possibly can be, why would you bring this truth into question? Remember, my friend, that woman is an imperfect creature; and that, far from laying blocks in her way, over which she might stumble and fall, we ought to remove them with care, and clear her paths from all obstructions, that she may, without trouble, proceed smoothly in attaining to that perfection which she may still want, namely, immaculate virtue. We are informed by naturalists, that the ermin is a little animal, covered with a fur of an excessive whiteness, and that the hunters use this artifice to catch it: being well acquainted with the places through which it chuses to pass in its flight, they daub them all over with mud, as soon as they get sight of the creature, drive it directly thither. The ermin finding himself thus barricadoed, stands still, and is taken: chusing captivity, rather than, by passing through the filth, to stain and sully the whiteness of its fur, which it prizes above liberty, and even life itself. A chaste and virtuous wife is like the ermin, her character being more pure and white than drifted snow; but he who would guard and preserve it must use a method quite different from that which is practised upon the little animal, and beware of clogging her way with mud of entertainments, and the addresses of importunate lovers;

lovers; lest, perhaps, (nay, without a perhaps) she should not possess such virtue and resolution as are sufficient of themselves to surmount those obstructions. It is therefore necessary to remove them, and place before her the purity of virtue, and the beauty of an unblemished reputation. A virtuous woman also resembles a bright transparent mirror, which is liable to be stained and obscured by the the breath of those who approach too near it. A virtuous woman, like relics, ought to be adored at a distance. She ought to be preserved and esteemed as a beautiful garden, full of flowers and roses, the owner of which will suffer nobody to handle them or pass through it, permitting them only to enjoy its fragrance and beauty afar off, through the iron rails that surround it. In fine, I will repeat a few verses that I just now recollect, from a modern comedy, because they seem to have been composed upon the very subject of our present discourse. A sage old man advising his friend, who is blessed with a handsome daughter, to lock her up, and watch over her with the utmost vigilance and care, among other reasons, cautions him with these—

I.

- “WOMAN is form’d of brittle ware;
 “Then wherefore rashly seek to know
 “What force, unbroken, she will bear,
 “And strike, perhaps, some fatal blow?”

II.

- “Though easily to fragments tore,
 “’Twere equally absurd and vain,
 “To dash in pieces on the floor,
 “What never can be join’d again.

III.

- “This maxim, then, by facts assur’d,
 “Should henceforth be espous’d by all;
 “Where’er Danæ lies immur’d,
 “The tempting show’r of gold will fall.”

“All that I have hitherto suggested, Anselmo, regards yourself; and now it is but reasonable that you should hear something that concerns me; and if I should be prolix in my observations, you must excuse me, because it is absolutely necessary to expatiate on the subject, in order to extricate you from the labyrinth in which you are involved, and from which you desire to be disengaged by my assistance. You consider me as a friend, and yet seek to deprive me of my honour; a desire opposite to all friendship or regard; nay, even endeavour to make me rob you of your own. That you want to destroy mine, is plain; for Camilla, finding herself exposed to my solicitations, as you desire, will certainly look upon me

as a man void of all principle and honour; because I attempt to succeed in a design so contrary to the dignity of my own character, and the friendship subsisting between us. That you desire I should rob you of yours, is not to be doubted; because, Camilla, seeing herself importuned by my addresses, will think I must have observed some levity in her conduct, which hath encouraged me to disclose my vicious inclinations, and think herself dishonoured accordingly; so that you will be as much concerned in her dishonour, as if it was your own. Hence springs the common observation, that the husband of a lewd woman, though he neither knows, nor hath given the least occasion for the misconduct of his wife, and though his misfortune was neither owing to his want of prudence or care, is, notwithstanding, pointed at, and distinguished by a name of scandal and reproach; being looked upon, by those who know the frailty of his wife, with an eye of disdain, instead of compassion, which he certainly deserves, as his disgrace proceeds not from any fault of his, but from the loose inclinations of his worthless spouse. I will now explain the reason, why the husband of a bad woman is justly dishonoured, though he neither knows, nor hath been in any shape accessory to her back-slidings; and you must hear me with patience, because my remarks will, I hope, redound to your advantage.

“When God created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise, we are told, by the Holy Scripture, that he was thrown into a deep sleep, during which the almighty took a rib from his left side, and of this Eve being formed, Adam no sooner awoke and beheld her, than he cried, *“This creature is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.”* Nay, God himself pronounced, *“For this shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.”* Then was instituted the divine sacrament of marriage, consisting of such ties as death alone can unbind, and endowed with such miraculous virtue and power, as to unite two different persons in one flesh; nay, what is still more wonderful, to combine two souls so as to produce but one will; provided the union be happily effected. From hence it follows, that the flesh of the wife being the same with that of the husband, whatever stains or blemishes are imbibed by the first, must equally affect the other, although, as I have already observed, he is in no manner accessory to the misfortune. Wherefore, as the whole person is affected by the pain of the foot, or any other member of the human body; and the head, though no way concerned in the cause, be a fellow-sufferer with the ankle when it is hurt; by the same rule, an husband, being a part of the same whole, must bear a share of his wife’s dishonour; for, as all the honours and disgraces of

this life proceed from flesh and blood, the infamy of a vicious woman, being of the same origin, must be shared by her husband, who ought to be looked upon as a dishonoured person, although he be utterly ignorant of the guilt. Reflect, therefore, Anselmo, on the danger into which you bring yourself, by seeking to disturb the peace and tranquillity of your virtuous wife. Reflect upon the vanity and impertinence of that curiosity, which prompts you to awaken and stir up those humours that now lie tamed and quiet in the bosom of your chaste spouse. Consider, that in this rash adventure, your gain must be very small, but your loss may be so great that I leave it unmentioned, because I want words to express its estimation. On the whole, if what I have said be insufficient to divert you from your mischievous design, I desire you will chuse some other instrument of your misfortune and disgrace; for I will not undertake the office, though, by my refusal, I should even lose your friendship, which is dearer to me than any thing upon earth."

'Here the virtuous and prudent Lothario left off speaking, and Anselmo remained in such confusion and perplexity, that, for some time, he could not answer one word; at length, however, he broke silence, saying, "I have listened, my friend Lothario, as you may have perceived, with great attention to all you had to say, and by your arguments, examples, and comparisons, am fully convinced, not only of your great discretion, but also of that perfection of friendship to which you have attained: I see also, and own, that in refusing your counsel, and following my own, I avoid the good and pursue the evil. This truth being acknowledged, you must consider me as a person afflicted with that infirmity which induces some women to swallow earth, chalk, coals, and other things of a worse nature, which, if loathsome to the sight, how much more disagreeable must they be to the taste. Wherefore there is an absolute necessity for using some method of cure, which you may easily effect, by beginning to solicit the love of Camilla, though coldly and feignedly; and, sure, she cannot be so frail as to surrender her virtue at the first encounter. With this slight attempt I shall rest satisfied, and you fulfil the duty of your friendship, not only in giving me new life, but also in dissuading me from being the cause of my own dishonour. Nay, you are obliged to comply with my request, by this other consideration, that, determined as I am to put my design into execution, you ought not to allow me to communicate this extravagant resolution to any other person, lest I run the risk of losing that honour which you endeavour to preserve; and, as to your suffering in the opinion of Camilla, by attempting to
seduce

seduce her; that is a reflection of small importance, because, when her integrity is proved, you can soon inform her of our whole contrivance; consequently, regain and repossess the former place you held in her esteem. Since, therefore, by adventuring so little, it is in your power to give me so much satisfaction, I hope you will not refuse the office, even if it was attended with more inconvenience; for I have already told you, that I shall look upon the affair as concluded, whenever you shall have made the first attempt."

'Lothario seeing him fixed in his resolution; even after he had exhausted all his rhetoric to dissuade him from it; and fearing he would execute his threat of imparting his unhappy design to some other person, determined to prevent a greater misfortune, by complying with his desire; purposing, however, to manage the business in such a manner, as to satisfy Anselmo, without altering the sentiment of his wife. With this view, he told Anselmo that he should have no occasion to communicate his intention to any other man; for he, Lothario, would undertake the affair, and begin when he pleased. Anselmo, embracing his friend with great tenderness and affection, thanked him as much for his compliance, as if he had granted him some vast favour: and it was concerted between them, that Lothario should begin the enterprize the very next day, when Anselmo would give him time and opportunity of being alone with Camilla, that he might speak to her with freedom; and also supply him with money and jewels, that with such presents he might promote his suit; he, moreover, advised him to attempt her by music, and write verses in her praise; or, if that would be too much trouble for the gallant, he himself would compose them for the purpose. Lothario undertook every thing, but with a very different intention from what Anselmo supposed: and the agreement being made, they returned to the house of this last, where they found Camilla waiting with great anxiety for her husband, who had that day tarried longer than usual abroad. Lothario soon after went home to his own lodgings, leaving his friend as happy as himself was perplexed how to contrive a scheme for bringing this affair to a fortunate issue; but that night he fell upon an expedient to deceive Anselmo, without giving offence to his wife.

'Next day he went to dine with his friend, and was very kindly received by Camilla, who entertained him with great cordiality, as her husband's intimate companion. Dinner being ended, and the table withdrawn, Anselmo, rising up, desired Lothario to stay with Camilla till his return from an indispensable piece of business, that would detain him an hour and a

half. Camilla entreated him to defer it until another time, and Lothario offered to go along with him; but he was deaf to both, pressing Lothario to let him go, while he should wait at his house till he came back, for he wanted to talk with him upon a subject of the last importance; at the same time desiring Camilla to keep Lothario company till his return; in short, he so well feigned the necessity, or rather folly, of his absence, that nobody could have suspected the deceit. He accordingly went out, and left Camilla and his friend by themselves; for the rest of the family had gone to dinner; so that Lothario seeing himself within the lists, according to Anselmo's desire, with his fair enemy, whose beauty alone was powerful enough to overcome a whole squadron of armed knights, it may be easily conceived what reason he had to fear, yet all he did was to lean his head on his hand, while his elbow rested upon the arm of the chair in which he sat, and after having begged pardon for his ill-manners, to tell Camilla he would take a nap till Anselmo's return. She said he would be more at his ease in a couch than in the chair, and advised him to walk into a chamber where he would find one. This offer, however, he declined, and slept where he was till the return of his friend, who finding Camilla in her own apartment, and Lothario asleep, concluded that, by his long stay, he had given them time not only to speak, but also to take their repose, and was impatient for Lothario's waking, that he might carry him out to walk, and enquire about his own fortune.

Every thing succeeded to his wish: when his friend awoke, they went forth together, and he put every question to him that his curiosity suggested. Lothario answered, that thinking it improper to explain himself on the first occasion, he had done nothing but praised Camilla's beauty, which, together with her discretion, he told her engrossed the conversation of the whole city; this he imagined was the most prudent beginning, as it might prepossess her in his favour, and dispose her to listen to him another time with pleasure: being the same artifice which is practised by the devil, who, when he would seduce those who are on their guard, transforms himself from an imp of darkness into an angel of light, and flattering them with specious appearances, at length discovers his cloven foot, and succeeds in his design, provided his deceit be not detected in the beginning.—This declaration was altogether satisfactory to Anselmo, who said, he would give him the same opportunity every day, without quitting the house, in which he would employ himself so artfully, that Camilla should never suspect his design. Many days passed, in which, though Lothario never opened his mouth on the subject to Camilla, he told

told Anselmo that he had made many efforts, but could never perceive in her the least tendency to weakness, or obtain the least shadow of hope; on the contrary, that she had threatened, if he did not lay aside the wicked design, to disclose the whole affair to her husband.' "Very well," said Anselmo; "hitherto she is proof against words; we must now try whether or not she can resist works also. To-morrow you shall have two thousand crowns in gold, for a present to her; and as much more to purchase jewels, for a bait; these are things with which all beautiful women are captivated; for, be they ever so chaste, they love finery and gay apparel; if she withstands that temptation, I will rest satisfied, and give you no further trouble."

Lothario promised to go through with the enterprize, now that he had begun, though he was persuaded he should be fatigued and baffled in the execution. Next day he received four thousand crowns, and as many perplexities along with them; for he did not know what lye he should next invent: however, he determined to tell his friend, that Camilla was as invincible to presents as to words, and that he should give himself no farther vexation, since all his endeavours were thrown away to no purpose; but fortune, which conducted matters in another manner, ordained that Anselmo, one day, after having, according to custom, left Lothario and his wife by themselves, and gone to his own chamber, should peep through the key-hole, and listen to their conversation; it was then he perceived, that in half an hour and more, Lothario did not speak one word; neither would he have opened his mouth, had he remained a whole age in the same situation.—From hence he concluded, that every thing his friend had told him of Camilla's replies, were mere fiction; but, to be still more assured, he came out of his chamber, and calling Lothario aside, asked what news he had, and how Camilla stood affected to him? He replied, that he was resolved to drop the business entirely, for she had checked him with such bitterness and indignation, that he had no mind to return to the charge.—"Ah, Lothario! Lothario!" said Anselmo, "how much you have fallen in the duty of friendship, and abused the confidence I have reposed in your affection! I have been all this time looking through the key-hole of that door, and perceived that you have not spoken one word to Camilla, from whence I suspect that your first declaration is yet to come; and if that be the case, as without doubt it is; wherefore have you thus deceived me; and in so doing, prevented me from other means to satisfy my desire?" He said no more, but this was sufficient to cover Lothario with shame and confusion; who, thinking his honour concerned

concerned in being convicted of a lie, swore to Anselmo, he would from that moment take the charge of giving him the satisfaction he required, without the least equivocation, as he might perceive by watching him narrowly; though there would be no occasion for using such diligence, because his future behaviour in that affair would acquit him of all suspicion.

‘Anselmo gave credit to his protestation; and, that his opportunities might be more secure, and less subject to interruption, resolved to absent himself from his own house for eight days, during which he proposed to visit a friend who lived in a village not far from the city; and whom he desired to invite him to his house with the most earnest intreaties, that he might excuse himself to Camilla for his absence. Unfortunate and imprudent Anselmo! what art thou doing? what art thou contriving and concerting? Consider that thou art acting against thyself, planning thy own dishonour and perdition. Your wife Camilla is virtuous and sober, and you possess her at present in quiet, enjoying uninterrupted pleasure; her inclinations never ramble beyond the walls of your own house: you are her paradise upon earth, the goal of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the standard by which she measures her will, adjusting it in all respects according to your pleasure and the direction of Heaven. Since the mine of her honour, beauty, modesty, and virtue, yields thee, without trouble, all the riches which it contains, or thou canst desire, why wouldest thou, by digging in search of a new and unheard-of treasure, risk the fall or destruction of the whole, which is sustained by the feeble props of female constancy? Remember it is but just, that he who builds on impossibilities should be denied the privilege of any other foundation; as the poet hath better expressed it in the following couplets—

“In death I sought new life to find,
 “And health where pale distemper pin’d:
 “I look’d for freedom in the gaol,
 “And faith where perjuries prevail:
 “But Fate supreme, whose stern decree
 “To sorrow match’d my destiny,
 “All possible relief withdrew,
 “Because th’ impossible I kept in view.”

‘Next day Anselmo went to the country, after having told Camilla, that in his absence Lothario would take charge of the family, and dine with her every-day; he therefore desired her to treat him with all the respect due to his own person. Camilla, being a woman of honour and discretion, was disgusted at this order, and bade him consider how unseemly it was for another man to sit at the head of his table in his absence;

sence; at the same time begging, that if his directions proceeded from his diffidence in her capacity, he would for once put her management to the trial, and be convinced, by experience, that she was equal to a more important charge. Anselmo replied, that such was his pleasure, and her province was to bow the head and obey; upon which, she, though unwillingly, submitted. Next day he set out accordingly, and Lothario went to his house, where he met with a very kind and honourable reception from Camilla, who never gave him an opportunity of being alone with her, but was always surrounded by her servants, generally attended by her own maid, whose name was Leonela, for whom her mistress had a particular affection, because they had been brought up together from their infancy, in the house of Camilla's parents; and when she married Anselmo, she accompanied her to his house in quality of waiting-woman.

‘ During the first three days Lothario did not declare himself, although he had opportunities immediately after the table was uncovered, while the servants were at dinner, which Camilla always ordered them to finish with all expedition. Nay, she gave directions to Leonela to dine every day before the cloth was laid for herself, that she might always be in waiting; but her maid's thoughts were too much engrossed by her own amusements, the enjoyment of which required such time and opportunity, as often hindered her from obeying the commands of her mistress, so that she frequently behaved as if she had received orders to leave them alone; but the dignified presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and awfulness of person, were such as effectually bridled Lothario's tongue: yet the energy of virtue, in having this very effect, redounded the more to the disadvantage of them both; for, though his tongue was restricted, his thoughts had a full and free opportunity of contemplating at leisure the charms both of her mind and her person, which were sufficient to captivate not only an heart of flesh, but even a statue of stone.

‘ Lothario, by gazing at her during those opportunities, beheld how worthy she was to be beloved; and this conviction began gradually to sap his regard for his friend, so that he made a thousand resolutions to quit the city, and go where he should never more be seen by Anselmo, or be exposed to danger from the beauty of his wife; but all these were baffled by the pleasure he had already felt, in seeing and admiring her charms; he constrained himself, and combated his own inclinations, in order to expel and efface that satisfaction: when he was alone he condemned his own madness, and reproached himself as a false friend and a worthless Christian; he

he made a thousand reflections and comparisons between himself and Anselmo; and they all terminated in this conclusion, that the madness and rash confidence of his friend greatly exceeded his own infidelity, and that if he could excuse himself to Heaven, for what he intended to do, as easily as to mankind, he had no reason to dread any punishment for the crime. In short, the beauty and other accomplishments of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the ignorant husband put into his hands, entirely overthrew the integrity of Lothario: who, giving way at once to the dictates of his passion, began at the end of three days, during which he had been at continual war with his desires, to address himself to Camilla with such disorder and amorous discourse, that she was utterly astonished, and rising up, went to her own chamber without answering one word. But this coyness did not abate Lothario's hope, which always increases with a man's love; on the contrary, he redoubled his efforts; while she, perceiving him behave so wide of expectation, did not well know what conduct to espouse; but, thinking it would be both unseemly and unsafe in her, to grant him another opportunity, she determined that very night to send a message to her husband, and actually dispatched a servant to him with the following letter.

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CHAPTER VII. 33

The Continuation of the Novel called the Impertinent Curiosity.

“IT is a common observation, that an army without a general, and a garrison without a chief, make but a very indifferent appearance; but I say, that a young married woman without a husband makes a worse, especially when his absence is not the effect of absolute necessity: for my own part, I find myself so uneasy, and unable to support our separation, that if you do not return immediately, I must go and pass my time at my father's house, though I should leave yours without a guard; for I believe he that you left, if he was designed for that purpose, hath more regard to his own pleasure than to your advantage; and since you are wise, I have nothing more to say, nor is it proper I should.”

When Anselmo received this letter, he was convinced that Lothario had began the enterprize, and that his wife had behaved according to his wish; rejoiced beyond measure at this information, he answered by a verbal message, that she should
by

by no means leave the house, for he would return in a very little time. Camilla was astonished at this reply, which perplexed her more than ever, as she durst neither stay in her own house, nor go to her father's; for, in staying at home, she endangered her honour, and in going to her parents she transgressed the commands of her husband. In fine, she resolved upon that which was worst of all, namely, to remain where she was; determined not to avoid Lothario, that the servants might not observe her situation; and she was already sorry for what she had written to Anselmo, being afraid he would imagine Lothario had perceived some levity in her conduct, which encouraged him to lay aside the decorum he ought to have preserved. Confident of her own virtue, she trusted to God and her conscious prudence, by the help of which she thought she could in silence resist all the solicitations of Lothario without giving her husband any further information, lest it should involve him in some trouble or dangerous dispute; nay, she was even industrious in inventing some excuse for Lothario, in case Anselmo should ask the reason that induced her to write such a letter.

With these sentiments, which were more honourable than prudent and advantageous, she next day sat listening to Lothario, who exerted himself in such a manner, as to shake her fortitude, which, with all her virtue, was barely sufficient to hinder her eyes from giving manifest indications of the amorous compassion that his tears and addresses had awakened in her breast. All this tenderness, which Lothario observed, inflamed his passion the more, and thinking there was a necessity for shortening the siege, while this opportunity of Anselmo's absence lasted, he assaulted her pride with the praises of her beauty; for nothing sooner succeeds in overthrowing the embattled towers of female vanity, than vanity itself, employed by the tongue of adulation; in short, he so assiduously undermined the fortress of her virtue, and plied it with such irresistible engines, that though she had been made of brass, she must have surrendered at mercy. He wept, intreated, promised, flattered, feigned, and importuned, with such earnest expressions of love, as conquered all her reserve: at last he obtained a complete triumph, which, though what he least expected, was what of all things he most ardently desired; she yielded—the chaste Camilla yielded! But what wonder? since even Lothario's friendship gave way; a clear and incontestible proof that love is to be conquered by flight alone; and that no person whatever ought to engage with such a powerful adversary hand to hand; because nothing but force divine can subdue that human power.

‘ Leonela alone was privy to the weakness of her mistress, which the two new lovers and false friends could not possibly conceal from her knowledge; and Lothario did not chuse to tell Camilla the contrivance of Anselmo, who had given him the opportunity of accomplishing his design; that she might not undervalue his love, by supposing that he courted her by accident, without being at first really enamoured of her charms. Anselmo returning in a few days, did not perceive the loss of that, which, though he preserved with the least care, he prized above all other possessions; but going in quest of Lothario, whom he found in his own lodging, after a mutual embrace, he desired he would tell him the news that must determine his life or death. “The news which I have to give you, my friend,” said Lothario, “are these: you have a wife who truly deserves to be the pattern and queen of all good women. The expressions I used to her were spent in the air, my promises were despised, my presents rejected, and some tears that I feigned most heartily ridiculed; in short, Camilla is the sum of all beauty, and the casket in which are deposited honour, affability, modesty, and all the qualifications that dignify and adorn a woman of virtue. Here, take back your money, which I have had no occasion to use; the chastity of your spouse is not to be shaken by such mean considerations as those of promises and presents; be satisfied, Anselmo, and make no more unprofitable trials; since you have dryshod crossed the sea of those doubts and suspicions which are and may be entertained of women, seek not to plunge yourself anew into the dangerous gulf of fresh difficulties, by using another pilot to make a second trial of the strength and tightness of the vessel which you have received from Heaven to perform the voyage of this life, but consider yourself as in a safe harbour, where you ought to secure yourself with the anchor of sound reflection, and remain until you are called upon to pay that tax from which no human rank can exempt you.”

‘ Anselmo was infinitely rejoiced at this information of Lothario, which he believed as implicitly as if it had been pronounced by an oracle; but, nevertheless, he besought him to continue his addresses, merely for curiosity and amusement, though not with the same eagerness and diligence which he had used before; he desired him to write verses in praise of Camilla under the name of Chloris, promising to tell his wife, that he, Lothario, was in love with a lady whom he celebrated under that fictitious name, in order to preserve the decorum due to her character; and he assured him, that if Lothario did not chuse to take the trouble of making verses, he himself would

would compose them for the occasion. "You shall not need," said Lothario; "the muses are not quite so averse, but they visit me sometimes: you may tell Camilla what you have mentioned, concerning my pretended love; and as for the verses, if not adequate to the subject, they shall at all events be the best I can make."

'This agreement being concerted between the impertinent husband and treacherous friend, Anselmo returned to his own house, and asked Camilla, what she wondered he had not mentioned before; namely, the meaning of that letter which she had dispatched to him in the country. She answered, that she then fancied Lothario looked at her with more freedom than he used to take when Anselmo was at home: but now she was undeceived, and convinced of its being no more than mere imagination; for he had of late avoided all occasions of being alone with her. Anselmo said she might make herself entirely easy from that quarter; for he knew that Lothario was in love with a lady of fashion in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris; and even, if he was free of any such engagements, there was nothing to be feared from the honour of Lothario, and the friendship subsisting between them. If Camilla had not been previously advertised by her secret gallant of this supposed love of Chloris, with which he intended to hoodwink her husband, that he might sometimes indulge himself in her own praise under the cover of that name, she would, without doubt, have been distracted with jealousy; but thus instructed, she heard him without surprize or concern.

'Next day, while they were at dinner, Anselmo intreated his friend to repeat some of the verses he had composed in praise of Chloris, who being utterly unknown to Camilla, he might securely say what he pleased. "Though she were of her acquaintance," answered Lothario, "I should not think myself bound to conceal my passion; for, when a lover praises the beauty, and at the same time bewails the cruelty of his mistress, her reputation can suffer no prejudice; but, be that as it will, I own I yesterday wrote a song on the ingratitude of Chloris, which you shall hear.

I.

"WHEN night extends her silent reign,
 "And sleep vouchsafes the world to bless,
 "To Heav'n and Chloris I complain
 "Of dire and affluent distress.

II.

- "When Phœbus, led by rosy morn,
 "At first his radiant visage shews,
 "With tears, and sighs, and groans forlorn,
 "My soul the bitter plaint renews.

III.

- "When from his bright meridian throne,
 "The dazzling rays descend amain,
 "With aggravated grief I moan,
 "And night brings back the woeful strain,
 "Thus to my vows and prayers I find
 "My Chloris deaf, and Heav'n unkind."

"The song was approved by Camilla, and much more so by her husband, who applauded it to the skies, and observed, that the lady must be excessively cruel, who could resist such a true and pathetic complaint. "What!" said Camilla, "is every thing true that we are told by the poets when they are in love?"—"What they rehearse as poets," answered Lothario, "is not always truth; but what they affirm as lovers, is always from the heart." "You are certainly in the right," replied Anselmo, with a view of supporting and giving sanction to Lothario's sentiments, in the opinion of Camilla, whose indifference about her husband's artifice was now equal to her love for his pretended friend. Pleased therefore with his performances, because she very well knew that his inclinations and compositions were inspired by and addressed to her, who was the true Chloris, she desired him, if he had any more songs or verses, to repeat them. "I have another," said Lothario, "but I believe it is not so good; or, rather, it is less tolerable than the last. However, you shall judge for yourself; here it is.

I.

- "YES, cruel maid! I welcome death,
 "And tho' I perish undeplor'd,
 "Thy beauty with my latest breath
 "Shall be applauded and ador'd.

II.

- "Tho' lost in dark oblivion's shade,
 "Bereft of favour, life, and fame,
 "My faithful heart, when open laid,
 "Will shew thine image and thy name.

"III. These

III.

- "These reliques I preserve with care,
 "My comfort in disastrous fate;
 "For steel'd and whetted by despair,
 "My love new force acquires from hate,
 "Unhappy those! who, darkling, sail
 "Where stars, and ports, and pilots fail."

"This song was commended as much as the first, by Anselmo, who in this manner added link to link of the chain with which he enslaved himself, and secured his own dishonour; for then Lothario disgraced him most, when he thought himself most honoured, and every step that Camilla descended towards the very centre of contempt, she, in the opinion of her husband, mounted to the very summit of virtuous reputation. About this time, happening to be alone with her maid, "I am ashamed, dear Leonela," said she, "when I consider how I have undervalued myself; for I ought to have made Lothario employ a great deal of time in purchasing the entire possession of my favours, which I so willingly surrendered at once; and I am afraid that he will look upon my sudden yielding as the effect of levity, without reflecting upon the violence of his own addresses, which it was impossible to resist."—"Let not that give you the least disturbance, Madam," answered Leonela, "for there is no reason why a thing should lose its estimation, by being freely given, if it is actually good in its kind and worthy of esteem; nay, it is a common saying, That he who gives freely gives twice." "There is also another common observation," replied Camilla, "That which is easily got is little valued." "You are not at all affected by that observation," resumed Leonela, "for love, they say, sometimes flies, sometimes walks, runs with one, creeps with another, warms a third, burns a fourth, wounding some, and slaying others. In one moment it begins, performs, and concludes its career; lays siege in the morning to a fortress which is surrendered before night, there being no fortress that can withstand its power. This being the case, what cause have you to be alarmed or afraid? This was the power that assisted Lothario, by making use of my master's absence, as the instrument of his success; and what love had determined, must of necessity have been concluded during that period, before Anselmo could, by his return, prevent the perfection of the work. Opportunity is the best minister for executing the designs of love; and is employed in all his undertakings, especially in the beginning of them. This I know to be true, more by experience

experience than heresay; and I shall one day tell you, Madam, that I am a girl of flesh and blood, as well as your ladyship. Besides, your ladyship did not yield until you had discerned in the looks, sighs, protestations, promises, and presents of Lothario, his whole soul undisguised, and adorned with such virtues as rendered him worthy of your love. Let not, therefore, these scrupulous and whining reflections harrass your imagination; but assure yourself, that Lothario's love and yours are mutual: so that you may think yourself extremely happy, in being caught in the amorous snare by a man of worth and honour, who not only possesses the four qualities beginning with S*, which ought to be the case of all true lovers, but also a whole alphabet of accomplishments. Listen, and you shall hear how cleverly I will recount them. He is, in my simple opinion, amiable, benevolent, courageous, diverting, enamoured, firm, gay, honourable, illustrious, loyal, mettlesome, noble, obedient, princely, qualified, rich, and the S. S. as I have already observed. Then, he is trusty, vigilant; the X does not suit him, because it is a harsh letter; Y stands for youth, and Z for zeal, in his attachment to you."

'Camilla laughed at the alphabet of her maid, whom she found more knowing in the affairs of love than she pretended to be; and this knowledge indeed she confessed, disclosing to her mistress an intrigue that she carried on with a young man of a good family in town. Camilla was disturbed at this information, fearing that her honour ran some risk from their correspondence; and when she pressed her to confess whether or not it had been brought to the last extremity, she, without the least symptom of shame, answered in the affirmative: for, it is very certain, that the failings of mistresses divest their servants of all modesty; because, seeing their ladies trip, they think themselves intitled to halt, without being at the trouble to conceal their defect. Camilla, thus circumstanced, could fall upon no other expedient than that of cautioning her maid against betraying her to the person who was her gallant, and beseeching her to keep her own intrigue secret, that it might not fall under the observation of Anselmo and Lothario.'

'Leonela promised to be upon her guard, but managed her affairs with so little discretion, that she confirmed Camilla in the apprehension of losing her reputation by the carelessness of her maid; for the bold and immodest Leonela, seeing that her lady's conduct was not the same as formerly, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, con-

* *Sensato, secreto, sobrequisado, sencero*; Sensible, secret, surpassing, and sincere.

scious, that although her mistress should perceive, she durst not detect him in that situation. Among other disadvantages incurred by the slips of women of fashion, they become slaves to their own servants, and find themselves obliged to connive at their impudence and vice.

'This was the very case of Camilla, who, though she more than once observed Leonela engaged with her gallant, in one of the chambers, far from reprimanding her on that score, she gave opportunities of concealing him, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband. But all their caution could not screen him from the notice of Lothario; who perceiving him come out of the house one morning at break of day, and not knowing who he was, at first mistook him for a phantom; but seeing him run away, and seek to hide himself with care and concern, he soon changed that simple opinion for another, which would have ruined them all, had not Camilla found out an expedient to prevent their destruction. He was so far from thinking that this man, whom he saw coming out of Anselmo's house at such an unseasonable hour, had gone in on Leonela's account, that he did not even remember there was such a person in the world; on the contrary, he was firmly persuaded that Camilla, who yielded so easily to his addresses, had acted in the same manner to some other person; for this additional misfortune attends a loose woman, that she loses her credit even with the man by whose importunities and intreaties her honour was subdued. Nay, he believes, that she will be more easily won by another than by him, and implicitly credits every suspicion that may arise from that unjust inference. On this occasion, Lothario's good sense failed, and all his caution seemed to vanish; since, regardless of every thing that was right or reasonable, without farther examination, he hied him to Anselmo before he was up, where, impatient and blind with the jealous fury that preyed upon his entrails, and inflamed with the desire of being revenged upon Camilla, who had given him no offence, he expressed himself thus:

"You must know, Anselmo, that for some days past I have had a continual struggle with myself, endeavouring to suppress that which I no longer either can or ought to conceal from your knowledge. The fortress of Camilla is at last surrendered, and submitted entirely to the dominion of my will. This I have delayed imparting to you, until I should be certain whether her compliance was owing to some transient flash of affection, or to the desire of trying the sincerity of those addresses which, by your own direction, were carried on; and I likewise concluded, that if she was a woman of honour and virtue, as

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we both imagined, she would ere now have given you an account of my solicitation. But finding that still undone, I take it for granted she means to keep her promise of giving me an interview in the wardrobe the very next time you go to the country; (and here it was where Camilla actually used to entertain him;) but I should not wish that you would run precipitately into any scheme of vengeance. However, as the crime is committed in thought only, before an opportunity offers of performing that promise, Camilla may change her mind, and repent of her weakness. Wherefore, as you have hitherto in whole or in part followed my advice, I hope you will treasure up and observe one which I shall now offer, that you may, without the least possibility of being deceived, carefully and cautiously satisfy yourself, so as to take such measures as your prudence shall suggest. You may pretend that you are going, as usual, for two or three days to the country, and in the mean time conceal yourself in the wardrobe, where you will find tapestry and plenty of other things for the purpose; from thence you, with your own eyes, as I with mine, will observe the conduct of Camilla; and if unhappily you should find more cause to fear than to hope, you may in person revenge your own wrongs, with silence, safety, and discretion."

'Anselmo was thunderstruck at this declaration of Lothario, which came upon him when he least expected it; for he already looked upon Camilla as a conqueror in the fictitious assaults of his friend, and had actually began to enjoy the glory of her triumph. After having stood silent for a long time, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, "Lothario," said he, "you have acted up to the expectation of my friendship: I will adhere to your advice in every thing; do what you please; I hope you will keep this unexpected affair as secret as the nature of it requires."

'His false friend promised to observe the caution; but soon as he quitted the apartment, repented of every thing he had said, reflecting how foolishly he had proceeded, and that he might have punished Camilla by means less cruel and dishonourable. He cursed his own folly, condemned his precipitation, and endeavoured to find out some expedient to undo what he had done, or at least bring it to some favourable issue. At length, he resolved to disclose the whole to Camilla, as there wanted not opportunities of being with her alone; and that very day being together, she made use of the first that happened, addressing herself to him in this manner. "Know, my dear Lothario, that my heart is ready to burst with one affliction, which is so grievous that it will be a wonder if I survive it: Leonela is arrived to such a pitch of impudence, that every
3 night

night she introduces a gallant into the house, and remains with him till morning, very much at the expence of my reputation, as the field is left open for any malicious construction, upon seeing a man come out of my house at such unseasonable hours; and the misfortune is, I dare neither chide nor chastise her for her audacity; for her being privy to our correspondence puts a bridle in my mouth, obliging me to be silent on the subject of her folly, from which I fear some mischance will befall us."

' When Camilla began this discourse, Lothario imagined it was an artifice to deceive and persuade him that the man he had seen coming out of the house had been there on Leonela's account only; but, seeing his mistress weep, and in the utmost affection entreat him to find out some remedy for this inconvenience, he was convinced of the truth, and covered with shame and remorse for what he had done; nevertheless he desired Camilla to make herself easy, and promised to fall upon some method to curb Leonela's insolence. He then told her what, instigated by the rage of jealousy, he had disclosed to Anselmo, who, by his appointment, was to conceal himself in the wardrobe, that he might have an incontestible proof of her infidelity: he begged pardon for his madness, with advice how to remedy it, and to extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he was involved by his own imprudence. Camilla was astonished at the discourse of Lothario; whom she chid and reprimanded with great reason and resentment, for the groundless suspicion which had driven him to such a mad and mischievous resolution; but women having naturally more invention than men can boast of, either for a good or bad occasion, though sometimes they fail in premeditated schemes, Camilla instantly thought of a cure for this seemingly incurable dilemma, and bade Lothario prevail upon her husband to conceal himself in the appointed place the very next day; for she hoped to reap such advantage from his concealment, as that for the future they should enjoy each other without the least fear or interruption. She, therefore, without disclosing to her lover the whole of her plan, desired him to take care, when Anselmo was hid, to come at Leonela's call, and answer every question she should ask, in the same manner as he would reply if he did not know that her husband was within hearing. Lothario insisted upon knowing the particulars of her scheme, that he might with more security and success perform his cue; but Camilla assured him that he had nothing to do but answer her questions with truth and sincerity; being unwilling to make him previously acquainted with her design, lest he should disapprove of that which to her seemed so necessary, and re-

commend another which perhaps she might not think so effectual. Accordingly Lothario took his leave; and next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's country-house, set out, but soon returned to his hiding-place; Camilla and her maid having purposely given him an opportunity of getting in unseen. There he remained in a state of perturbation, which may be easily conceived to harrass the breast of a man who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour dissected, and found himself on the brink of losing that supreme bliss which he thought he possessed in his beloved Camilla.

She and her maid, by this time certified of his being there, went to the wardrobe, which Camilla no sooner entered, than heaving a profound sigh, "Dear Leonela," said she, "rather than execute the design which I conceal from your knowledge, that you may not endeavour to prevent it, would it not be better for you to take this poignard of Anselmo, and plunge it in my unfortunate bosom? Yet do not, Leonela; for it were unreasonable that I should be punished for another's crime; I want first to know what the daring and licentious eyes of Lothario have discerned in my conduct, that should encourage him to declare a passion so guilty as that which he hath owned, so much to my dishonour and the prejudice of his friend. Go to that window, Leonela, and beckon to him, for doubtless he is now in the street, expecting to succeed in his wicked intention; but I shall first execute mine, which is equally honourable and severe." "Alas, Madam!" answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela, "how do you intend to use that fatal poignard? are you determined to take away your own life, or that of Lothario? by sacrificing either the one or the other, you will entirely ruin your own reputation. You should rather stifle your wrongs, than give that wicked wretch an opportunity of finding us here alone: consider, Madam, that we are but weak women, and he a determined man, who, blinded by his guilty passion, may by force deprive you of that which you value more than life, before you can execute your purpose upon him. A plague upon my master Anselmo for allowing that impudent fellow to be so free in his house! besides, Madam, should you kill him, as I believe you intend to do, what shall we do with him after he is dead?"—"Nothing, my friend," replied Camilla, "but let Anselmo bury him; for he ought to take pleasure in the task of interring his own infamy. Go, and beckon to him, I say, for every moment I delay my just revenge, seems to injure afresh that fidelity which I own to my husband."

All this conversation was overheard by Anselmo, whose
sentiments

sentiments were entirely changed by what Camilla said; and when he understood that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to come out and discover himself, in order to prevent the deed; but he was diverted from that resolution by the desire of seeing the issue of his wife's gallant and virtuous determination; purposing, however, to appear seasonably enough for the safety of his friend.

'About this time Camilla, throwing herself upon a couch, was seized with a violent fit, during which Leonela wept bitterly, exclaiming, "Ah! woe is me! must I then see, expiring in these unfortunate arms, the flower of human virtue, the queen of excellent wives, the pattern of chastity!" with other epithets of the same kind, which nobody could have heard without esteeming her the most faithful and afflicted damsel upon earth, and her mistress another persecuted Penelope. Camilla, having soon recovered from her fit, said to her woman, "Why don't you go and call this the most faithful friend that ever was seen by the day, or shrouded by the night? Make haste; go, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage be consumed by your delay, and the just vengeance I mean to take evaporate in curses and unsubstantial threats."—"I go," answered Leonela, "but you must first give me that poignard, lest, in my absence, you do a deed to make all those who love you weep to the end of their lives."—"Go, dear Leonela," replied her mistress, "and fear nothing; for although, in your opinion, I may be rash and even unreasonable, in thus resenting the affront upon my honour; I shall not behave like that Lucretia, who, 'tis said, killed herself, though innocent, without having first punished the villainous cause of her misfortune. If I must die, I will at least be fully revenged of him who is the occasion of my being here, to bewail his audacious behaviour, which, I am sure, proceeded from no misconduct of mine."

'Many intreaties did she use, before Leonela would go and call Lothario, but at length she prevailed; the maid went out to seek him, and, in her absence, Camilla uttered the following soliloquy. "Good Heaven! would it not have been more prudent to dismiss Lothario as usual, than to give him this occasion of thinking me vicious and immodest, even though that opinion can only last until I have an opportunity of undeceiving him? Yes, certainly; but I shall not think myself revenged, nor the honour of my husband sufficiently vindicated, if he escapes so smooth and clean from this snare into which his wicked inclinations have decoyed me. Let the traitor pay with his life for the enterprize of his lascivious desire; the world shall know, if even the affair be made public, that Ca-

milla not only preserved her affection for her husband inviolate, but also took vengeance on the man who thought to impair it. Yet, methinks, I ought to disclose the whole to Anselmo; but I have already touched upon the subject, in the letter I sent to him when he was in the country; and his omitting to apply a remedy to the evil I then hinted at, must certainly be owing to his own integrity and unsuspecting heart, which would not suffer him to believe that the breast of such a constant friend could harbour one thought to the prejudice of his honour; indeed, this was my opinion, until his behaviour became intolerably licentious, and his presents, promises, and tears, fully manifested his guilty purpose. But wherefore these reflections? does a gallant resolution stand in need of hesitating advice? No! traitor, avant! hither vengeance! enter, thou false, perfidious wretch, come, quick, be speedy, die, and let the consequence be what it will! Pure and unspotted I came into the possession of him whom Heaven appointed to be my husband and my lord, and equally pure shall I leave his embrace, though bathed in my own chaste blood, and embued in the tainted gore of the falsest friend that ever friendship saw?" So saying, she brandished the drawn dagger in her hand, and stalked across the room with such disordered steps and violent gestures, that she seemed to have lost her senses, and looked more like a desperate ruffian than a delicate wife.

'All this transport and agitation was perceived, with astonishment by Anselmo, where he stood concealed behind the tapestry; he thought he had now seen and heard enough to dispel suspicions of a stronger kind than those he entertained; and even wished that the proof might proceed no farther, by Lothario's failing to keep the appointment; for he was afraid that some sudden unlucky accident might happen. Being therefore on the point of shewing himself, and running to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonela return with his friend; whom Camilla no sooner beheld, than drawing a line before her, with the dagger, she said, "Take notice, Lothario, if you attempt to pass this line, or even approach it, the moment I perceive your intention, I will plunge the poignard in my breast." Without offering the least reply, therefore, to this declaration, I desire you will listen to some questions I mean to ask, which you may answer as you shall think proper. In the first place, tell me, Lothario, if you know my husband Anselmo, and what station he maintains in your opinion? and then be as explicit in your sentiments of me. Answer without perturbation or difficulty, for the questions I ask are easily solved."

‘Lothario was not so ignorant, but that he had conceived her design from the moment of her desiring him to advise Anselmo to conceal himself; and, therefore his replies were so seasonable, and corresponded so exactly with her aim, that this fiction had all the air of the most genuine truth. “Beauteous Camilla,” said he, “I did not imagine you had sent for me with a view of asking questions so foreign to the purpose for which I come; if you meant to delay the promised bliss; you might have protracted the assignation to a more distant term; for, the nearer the prospect of enjoyment is, the more grievous will the disappointment be: but that you may have no cause to complain of my refusing to answer your demands, I will own that I know your husband Anselmo, with whom I have been intimate from our most tender years. Of the friendship (as you know) subsisting between us, I will say nothing, that I may not bear witness to the wrong which love, the powerful excuse of greater crimes, compels me to commit: you too I know, and rate as high as you can possibly be in his esteem; for a prize of less value I should not have acted so unbecoming my own character, or transgressed those laws of perfect friendship, which I have broken and violated, at the instigation of that mischievous and irresistible power.”

“Since thou art self-convicted so far,” replied Camilla, “thou mortal enemy to all that merits love! with what face darest thou appear before her who is the mirror that reflects him, and in which thou oughtest to have seen how little reason and encouragement thou hadst to wrong his honour; but, unfortunate that I am! I have found out the cause that induced thee to forget thyself so far; it must have been some lightness of carriage in me; immodesty I will not call it, because it could not be the effect of deliberate determination, but must have proceeded from a neglect of some of those forms which women often inadvertently omit before those whom they think they can entertain without ceremony. Otherwise, tell me, traitor, when did I ever answer thy addresses with any word or sign that could awaken in thy breast the least glimpse of hope to accomplish thy infamous aim? Did I not always reject and reprove thy amorous protestations with rigour and severity, and when were thy promises and presents believed and accepted? But, as I think no person could long persevere in such a flagitious intention, without being supported by some sort of hope, I am willing to lay the blame of your impertinence at my own door; since, without doubt, some failure of care in me hath enabled you to exert yours so long; and therefore, I will inflict upon myself the punishment that your crime deserves; but that you may see, in being thus inhuman to myself,

myself, it was impossible for me to deal mildly by you, I have invited you hither, to be witness of the sacrifice I mean to offer to the injured honour of my noble husband, whom you have aggrieved to the utmost of your power, I myself being accessory to the wrong, because I have not industriously enough avoided all occasion, if I gave you any, of favouring and countenancing your wicked inclinations. I say, the suspicion I have, that some levity of mine engendered such frantic sentiments in your bosom, gives me the utmost pain, and prompts me to chastise my indiscretion with my own hands, rather than make my fault more public, by submitting to another executioner; but, if I must perish, my fall shall be accompanied with the death of him whose blood will satisfy the vengeance which I already in some measure enjoy, when I consider that wheresoever I go, I shall have before mine eyes, the victim I offered to the most disinterested justice, in punishing the wretch who hath reduced me to this despair."

So saying, she assaulted Lothario with incredible force and agility, manifesting such eagerness to plunge the poignard in his breast, that he himself doubted whether her endeavours were feigned or real; and was actually obliged to exert his whole strength in defending himself from Camilla, who acted this strange imposture so much to the life, that, in order to give it the greater appearance of truth, she resolved to colour it with her own blood; for seeing, or feigning, that she could not touch Lothario, she cried, "though fate denies me the full satisfaction of my just desire, it cannot rob me of one part of my revenge." With these words, struggling to disengage her dagger-hand, which was held by Lothario, she at last succeeded, and directing her poignard to a part of her body, which she thought she might slightly wound without danger, she sheathed it between her shoulder and left breast, and fell upon the floor as in a swoon.

Leonela and Lothario were astonished and confounded at this event, and still dubious whether or not Camilla was in earnest, when they saw her stretched upon the ground, and bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran, in the utmost fright and consternation, to draw forth the dagger; but perceiving what a superficial wound she had made, he recovered of the terror which had began to seize him, and could not help admiring anew the uncommon sagacity, prudence, and discretion, of the beautiful Camilla: that he might therefore proceed in the part he had to act, he began to make long and sorrowful lamentations over the body, as if she had been really dead, imprecating a thousand curses, not only upon himself, but also upon him who was the original cause of this disaster; and as

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he knew that Anselmo was listening, said such melancholy things, that whosoever had heard him, would have pitied his case, as much as that of Camilla, though they had believed her actually dead.

Leonela lifted her up, and laying her on the bed, earnestly intreated Lothario to find some person who would cure her privately; and begged he would advise her, with regard to what she should tell Anselmo, about her lady's wound, in case he should return before she was cured. He said she might tell him what she pleased, for he was then in no condition to give any profitable advice about the matter; he only desired her to fall upon some method of staunching the blood, and declared that for his own part he would go where man should never see him. He accordingly departed with the appearance of infinite grief and anxiety; and when he found himself alone, in a private place, crossed himself with amazement at the invention of Camilla, and the artful behaviour of her maid. He could easily conceive that Anselmo was by this time thoroughly convinced of his having a second Portia for his wife, and was impatient to see him, that they might together extol her behaviour, which, though imposture, had more the appearance of truth than any thing of the same kind that had ever been practised.

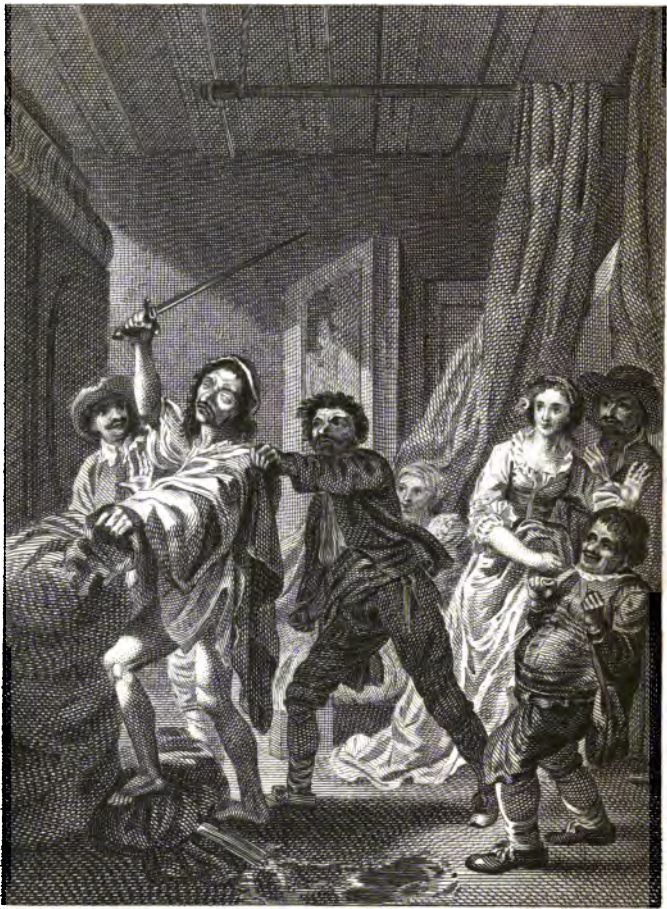
Leonela, as she was desired, stopped her lady's blood, of which there was just enough to give credit to her artifice; and washing the wound with a little wine, bound it up as well as she could, uttering such sorrowful expressions all the time as would have been sufficient, without any previous lamentation, to persuade Anselmo that his wife was the mirror of chastity. Leonela's complaints were joined by those of her mistress, who taxed herself with cowardice and pusillanimity, in having lost the best opportunity she should ever have of parting with that life which she abhorred. She consulted her maid about disclosing the whole affair to her beloved spouse: but this scheme Leonela opposed, observing that it would lay her master under an obligation of taking vengeance on Lothario; a satisfaction he could not enjoy without exposing himself to great danger; and that a virtuous woman, far from seeking to involve her husband in quarrels, was in duty bound to keep him free from all such disputes, by every method in her power. Camilla seemed to approve of her maid's prudence, and promised to follow her advice; but said it would be necessary, at all events, to invent some excuse to Anselmo about the wound, which he could not fail of observing. Leonela assuring her, that she could never tell a lye even in jest, the mistress replied, "What shall I do then, child? for I would not attempt

to frame and maintain a falsehood, even though my life depended upon it: since, therefore, we know not how to extricate ourselves otherwise, we must e'en discover the naked truth, rather than run the risk of being detected in a lye."— "Don't give yourself any farther uneasiness, Madam," said Leonela; "by to-morrow morning I shall have found some expedient; perhaps the wound being where it is, may be concealed from his view, and Heaven vouchsafe to favour our upright and honourable intention. Compose yourself, dear Madam; endeavour to calm the perturbation of your spirits, that my master may not perceive your disorder, and leave the consequence to my care and that of Heaven, which never fails to favour the righteous design."

Anselmo listened with the utmost attention to this tragedy of the death of his honour, which was represented with such exquisite and surprizing address, that the actors seemed really transformed into the very characters they feigned; he longed impatiently for night, and an opportunity of escaping unseen, that he might fly to his worthy friend Lothario, and receive his congratulation upon the precious jewel he had found in this vindication of his wife's virtue: they took care to furnish him with the occasion he wanted; and he, without letting it slip, ran immediately in quest of Lothario. It would be difficult to describe the eagerness of his embraces at meeting, or to recount the expressions he used in the overflowings of his satisfaction, and the extravagant praises he bestowed on Camilla. All these Lothario heard, without being able to manifest the least sign of joy; his reflections taxed him with the deceit he had practised, and the injury he had done his unsuspecting friend. Anselmo took notice that he did not seem to participate in his pleasure, but believed his concern proceeded from the thoughts of having been the occasion of Camilla's wound: he therefore, among other things, told him to make himself easy on that score, for the hurt must certainly have been very slight, as they had agreed to conceal it from his knowledge: and since there was no bad consequence to be apprehended, he hoped for the future to enjoy, in mirth and good-humour, the friendship of his dear Lothario, by whose industry and mediation he now saw himself raised to the most sublime pitch of human felicity; at the same time he signified, that his desire and design was to pursue no other amusement than that of composing verses in praise of Camilla, that should transmit to the latest posterity the remembrance of her worth.

Lothario commended his laudable determination, and promised to contribute all that lay in his power towards the rearing of such an illustrious edifice; so that Anselmo being the most agreeably





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BOOK IV. CHAP. 8.

Don Quixote's Encounter with the Wine Bags.

agreeably deceived of any man that ever lived, led by the hand to his own house the very man who, though in his opinion the instrument of his glory, was the total perdition of his fame. Camilla received him with a countenance expressing resentment, but a soul brimful of joy; and their secret correspondence continued uninterrupted for a few months, at the end of which the wheel of fortune having performed a full circle, the intrigue, which had been hitherto so artfully concealed, was discovered, and Anselmo's Impertinent Curiosity cost him his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Start

The Conclusion of the Impertinent Curiosity.

A LITTLE more of this novel remained to be read, when Sancho came running in great confusion, from the garret, where his master Don Quixote lay, bawling aloud, 'Come hither, gentlemen! make haste to the assistance of my master, who is at this precious minute engaged and grappled in the toughest battle that ever my eyes beheld! Egad, he has given that same giant, the enemy to my Lady the princess of Micomicona, such a back stroke, as hath sliced off his head as smooth and clean as the skin of a turnip.—' What do you mean, brother?' said the curate, closing the book; 'are you in your right wits, Sancho? How the devil can your master be fighting with a giant who is two thousand leagues from hence!'

That instant they heard a great noise in the apartment, and Don Quixote proclaiming aloud, 'Stay, villain! robber! caitiff! here I have thee, and thy scymitar shall not avail.' Then he began to strike furiously at the walls; and Sancho exclaimed, 'Don't stand here listening, but go in and part the fray, or lend your assistance to my master, though I believe that will be needless by this time, for the giant is certainly dead, and giving an account to God of his wicked and mispent life: nay, I saw, with my own eyes, his blood running about the floor, and his head cut off, laying on one side, as large as a wine bag.—' May I be hanged,' cried the innkeeper, at these words, 'if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not cut open one of the skins filled with red wine, that stood at his bed's head, and the wine that ran out is mistaken by this simple fellow for blood!'

So saying, he rushed into the apartment with the whole company at his heels, and found the knight in a very ludicrous situation; he appeared in his shirt, which was too scanty before

to cover his thighs, and still shorter behind, by six inches at least, and displayed a pair of long lank legs, imbrowned with hair, and not extremely clean; his head was covered with a little red greasy night-cap, belonging to the landlord; round his left arm he had wrapped the blanket of his bed, to which Sancho, for good reasons known to himself, bore an inveterate grudge; and in his right, he wielded his drawn sword, with which he laid about him at a furious rate, talking as if he was actually at blows with the giant; but, what was very surprizing, his eyes were shut all the time, and he was fast asleep, dreaming of this encounter; for his imagination was so much engrossed by the adventure he had undertaken to atchieve, as to make him dream that he was already arrived in the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in single combat with his gigantic adversary; instead of whom he hacked the wine-bags so furiously, that the whole room was afloat with their contents.

The innkeeper no sooner perceived this havock, than incensed to the last degree, he assaulted Don Quixote with his clenched fists, and began to pummel him so severely, that if the curate and Cardenio had not interposed, he would soon have put an end to the adventure of the giant; yet, for all that, the poor knight did not awake until the barber, fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, soused him all over: even then, though sleep forsook him, he did not recollect the situation he was in; and Dorothea, seeing him so slight and airily equipped, did not chuse to be a spectator of the combat between her adversary and protector. Mean while Sancho went about the room, prying into every corner, and searching for the giant's head; which, when he could not find, 'I know,' said he, 'that every thing goes by enchantment in this house: the last time I was in this very spot, I received a great many thwacks and thumps without seeing a soul, or being able to guess from whence they came; and now this head is vanished, though I saw it cut off with mine own eyes, and the blood spout out of the body, like water from a fountain,' 'What! dost thou talk of blood and fountains, thou enemy of God and his saints!' cried the innkeeper; 'don't you see, rascal, that there is no blood or fountain, but the skins that are pierced, and the red wine that swims about the room? I hope the soul of him who pierced them, will swim in hell!' 'I know nothing of the matter,' replied Sancho; 'but that, on account of my not finding the head, I shall see my earldom dissolve like salt in water.'

Thus the squire, though awake, was more extravagant than Don Quixote in his dream; such an impression had his master's promises made upon his imagination. The phlegmatic temper of the squire, together with the mischievous disposition of

of the knight, well nigh distracted the landlord, who swore that they should not now, as formerly, go away, without paying; and that all the privileges of their errantry should not exempt them, or either of them, from paying both reckonings to the last farthing, for the damage they had done, even to the bits of leather for patching the wine-skins that were cut. The curate, by this time, had got hold of the hands of Don Quixote, who, believing he had now finished the adventure, and was in presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell upon his knees before the priest, saying, 'Renowned princess, your highness may henceforth live secure of what that misbegotten wretch can do; and I, from this day forward, am acquitted of my promise, which is now, by the assistance of Heaven above, and the favour of her for whom I live and breathe, happily and fully performed.'— 'Did not I tell you so?' cried Sancho, hearing these words. 'You see I am not drunk, and may take notice that my master hath put the giant in pickle; the holidays will certainly come round, and the earldom fit me to a hair.'

Who could refrain from laughing at the follies of the master and man? they occasioned abundance of mirth to every one present, except the landlord, who cursed him to the devil. At length the barber, curate, and Cardenio, with no small difficulty, put the knight to bed again, where he fell fast asleep in an instant, like one who had been excessively fatigued: they left him to his repose, and went out to console Sancho for his disappointment in losing the giant's head; but they found it a harder task to pacify the innkeeper, who was driven almost to despair, by the sudden death of his wine-bags; besides the landlady began to cry, in a whimpering tone, 'In an unlucky minute and evil hour did this knight-errant enter my doors! for I am sure, I never beheld him without paying dearly for the sight! The last time he was here, he refused to pay a whole night's expence of supper, lodging, straw, and barley, for himself and his squire, his horse and his ass; saying that he was a knight-errant forsooth: (God send him and all other knights-errant upon errands that will tend to their sorrow!) and therefore, was not obliged to pay for any thing, because it was not ordained in the registers of chivalry; then, this gentleman coming after him t'other day, borrowed my tail, and though I have got it again, it is a good penny the worse for the wearing, the hair being plucked off in such a manner as makes it unfit for my husband's purpose; and to finish and conclude the whole, my bags are broke, and my wine spilt; (would I could see his heart's blood in the same condition!) but he must not think to get off so easily, for by the bones of my father, and my mother's soul! they shall pay for every thing upon the nail;

or, may I never be called by my own name again, or believed to be my father's own child!

These, and other expressions of the same kind, were uttered, with great bitterness, by the landlady; and her faithful servant Maritornes joined in the exclamation; while the daughter held her peace, and from time to time, smiled at their indignation, which at last was appeased by the curate, who promised to give them satisfaction, to the best of his power, for the loss they had sustained in bags and wine, and, in particular, for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so highly; and Dorothea comforted Sancho, by telling him, that as soon as ever it should appear that his master had actually cut off the giant's head, and she should find herself in quiet possession of her kingdom, she would bestow upon him the best earldom in her gift. The squire was consoled by this promise, and assured the princess, that he was certain he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that he had a huge beard that flowed down to his middle; and that the whole was now vanished, because every thing in that house was performed by enchantment, as he had found by woeful experience, the last time he had lodged in that apartment. Dorothea said she was of the same opinion, desiring he would give himself no uneasiness, for every thing would be for the best, and succeed to his heart's content. The quiet of the house being thus re-established, the curate wanted to read the remaining part of the novel, which he perceived already drew near a close: and Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, intreating him to finish the story, he, with a view of pleasing them as well as himself, proceeded in these words:

Anselmo being now satisfied of his wife's virtue, enjoyed himself without the least disturbance or care; while Camilla, in order to disguise her real sentiments, affected always to frown upon Lothario, who, as a farther sanction to this stratagem, desired Anselmo to excuse him from coming to his house, since it was plain that Camilla was disgusted at his presence: but the infatuated Anselmo would by no means comply with this request; so that this unhappy husband was, in a thousand shapes, the author of his own dishonour, while, in his own opinion, he was laying up a store of happiness and reputation.

About this time Leonela's desire of gratifying her own loose wishes, carried her to such a pitch of imprudence, that she gave her wantonness the rein without the least caution; conscious that her mistress would conceal her conduct, and even advise her how to carry on the intrigue without the least danger of being detected. At length, however, Anselmo one night

night heard somebody walking in her apartment, and endeavouring to get in and see who it was, found the door shut against him. This circumstance increased his desire, he made a violent effort, and the door flew open, upon which he entered, and seeing a man leap out of the window into the street, ran hastily to lay hold or get sight of him; but he was disappointed in both by Leonela, who hanging upon her master, cried, "Hold, dear Sir! be not surprized, nor seek to pursue the person who is fled; he was here on my account, and is as good as my wedded husband."

Anselmo would give no credit to her words; but, blinded with passion, drew his poignard to stab Leonela, whom he commanded to reveal the truth on pain of immediate death. She, terrified by his threats, answered without knowing what she said, "Spare my life, good Sir, and I will disclose things of greater importance than you imagine."—"Speak then," cried Anselmo, "or thou shalt instantly die."—"At present," replied Leonela, "I am in such perturbation, that I cannot possibly make a distinct confession; delay your vengeance till tomorrow morning, and then you shall hear something that will strike you with astonishment: meanwhile be assured, that he who leaped out of the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage."

Anselmo being somewhat pacified by this declaration, resolved to grant the respite she demanded: though he never dreamed of hearing any thing to the prejudice of Camilla, of whose virtue he was satisfied and secure; he therefore quitted the room, in which, however, he locked up Leonela, telling her she must continue in that place until she should have made this promised discovery; then going to Camilla, informed her of every thing that had passed, together with the promise her maid had made of discovering things of great importance. It is almost needless to say, that Camilla was disturbed at this information: the terror that took possession of her was such, that believing, with good reason too, Leonela would actually disclose to Anselmo every circumstance of her infidelity, she had not resolution enough to wait the issue of her suspicion; but that very night, while her husband was asleep, collected the best of her jewels, with some money, and getting out of the house, without being perceived, fled to Lothario, and recounted what had happened; at the same time beseeching him to put her in a place of safety, or accompany her to some retreat, where they should be secure from the search of Anselmo.

Such was the confusion of Lothario, at the news of this unexpected event, that he could not answer one syllable, nor for some time resolve upon what was to be done. At length he

he proposed to carry Camilla to a monastery, the abbess of which was his first cousin; and his mistress consenting to the proposal, he conducted her thither with all the dispatch which the nature of the case required, and, leaving her to the care of his relations, quitted the city that very night, without imparting the cause of his absence to any living soul.

Next morning, soon as it was day, Anselmo, without perceiving that Camilla was gone, so eagerly did he long to hear this confession of her maid, arose and went directly to the room in which he had confined her; but he no sooner entered the apartment, than he perceived the sheets of the bed tied together, hanging out of the window; a manifest proof that Leonela had lowered herself down into the street, by means of that contrivance: he then returned with a good deal of chagrin, to communicate his disappointment to Camilla, whom when he could not find he was seized with the utmost consternation, especially as none of the servants could give the least account of her departure; but chancing, in the course of his enquiry, to find the coffers open, and the best part of her jewels carried off, he began to comprehend his disgrace; and concluded that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune.

Dispirited with this reflection, he did not stay to dress, but went in a most disconsolate situation, to give an account of his mishap to his friend Lothario; and when he understood from his servants that their master had gone out in the night, and carried all his ready money along with him, he had well nigh lost his senses. To crown his misery, he returned to his own house, which was deserted by all his servants, and found himself the most solitary being in nature: he knew not what to think, say, or do, and his judgment began to be impaired; for, upon recollection, he perceived that he was in an instant deprived of his wife, friend, and servants, renounced by Heaven, and, what he felt more deeply than any other part of his disaster, destitute of honour, by the misconduct of Camilla, from which he dated his utmost destruction. At length, after a long internal struggle, he resolved to go to the country house of his friend, where he had been when he furnished the opportunity of planning his own ruin. Accordingly having locked his door, he mounted his horse, and, almost fainting under the burden of his woes, set out for that place; but scarce had he travelled one half of the way, when, harassed by his shocking reflections, he was obliged to alight, and tie his horse to a tree, at the root of which he threw himself down, giving vent to the most lamentable sighs that ever were heaved: there he remained till the twilight; about which time, perceiving a man coming on horseback from the city, after salutation, he asked what news were

were stirring at Florence. "The strangest," replied the citizen, "that have been heard these many days; it is publicly reported, that Lothario, the intimate friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived at St. John's, hath this last night carried off the wife of his friend, who is also missing. This discovery was made to the governor by Camilla's maid, who was detected by letting herself down by a sheet, from one of the windows of Anselmo's house. In short, I do not know the particulars exactly; but the whole city is astonished at this event, which they could never have expected from the intimacy of the two gentlemen, who were so strictly united in the bands of amity, as to acquire the title of the Two Friends." "Do you know what road Lothario and Camilla have taken?" said Anselmo. "That is not yet discovered," replied the traveller; "though the governor hath used great diligence in the enquiry." Anselmo wished him a good evening; and the citizen, having returned the compliment, proceeded on his journey.

This unhappy news reduced this ill-fated husband to the verge of death as well as distraction. He mounted, however, as well as he could, and arrived at the house of his friend, who had not as yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him so exhausted, ghastly, and pale, imagined he had met with some grievous disaster. Anselmo begged to be put to bed immediately, and furnished with pen, ink, and paper; thus provided, he was left alone, and the chamber locked at his own desire; then the remembrance of his misfortune began to be so heavy upon his soul, that he plainly perceived his end approaching, and being desirous of declaring the cause of his strange and sudden death, he took up the pen; but, before he could execute his design, his breath failed him, and he expired, a victim to that sorrow which was occasioned by his own impertinent curiosity. His friend finding it grow late, and that Anselmo had not called, went into his chamber, to inquire about his health; there he found him laying upon his face, one half of his body in bed, and the other on the table, with a pen in his hand, and a written paper lying open before him.

The gentleman having spoke to him without receiving any answer, took him by the hand, and feeling him cold and stiff, concluded he was dead. Surprized and concerned to the last degree, he called up his family to be witnesses of this melancholy event, and knowing the paper to be Anselmo's own hand-writing, read the contents, in these words: "I am deprived of life by my own impertinent curiosity. If the news of my death reach Camilla's ears, let her know that I forgive her infidelity; for she was not bound to perform miracles, nor I under any necessity of expecting them at her hands: since, therefore,

therefore, I have been the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason that——” So far had he written, but life had forsaken him before he could finish the sentence. Next day his friend sent an account of his death to his parents, who were already informed of his mischance, as also of the convent to which Camilla had retreated; and where she now lay at the point of accompanying her spouse in his last indispensable journey: not so much on account of Anselmo’s death, as in consequence of the information she received concerning her absent lover: it was said, that though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent nor take the veil; but in a little time the news arrived of Lothario’s being killed in a battle which was fought between the renowned Captain Goncalo Fernandes de Cordova, and Monsieur De Lantrec, in the kingdom of Naples, whither this too-late repenting friend had made his retreat. This event was no sooner known, than Camilla professed herself a nun, and in a few days yielded up her life a prey to grief and melancholy. Such was the untimely end to which they were all brought from a beginning of whim and indiscretion.

‘This novel,’ said the curate, ‘is not amiss; but I cannot think the story is true; and if it be feigned the author has erred in point of invention; for it cannot be supposed that any husband would be so mad as to try this dangerous experiment of Anselmo: had it been related of a gallant and his mistress, it might have passed; but with regard to a husband and his wife, it is altogether improbable; however, the manner of narrating it is not disagreeable.’

CHAPTER IX.

An Account of other strange Adventures that happened at the Inn.

AT that instant the landlord, standing at the inn door, exclaimed, ‘There is a noble company: odd! if they halt here we shall sing for joy.’ ‘What company?’ said Cardenio. ‘Four men,’ replied the inn-keeper, ‘who ride with short stirrups, each of them equipped with lance, target, and mask, with a lady on a side saddle, dressed in white and veiled, and two attendants on foot.’ When the priest asked if they were near, he answered, ‘So near, that they are already at the gate.’

Dorothea, hearing this information, put on her veil, and



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BOOK IV. Chap. IX.

The unexpected Meeting of Lucinda and Cardenio.

chief of the company, addressing himself to Dorothea, said, 'Do not fatigue yourself, Madam, in making proffers of service to that woman, who cannot be grateful for any favour she receives; nor importune her for any reply, unless you desire to hear some falsehoods proceed from her lips.' 'My lips,' said the hitherto silent lady, 'were never profaned with falsehood; on the contrary, my present misfortune is owing to my sincerity and my abhorrence of lyes. Of this assertion you yourself are too sensible; since your own perfidy and falsehood are the effects of my constancy and truth.'

These words were distinctly overheard by Cardenio, who was only separated from them by the door of Don Quixote's chamber; and they no sooner reached his ears, than he cried aloud, "Good Heaven, what do I hear! What voice is that which struck my sense!" The lady being exceedingly surprized at that exclamation, turned about her head, and not seeing the person that pronounced it, started up, and ran towards the apartment from whence it seemed to come; but was prevented by her conductor, who would not suffer her to move one step farther. In the disorder occasioned by her struggle, her mask dropped off, and discovered a countenance of incomparable and amazing beauty, even though disguised with paleness and horror; for her eyes rolled about to every corner which her sight could reach, with such eagerness and wildness, that she looked like a woman possessed.

Dorothea, and all present, were infinitely concerned at these symptoms, the meaning of which they could not understand; meanwhile, the cavalier was so busied in holding her fast by the shoulders, that he could not attend to his mask, which also fell to the ground; and Dorothea lifting up her eyes towards him, as he held the lady in his arms, perceived that this cavalier was no other than her own husband, Don Fernando. No sooner did she recognize his features, than fetching a long and melancholy sigh from the very bottom of her soul, she fell backward in a swoon, and if the barber had not been at hand to support her, would have certainly come to the ground: the curate ran instantly to take off her veil, that he might sprinkle water on her face, which was immediately known by Don Fernando, who held the other lady in his arms, and was thunderstruck at the sight: he would not, however, quit Lucinda, who struggled to get loose; she and Cardenio having by this time recognized each other by their mutual exclamations. He had also overheard the groan uttered by Dorothea when she fainted, and believing that it proceeded from Lucinda, rushed out of his apartment in a fright, when the first object he beheld was Don Fernando clasping her in his arms. This noble-

man

man knew him immediately, and all three (namely, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea) were struck dumb with astonishment, and seemed insensible of what had happened, gazing in silence at one another.

Dorothea directed her eager view to Don Fernando, who stared at Cardenio, whose eyes were fixed upon Lucinda, who looked wishfully at him; but the first that broke silence was this last, who addressed herself in these words to Don Fernando: 'Suffer me, Signior, in regard to your own character, since you are deaf to every other consideration, to cleave to that wall of which I am the ivy, to avail myself of that prop from which you could not disengage me, with all your importunities, promises, and threats. Behold how Heaven, by unusual and mysterious means, hath brought me to my true and lawful husband; and since you know, by dear-bought experience, that nothing but death can expel his image from my breast, let this plain demonstration, since all other attempts are vain, convert your love into rage, your friendship into hate, and instantly deprive me of life, which I shall yield with pleasure in the presence of my legal lord, who will then perhaps be convinced of the fidelity I preserved to the last moment of my existence.

In the mean time, Dorothea, being recovered from her swoon, had listened to Lucinda's declaration, by which she discovered her situation and name; but perceiving that Don Fernando neither quitted his hold, nor answered one word to her solicitation, she exerted her whole strength in falling down on her knees before him, and having shed a large quantity of tears from her beautiful eyes, accosted him in these words: 'My dear lord! if your eyes were not dazzled and obscured by the rays of that sun which you hold eclipsed within your arms, you would perceive that she who thus kneels before you, is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased she should be so) and forlorn Dorothea—I am that humble country-maiden whom your generosity or passion vouchsafed to raise to the honour of calling you her own. I am she, who confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, until moved by your importunities, and seemingly upright addresses, she opened the gates of her reserve, and surrendered to you the keys of her freedom. An offering but ill requited, as plainly appears by that hard fate, in consequence of which I am found in this place, and also find you in your present situation. Nevertheless, I would not have you imagine that I came hither, induced by any dishonourable motives; but that the sorrow conceived at seeing myself forsaken and forgotten by you, was the sole cause of my retreat. You desired I should be your own; and

that desire you accomplished so effectually, that although your inclinations may be changed, it is impossible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my lord, that my unparalleled affection may counterbalance the beauty and birth of her for whom I am abandoned; you cannot be the fair Lucinda's husband, because you are already mine; nor she become your wife, while she appertains to Cardenio; and it will be a much easier task, if you reflect upon it impartially, to recal your love for her who adores you, than to gain the affection of one by whom you are abhorred. You solicited my unsuspecting heart, you importuned my integrity, you was not ignorant of my lowly station, and know in what manner I yielded to your will; so that you have no subterfuge, nor the least room to say you was deceived. If this be the case, as doubtless it is, and you be a Christian as well as a gentleman, why do you, by such evasions, delay to make the end as happy as the beginning of my fortune? If you will not receive me as what I really am, your lawful wife, at least admit me into the number of your slaves; for, in whatever shape I belong to you, I shall account myself fortunate and blessed: do not, therefore, by renouncing me entirely, give scandal an opportunity of impeaching my honour. Make not my parents miserable in their old age; their faithful services to your father merit a more kind return! If you think your blood will be debased in mixing with mine, consider, that almost all the great families on earth have undergone the same intercourse, and that the woman's quality in no manner affects illustrious descent; besides true nobility consists in virtue, and in that I shall have the advantage over you, if you deny and oppose the justice of my claim. In fine, the last argument I shall use is this, whether you are pleased or displeased with your destiny, I am your lawful wife: witness your own words, which neither are nor ought to be false; if you value yourself on that for which you undervalue me; witness your hand-writing, and Heaven above, to the testimony of which you appealed for the performance of your promise; and if all these should fail, your conscience will never cease whispering to you, amidst your pleasures, in vindication of this truth, which will disturb your most exalted enjoyments.

This supplication, enforced with other arguments, was pronounced so feelingly by the afflicted and weeping Dorothea, that tears of sympathy were shed by all present, the companions of Don Fernando not excepted; he himself listened without answering one word, until she had made an end of her address, and began to utter such woeful sighs and groans, as were almost sufficient to melt an heart of brass. Lucinda stood gazing upon her with equal compassion for her sorrow, and

and admiration of her beauty and good sense; nay, she would have gone and offered her all the consolation in her power, had she not still been kept fast locked in the arms of Don Fernando; who, full of confusion and surprize, after having for a good while fixed his eyes upon Dorothea, with great attention, opened his arms, and leaving Lucinda at liberty, said, 'You have conquered, beauteous Dorothea: the victory is your's; for so many truths conjoined are surely irresistible.'

Lucinda was so faint and weak, that when Don Fernando quitted her, she would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for Cardenio, who had placed himself behind her ravisher; that he might not be known*; but now, laying aside all fear, and resolving to adventure every thing, he sprung to the assistance of Lucinda, and catching her in his arms, 'If,' said he, 'it be the will and pleasure of pitying Heaven, that you should find repose, my faithful, constant, and charming Lucinda! I think you can enjoy it no where so securely as in these arms, which now receive, and formerly encircled you, when fortune was pleased that I should call you mine.'

At these words, she gazed upon him with great eagerness; she had before began to recognize his voice, and now, recollecting his features, like a person deprived of judgement, who disregards all decency and form, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her lips to his, 'Yes, my dear Cardenio,' said she, 'you are the real lord of this your slave, in spite of adverse fate, and all those threats, though greater than they are, that persecute my life, which now depends on your's alone.'

An unexpected sight was this to Don Fernando, and all the bye-standers, who were not a little surprized at what they saw. While Dorothea, observing her husband change colour, and signify an inclination of being revenged upon Cardenio, by laying his hand upon his sword, ran, with incredible agility, and clasping his knees, which she kissed, held him so firmly embraced that he could not move, saying, while the tears trickled from her eyes, 'What means my only refuge to do on this unexpected occasion? Your own wife is now kneeling before you, and she whom you desire to wed is in the arms of her lawful husband; consider whether it be just or possible for you to undo that which Heaven hath done; why should you seek to unite yourself with one, who, disdaining all opposition and inconvenience, and confirmed in her own constancy and truth, even before your eyes, lets fall from hers a shower of

* But it appears in the preceding page, that he was already known both to Fernando and Lucinda. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

tenderness into the bosom of her lawful spouse? For the sake of God and of yourself, I entreat and beseech you, that this remarkable recognition may not only fail to increase your indignation, but even diminish it in such a manner, that these two lovers may, without any impediment from you, enjoy each other as long as Heaven will permit them to live. In this self-denial you will manifest the generosity of your noble and illustrious soul, and convince the world, that you are governed more by reason than by appetite.'

While Dorothea pronounced these words; Cardenio, though he held Lucinda in his arms, kept his eyes still fixed upon Don Fernando, with full resolution, if he attempted any thing to his prejudice, to defend himself as well as he could, against his adversary and all his adherents, although it should cost him his life. But this young nobleman's friends, together with the curate and barber, not forgetting honest Sancho Panza, who were present at the whole affair, interposed, and making a circle about him, begged earnestly that he would be pleased to consider the tears of Dorothea, and if what she alledged was true, as they firmly believed it was, no longer suffer her to be defrauded of her just and reasonable hope. They desired him to observe, that in all appearance it was not by accident; but the immediate direction of Providence, that they had all met together so unexpectedly in this place; and the curate intreated him to reflect, that death alone could divide Lucinda from Cardenio; that though they might be parted by the edge of the sword, they would look upon death as the greatest blessing that could befall them; and that, in a case of this kind, which admits of no other remedy, it would be his wisest course, to constrain and conquer his own passion, and demonstrate the generosity of his heart by permitting, of his own free will, these two lovers to enjoy that state of happiness which Heaven had ordained for their lot; that he should contemplate Dorothea's beauty, which, far from being excelled, was equalled in few or none; and to her beauty add the consideration of her humility and excessive love: above all, take notice, that if he valued himself upon being a gentleman and a Christian, he could not do less than perform the promise he had given, and in so doing, act in conformity to the will of God, and satisfy the discreet part of mankind, who are very sensible that it is the prerogative of beauty, even in a low estate, when accompanied with virtue, to be lifted up to the highest rank, without any disparagement to the person who thus raises it to an equality with himself; and since the irresistible force of inclination must prevail, provided there be nothing criminal in the means, he is not to be blamed who acts according to its dictates.

To these arguments were added so many of the same sort, that the valiant heart of Don Fernando, nourished by illustrious blood, relented, and he was overcome by the force of that truth, which, however inclined, he could not deny. The signal of his surrender, and yielding to this reasonable and just proposal, was his stooping down and embracing Dorothea; to whom he said, 'Rise, Madam; it is not just that she who reigns in my soul, should lie prostrate at my feet. If hitherto I have given small proof of what I now profess, perhaps my omission hath been owing to the appointment of Heaven, that by giving you an opportunity of manifesting the sincerity of your love, I might know how to esteem you according to your deserts. I beg, therefore, you will not upbraid me with my misconduct and unkind neglect; since the same force and occasion that attached me to you, was the cause of my endeavour to disengage myself. That you may be convinced of the truth, behold and contemplate the eyes of the now contented Lucinda, in which you will find an excuse for all my errors; and, since she hath found and attained her heart's desire, and my utmost wish is fulfilled in thus retrieving you, may she live in peace and quiet, for many happy years, with her Cardenio, and may Heaven grant the same felicity to me with Dorothea!'

So saying, he embraced her again, pressing his lips to her's with such tenderness, that it required his greatest efforts to forbear giving, with his tears, indubitable signs of his affection and remorse. But those endeavours did not succeed with Lucinda, Cardenio, and every other person present, who began to weep so plentifully, either at their own happiness, or the satisfaction of their friends, that one would have thought some grievous misfortune had happened to the whole company. Even Sancho blubbered; though he afterwards owned, that his sorrow proceeded from seeing that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, the Queen of Micomicon, from whom he expected such favours.

This universal admiration and thaw having lasted some time, Cardenio and Lucinda fell upon their knees before Don Fernando, whom they thanked for his generosity in such polite terms, that he scarce knew what answer to make, but raised and embraced them both with demonstrations of uncommon courtesy and affection. Then asking Dorothea how she had come to that place, so distant from her own home, she, with great elegance and brevity, repeated what she had before recounted to Cardenio; and her husband and his company were so pleased with her narration, that they wished it could have been spun out to a much greater length; so gracefully did she relate her own misfortunes.

Her

Her task being finished, Don Fernando informed them of what had happened to him in the city, after he found, in Lucinda's bosom, the paper in which she declared herself Cardenio's wife. Seeing that she could not possibly be his, he said, he was determined to put her to death, and would actually have executed his purpose, had not her parents interposed. He then quitted the house, full of shame and resentment, resolving to revenge himself with the first opportunity; and next day understood that she was gone off, without any body's knowing whither she had directed her flight. At length, however, in a few months, he got notice that she was in a certain monastery, where she intended to spend her whole life, if she could not enjoy it in the company of Cardenio. He no sooner received this intimation, than chusing these three gentlemen for his companions, he went straight to the place of her residence; but without speaking to her, or making himself known, lest the monastery should be more strictly guarded on his account. He waited, therefore, until one day he found the porter's lodge open; when leaving two of his friends to secure the door, he entered the monastery with the other, in quest of Lucinda, whom he found in the cloisters, talking with a nun; and snatching her off, without giving her a moment's time for recollection, carried her instantly to a place where they provided themselves with necessaries for their journey. This exploit they were enabled to perform with safety, because the monastery stood in the middle of a field, at a good distance from any village or town. He said, Lucinda no sooner perceived herself in his power, than she fainted away, and when she recovered the use of her senses, did nothing but weep and sigh, without speaking one word; so that, accompanied with silence and tears, they arrived at that inn, which he looked upon as the heavenly goal where all earthly misfortunes were happily terminated.

CHAPTER X.

A Continuation of the History of the renowned Princess Micomicona, with other pleasing Adventures.

SANCHO heard every thing that passed with no small anxiety of mind, seeing the hopes of his preferment vanish into smoke, the beautiful princess Micomicona transformed into Dorothea, the giant into Don Fernando, and his master in a sound sleep, little dreaming of what had happened. Dorothea could not persuade herself, that all her good fortune was not a dream;

a dream; Cardenio entertained the same opinion, which was also embraced by Lucinda; while Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for its favour, in extricating him from that labyrinth of perplexity, in which he was at the point of losing his reputation and soul. In fine, every person present was well satisfied, and rejoiced at the happy issue of such intricate, and desperate affairs. The curate represented every thing in the right point of view, with great discretion, and congratulated the parties concerned on the felicity they had acquired; but she whose joy was most vociferous was the landlady, who loudly exulted in the promise of Cardenio and the curate, who had undertaken to pay her with interest, for the damage she had sustained on Don Quixote's account. Sancho alone, as we have already observed, was afflicted, unfortunate and sad; and going to his master, who was just awake, said, with a lamentable tone, 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, your worship may now sleep as long as you please, without giving yourself the trouble of slaying the giant, or restoring the princess to her throne; that whole affair is already brought to a conclusion.'

'I really believe what you say,' answered the knight, 'for I have been engaged with the giant, in the most obstinate and outrageous combat that I believe I shall ever fight in all the days of my life; with one back-stroke, slam went his head to the ground, and discharged such a quantity of blood, that it ran like rills of water along the field.' 'Or rather like red wine, your worship should say,' replied the squire; 'for I must inform you, if you do not already know it, that the dead giant is no other than a wine-bag, and the blood, eighteen gallons of good red wine, which was contained in its belly: the head you cut off is the whore my mother, and the whole affair is gone to the devil.' 'What does the lunatic mean?' said Don Quixote, 'are you in your right senses, Sancho?' 'Rise, sir,' resumed the squire, 'and see what a fine piece of work you have made, and what a score you have run. You shall behold the queen converted into a private lady, called Dorothea, with many other strange events, at which, if you take them right, you will be hugely astonished.' 'I shall not wonder at any thing of that kind,' replied his master; 'for thou may'st remember, the last time we were in this house, I told thee that every incident which happened was conducted and brought about by enchantment, so that we need not be surprised if the same power should prevail at present.' 'I should be of your worship's opinion,' answered Sancho, 'if my blanketting had been of the same stamp; but that was not the case, for it was really and truly a substantial tossing. This very innkeeper, whom we saw

to-day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me into the air with great strength and nimbleness, passing a thousand waggish jokes, and laughing at me all the while; from whence I concluded, simple and sinner as I am, that as I knew their persons, there was no enchantment in the case, but abundance of bruising and bad fortune.' 'Well, Heaven will make thee amends,' said the knight; 'meanwhile reach me my cloaths; for I want to go forth and examine those events and transformations which thou hast mentioned.'

While Sancho was helping him to dress, the curate gave Don Fernando and his company an account of Don Quixote's madness, and the artifice they had used to disengage him from the poor rock to which he imagined himself exiled by the disdain of his mistress. He also recounted all those adventures that Sancho had imparted to him, at which they were not a little surprised, and laughed immoderately, agreeing in opinion with every body who knew the knight, that it was the strangest extravagance that ever entered a disturbed imagination. The priest, moreover observed, that since the good fortune of Dorothea obstructed the progress of their design, there was a necessity for inventing another plan that should bring him home to his own house. Cardenio proposed that they should prosecute the scheme they had already began; and Lucinda would act and represent the part of Dorothea. 'No,' said Don Fernando, 'that must not be: Dorothea shall still proceed with her own invention; for, as it cannot be far from hence to the habitation of that honest gentleman, I shall be glad to contribute towards his cure.' And when he understood that they would arrive in two days at his house; 'Were it farther off,' said he, 'I should go with pleasure to assist in such a laudable design.'

At that instant Don Quixote came forth, armed at all points, with Mambrino's helmet, battered as it was, upon his head, his shield braced upon his arm, and his pole or lance in his hand. Don Fernando and his companions were amazed at this strange apparition, when they beheld such a rueful length of face, so withered and tawny, together with his ill sorted armour, and the solemnity of his gait. They gazed upon him in silent expectation of what he would say, while he, with infinite gravity of aspect, fixing his eyes upon Dorothea, accosted her in these words: 'Fair lady, I am informed by this my squire, that your greatness is annihilated, and your quality undone, by being changed from your former rank of queen and sovereign princess, into the condition of a private damsel. If this hath been done by the necromancy of the king your father, who is perhaps afraid that I should not be able to give you the assistance
required

required, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, the half of that art which he professeth, and that he is but little conversant in the history of chivalry; for had he read and perused it with such leisure and attention as I have bestowed upon that subject, he would have found, that on every occasion, knights of much less reputation than I possess, have atchieved much more difficult enterprizes than this, it being a matter of small moment to kill a pitiful giant, let him be as arrogant as he will; for not many hours ago, I saw myself engaged with one—but I chuse to be silent rather than have my veracity called in question, though time, that unmasks all things, will shew when we least expect it.’

‘That you was engaged with wine-bags, and not with a giant!’ cried the innkeeper; who was silenced by Don Fernando, and forbid to interrupt the knight’s discourse in any shape whatever. So that Don Quixote proceeded, saying, ‘In fine, if the father of your disinherited highness hath performed this metamorphosis on your person, for the causes I have mentioned, I hope you will give no credit to such consideration; for there is no danger upon earth through which my sword will not open a way, and by laying the head of your adversary in the dust in a few days, invest yours with that crown to which you have an undoubted right.’

Here Don Quixote left off speaking, in expectation of a reply from the princess, who knowing it was Don Fernando’s pleasure that she should continue the deceit, until the knight could be brought back to his own house, answered with equal gravity and grace, ‘Whosoever hath told you, most valiant Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that I am changed and transformed from what I was, has not adhered to the truth in his information: indeed I am somewhat changed by certain fortunate events which have happened even beyond my own expectation; but, nevertheless, I have not ceased to be what I was, nor altered that resolution which I have always maintained, of taking the advantage of your valiant and invincible arm. Wherefore, dear sir, be so good as to do justice to the honour of the father who begat me, and look upon him as a man of sagacity and foresight; since, by the science he professed, he found such an easy and effectual path to the cure of my misfortune; for I firmly believe, that were it not for you, I should not now be so happy as I am, as the greatest part of these gentlemen can truly witness. Nothing then remains, but that we set out to-morrow, because we could not propose to travel far to-day; and as for the success on which my hopes are built, I leave it entirely to God, and the worth of your heroic breast.’

Don Quixote hearing these words, turned to Sancho, in the most violent indignation, saying, 'I protest, sirrah! you are the most malicious little slanderer in Spain. Say, you rascal, you vagabond! did not you tell me just now, that the princess was transformed into a private gentlewoman called Dorothea; and that the head, which I know I cut from the giant's shoulders, was the whore your mother; with many more foolish particulars, which threw me into the greatest confusion that ever I felt since I was born? By Heaven!' (here he turned up his eyes and bit his lips) 'I have a strong inclination to commit such slaughter upon thee, as will be an instructive warning* to all the lying squires who shall henceforth attend knights-errant in the course of their adventures.'

'Pray be pacified, good your worship!' cried Sancho: 'I may possibly be deceived in what concerns the change of my Lady Princess Micomicona; but as to the giant's head being a wine-bag, and the blood no other than good red wine, I am not mistaken, as I shall answer to God; for the skins that were slashed are still to be seen by your worship's bed-side, and the whole room is flooded with the wine. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it†; you will be convinced when Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, our landlord here, makes out a bill of the damage he has suffered. As to the rest, I am rejoiced from my soul, to find that the queen's majesty is the same as usual, because it concerns me, as well as any other neighbour's child.' 'I tell thee, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that thou art distracted: forgive me, that is enough.' 'Enough in all conscience,' said Don Fernando; 'there is nothing more to be said on this subject. I think the princess judges very prudently in deferring her journey till to-morrow, because the day is already far advanced; let us therefore spend this night in agreeable conversation, and at the approach of day, we will in a body attend the gallant Don Quixote, that we may be witnesses of unheard-of exploits which he will doubtless perform in the course of this vast enterprize he hath undertaken.' 'It is my duty and resolution to serve and attend you,' answered the knight; and I have the most grateful sense of your favour and good opinion, which I shall endeavour to justify, though it should cost me my life, or even more—if more I can pay.'

Many compliments and proffers of service passed between Don Fernando and Don Quixote; but they were interrupted

* In the original, 'As will put salt in the skull.'

† Literally, 'You shall see when the eggs are fried.' A phrase alluding to the story of a thief, who having stole a frying-pan, and being asked by the owner what he carried under his cloak, replied, 'You will see when the eggs are fried.' Metaphorically, 'Time will discover.'

by the arrival of a traveller, who, by his garb, seemed to be a Christian slave lately escaped from Barbary; for he was clad in a coat of blue cloth, wanting a collar, with short skirts and half sleeves; his breeches and cap were of the same stuff; and he wore date-coloured buskins, with a Moorish scymitar slung in a shoulder-belt across his breast. He was followed by a woman dressed in the Moorish habit, mounted upon an ass; with a veil over her face, a brocaded bonnet on her head, and a mantle that flowed from her shoulders to her heels. The man was robust, and well proportioned, seemingly turned of forty, with brownish complexion, large whiskers, and a well furnished beard; in short his mein was so genteel, that if he had been properly dressed, they would have taken him for a man of birth and quality.

Soon as he entered the gate, he called for a private apartment, and seemed very much concerned, when he understood that all the rooms of the inn were engaged: however, he went to the lady in the Moorish dress, and lifted her off in his arms. Upon which Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, flocked around her; their curiosity being excited by the novelty of the garb, which none of them had ever seen before: and Dorothea, who was always good-humoured, mannerly, and discreet, concluding that both she and her conductor, were chagrined at their want of a chamber, spoke to her thus: 'Be not uneasy, Madam, at your want of accommodation here; it is the inconvenience of almost all inns; but if you will be pleased to partake with us, pointing to Lucinda,) perhaps you will find that in the course of your journey you have been fain to put up with harder fare.' The veiled lady made no answer; but only rising from her seat, signified her thanks by crossing her hands upon her bosom, bending her body, and bowing her head; so that from her silence they conjectured that she must be a native Moor, and that she could not speak any Christian language.

Her attendant, who had hitherto been employed in something else, perceiving that the company had made a circle about his companion, who could make no replies to their interrogations, said to them, 'Ladies, this young woman understands little or no Spanish, and speaks no language but that of her own country; so that she is incapable of answering any questions you may have asked.' 'We have asked no questions,' said Lucinda, 'but only made her an offer of our company for this night, with a share of our lodging, and what accommodation is to be had; and this we tender with that hearty good-will which obliges us to serve all strangers, especially those of our own sex, who stand in need of our assistance.'

‘Dear Madam,’ replied the conductor, ‘in her name, and in my own, I return you a thousand thanks, and highly esteem your proffered favour, which on this occasion, and from such persons as your appearance proclaims you to be, must certainly be very kind and condescending.’ ‘Signior,’ said Dorothea, ‘is this lady Christian or Moor? By her silence and her dress, we are induced to believe she is not what we could wish her to be.’ ‘In her body and dress,’ replied the stranger, ‘she is a Moor, but altogether a Christian in her soul; for she longs ardently to be a professed convert to our faith.’ ‘Then she is not baptized?’ resumed Lucinda. ‘She has had no opportunity,’ said the captive, ‘since she quitted Algiers, which is her native country; and hitherto hath never been in such imminent danger of her life, as to make it necessary before she is instructed in all the ceremonies enjoined by our holy mother church; but, if it please Heaven, she shall be baptized very soon, with decency suitable to the quality of her person, which is greater than either her dress or mine seem to declare.’

This intimation raised the curiosity of all the spectators, to know who this Moor and captive were; but nobody chose to ask the question at that time, which seemed more proper for reposing themselves than relating the history of their lives. Dorothea taking her by the hand, seated the stranger close by her side, and entreated her to take off the veil; she looked at her conductor, as if she wanted to know what the lady desired, and he told her in Arabick, that they entreated her to be uncovered; at the same time, advising her to comply with their request. She accordingly unveiled herself, and discovered a face so amiable, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, who, in her turn, gave her the preference to Dorothea; and all present concluded, that if any creature upon earth could vie with them in beauty, it was this Moorish lady, who, in the opinion of some of the company, excelled them both in certain particulars. As beauty, therefore, has the privilege and energy to conciliate minds, and attract affections, every body present was seized with an inclination to serve and cherish the charming Moor. Don Fernando asked her name of the captive, who answered ‘Lela Zorayda.’ This she no sooner heard, than understanding the question which had been put to the Christian, she pronounced with great eagerness and sweetness of concern, ‘No, no Zorayda; Maria, Maria!’ signifying that her name was Maria, and not Zorayda: these words, with the affecting manner in which they were expressed, brought tears from the eyes of some of the hearers, especially the women, who are naturally tender and compassionate.

Lucinda

Lucinda embraced her affectionately, saying, 'Yes, yes, Maria, Maria.' And to this the Moor replied, 'Yes, yes, Maria; Zorayda, *macange*:' which, in the Arabick, signifies, 'No.'

Meanwhile it grew late; and the inn-keeper, by order of Don Fernando's attendants, prepared, with great diligence and care, as good a repast as he could possibly provide; so that, when supper-time arrived, they sat down all together at a long hall table, for there was neither a round nor a square one in the house. They forced the head and principal seat, in spite of all his excuses, on Don Quixote, who desired that the Princess Micomicona might sit by the side of her protector; next to her Lucinda and Zorayda placed themselves, being fronted by Fernando and Cardenio, at whose left hand sat the captive and the other gentlemen, while the curate and the barber took their station close to the ladies. In this manner they supped with vast satisfaction, which was still increased, when Don Quixote, leaving off eating, and inspired by the same spirit that moved him to harangue among the goatherds, began the following dissertation: 'Verily, gentlemen, if it be duly considered, great and unexpected events are seen by those who profess the order of knight-errantry. What inhabitant of this earth, if he should now enter the gates of this castle, and behold us seated in this manner, could conceive or credit that we are what we are? Who could imagine, that this lady on my right hand is the great queen whom we all know her to be, and that I am the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, so celebrated by the voice of fame? Now there is no manner of doubt, that this exercise and art exceeds all others hitherto invented by man, and that it ought to be more esteemed, because it is more exposed to danger. Away with those who give letters the preference over arms! I affirm, that such people, whosoever they are, know not what they say; for the sole reason to which they adhere, in this decision, is, that the labour of the body is exceeded by that of the mind; and that the profession of arms is altogether as corporeal as the exercise and office of a common day-labourer, that requires nothing more than bodily strength; as if that which is called soldiery by us who profess it, did not include acts of valour which none but persons of uncommon genius could execute; or, as if the toil of a warrior, who has the charge of an army, or commands in a town that is besieged, doth not affect the mind as well as the body. Is it to be supposed, that by mere corporeal strength he can penetrate and discover the intention of the enemy? To anticipate designs, baffle stratagems, surmount difficulties; and prevent the mischief that is to be dreaded, are all efforts of the understanding, in which the
body

body hath no share; if the profession of arms, therefore, requires genius, as well as that of letters, let us see which of the two requires most mental toil: and this question may be determined by considering the end and aim of each; for that occupation deserves the highest esteem, which hath the noblest purpose in view. The end and scope of letters, I speak not here of that divine learning whose aim is to raise and conduct the soul to Heaven; to an end so infinite, no intention whatever can be compared: I speak of human learning, the ultimate end of which is to regulate distributive justice, render to every one his due, and to understand and to protect the equitable laws; an aim certainly generous and highly commendable! yet not so deserving of the most sublime praise as the profession of arms; the object and end of which is peace, the greatest good that mortals can enjoy; for, the first blessed news which this world and mankind heard, were those pronounced by the angels, on that night, which was our day, when they sung in the air, "Glory be to God on high; and on earth peace, and good will towards men;" and the salutation, which the best Master, either in heaven or upon earth, taught his adherents and favourites; which was to say, when they entered any house, "Peace be to this house!" Nay, he himself, at different times, said, "My peace I give unto you! My peace I leave with you! Peace be among you!" A jewel and legacy well worthy of him who left it! a jewel, without which there can be no felicity, either on earth or in heaven! This peace is the genuine aim of war; for arms and war are the same; and this being taken for granted, the end of war is nobler than that of learning; wherefore, let us next consider the bodily toil sustained by each, that we may see on which side the balance lies in that particular.

In this sensible manner did Don Quixote continue his discourse, from which nobody that heard him could distinguish that he was mad; on the contrary, his audience consisting chiefly of gentlemen, to which title the profession of arms is annexed, they listened with great pleasure, while he proceeded thus.

"The hardships of a student, I say, are these; first of all, poverty; (not that all students are poor, but that we may suppose the worst that can happen,) and when I have named his indigence, the whole of his misfortune is mentioned; for he that is poor can enjoy nothing that is good, but must endure necessity in all its forms; sometimes hunger, sometimes cold, sometimes nakedness, and often all three together. Nevertheless, his necessity is not so great, but that he eats, though perhaps later than usual, or though he may feed upon the leavings

ings of the rich, or, which is the greatest misery to which a scholar can be reduced, go a-sopping*, as they term it; then they are always admitted to some charitable person's fire side or chimney-corner, where, if they cannot warm themselves effectually, they may at least defy the cold; and at night they sleep under cover. I need not descend to minute particulars; such as want of linen, scarcity of shoes, flimsy and threadbare cloaths, nor the surfeits which they so eagerly incur, when their good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this path, rough and difficult as I have already described it, after many tumblings, sliding, risings, and fallings, they at last attain to the wished degree, which being gained, we have seen many who have passed with a favourable gale of fortune, through these quicksands and straits of Scylla and Charybdis; I say, we have seen many such command and dictate to the world, from a chair of state; their hunger being changed into satiety, their cold into refreshment, their rags into gay apparel, and the mats on which they lay, to the richest damask and finest Holland: a recompence which their merits most justly enjoys! but their labours, when fairly stated and compared, are infinitely short of the warrior's, as I shall now clearly demonstrate.'

CHAPTER XI. 37

The Sequel of Don Quixote's curious Discourse on the Subjects of Learning and War.

THE knight proceeded thus: 'Since we began with the student, representing his poverty in all its circumstances, let us see if the soldier be more wealthy; and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer; for he is restricted to his miserable pay, which comes always late, if ever, or to what he can plunder by force, with the imminent danger of his life and conscience; and frequently, his nakedness is such, that his flashed buff doublet serves him instead of coat, shirt, and all other parts of apparel. In a winter campaign, while he remains in the open field, he has nothing to mitigate the severity of the cold, but his own breath, which, as it proceeds from an empty place, must, I believe, be cold, contrary to all the rules of nature: but stays till the approach of night, when it is to be hoped his bed will make amends for all these inconveniences; and this, if it be not his own fault, will never

* Alluding to the charity given at the gates of monasteries.

offend in point of narrowness, for he may measure as many feet of ground as he thinks sufficient, and there tumble about at pleasure, without any danger of discomposing the sheets. Then, instead of the day and hour of receiving the degrees of his art, comes the day of battle, in which his head is adorned with the doctoral tassel, made in form of a pledget, to stuff the wound made by some ball, which perhaps hath gone through his temples, or left him maimed of a leg or arm; and even if this should not happen, but merciful Heaven guard and preserve him safe and sound, he continues as poor as ever; he must risk himself in several more rencounters and battles, and be victorious in each, before his circumstances be bettered; but these miracles rarely happen. Tell me, gentlemen, have you considered what a small proportion those who make their fortunes by war bear to those who perish in the field? Doubtless, you must answer, that there is no sort of comparison; that the slain are scarce to be numbered, while the living, who are recompensed for their services, may be comprehended within three figures of arithmetic*. The case of the learned is quite the reverse†; for, one way or another they are all provided: so that, though the toil of a soldier is greater, his reward is much less. To this observation, it may be replied, that it is far more easy to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers; for the first are recompensed with offices which must of course be bestowed on people of their profession; whereas, the others can enjoy no reward, except a share of the property belonging to their master whom they serve: even this impossibility strengthens my asseveration.

But waving that consideration, which would lead us into a most intricate labyrinth, let us return to the pre-eminence which arms have over learning; a point hitherto undecided, of such force are the reasons alledged on both sides of the question; one of which, in favour of the last, is, that without letters, the profession of arms could not be supported, because there are laws to which war itself is subject; and all laws fall within the province of letters and learned men. To this ob-

* i. e. Do not amount to 1000, which is a number expressed by four figures.

† The literal translation is, 'For, from the skirts—for I would not mention the sleeves.' The Spaniards, instead of the English phrase 'By Hook or by Crook, use this of 'From the sleeves or the skirts:' derived from the practice of taylor, who are supposed to cabbage from those parts of the habit in which there is the greatest quantity of cloth; but the knight's exception of sleeves, on this occasion, seems to have proceeded from a supposition that poor scholars are generally provided for in the church, and consequently wear cassocks, which descend to the heels.

servation,

servation, the partizans of the other opinion reply, that no laws could be maintained without arms, which preserve the constitution, defend kingdoms, guard cities, scour the highways, and clear the seas of piratical corsairs. In short, that without arms, all republicks, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journies by land, and voyages by sea, would be exposed to the horror and confusion that attend unbridled war, while it continues in all its licentious privilege and force. It is a general and established maxim, that every thing ought to be esteemed in proportion to what it costs: now to become eminent in letters costs the student much time, watching, hunger, nakedness, vertigoes, indigestion, and their consequences, which are in part mentioned above: but, to acquire in a regular manner the character of a good soldier, a man must undergo all these inconveniences in an incomparably greater degree; because he is every moment in danger of losing his life. What fear of indigence and poverty can seize and harass the student's apprehension, equal to that which must possess the soldier besieged in a fortress, who, being placed centinel or guard in some ravelin or cavalier*, perceives the enemy at work undermining the very spot whereon he stands, without daring to stir from his post, or avoid the danger by which he is so imminently threatened? All he can do, is to give notice of what passes to his captain, who must endeavour to baffle the foe by some countermine, while he remains upon the place in terror and expectation of being suddenly whirled aloft into the clouds without wings, and of falling thence headlong into the profound abyss: if this danger seems inconsiderable, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded in the grappling of two galleys, by their prows, in the midst of the extended ocean; when they are locked and fastened into each other, and the soldier hath not an inch more than two feet of the beak to stand upon, while he sees himself threatened and opposed by as many ministers of death as there are cannon in the enemy's vessel, and these within a spear's length of his body; and is sensible, that if his feet should chance to slip, he would instantly visit the profound bosom of the sea; yet, nevertheless, with an intrepid heart, incited and transported by honour, he bears the brunt of their whole artillery, and endeavours by that narrow passage to board the adverse vessel: and, what is very much to be admired, is, that as soon as one falls, never to rise again till the general resurrection, another occupies his place, and should he also drop into the sea, which,

* Cavalier is an artificial mount raised in a fortress for the convenience of scouring a field, or opposing a commanding work of the enemy.

like an enemy, gapes to devour him, another and another still succeeds, without the smallest intermission: an instance of gallantry and boldness the greatest to be found in all the extremities of war. Happy were the ages past, while strangers to those infernal instruments of artillery, the author of which is, I firmly believe, now in hell, enjoying the reward of his diabolical invention, that puts it in the power of an infamous coward to deprive the most valiant cavalier of life; for, often in the heat of that courage and resolution that fires and animates the gallant breast, there comes a random ball, how or from whence no man can tell, shot off, perhaps, by one that fled, and was afraid at the flash of his own accursed machine, and, in an instant, puts an end to the schemes and existence of a man who deserved to live for ages. This very consideration makes me almost own, that I am sorry for having chosen this profession of a knight-errant in this detestable age; for, though no danger can daunt my resolution, it gives me some uneasiness to think that powder and shot may deprive me of the opportunity of making myself famous and renowned through the whole globe, for the valour of my arm, and the keenness of my sword: but let the will of Heaven be fulfilled! if I accomplish my aim, I shall be more esteemed, because I have faced more danger than ever was incurred by the knights errant in ages past.'

While the rest of the company were employed in eating, this long harangue was uttered by Don Quixote, who never thought of swallowing a morsel; though Sancho frequently put him in mind of eating his supper, observing, that he would afterwards have time enough to say what he pleased. The hearers were moved with fresh concern, at seeing a man who in every other subject seemed to have a large share of sense and discernment, lose it so irrecoverably, whenever the discourse turned upon the cursed mischievous theme of chivalry. The curate observed, that there was a great deal of reason in what he had advanced in favour of arms; and that he himself, though a graduate, consequently a man of letters, was intirely of the knight's opinion.

Supper being ended, and the table uncovered, while the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, were busied in fitting up the garret of Don Quixote de La Mancha, in which it was determined the three ladies should pass the night by themselves, Don Fernando intreated the captive to recount the story of his life, which he imagined must be both uncommon and entertaining, from the specimen they had already seen, in his arriving thus equipped, in company with the fair Zorayda. To this request the stranger answered, that he would willingly obey

obey his command, though he was afraid the company would not find the relation to their liking; but, nevertheless; rather than fail in point of obedience, he was ready to make it. The curate and whole company thanked him for his complaisance, and joined in the request; and he seeing himself besought by so many, said there was no occasion for entreaties, where they might so effectually command: 'Lend me your attention therefore, and you shall hear a true story, perhaps unequalled by those fictions which are usually adorned with all the curious and profound artifice of composition.'

At this preamble, all present adjusted and composed themselves; and he perceiving the general silence in which they waited for the performance of his promise, began in this manner, with a grave and agreeable voice.

CHAPTER XII.

Stop

In which the Captive recounts his Life and Adventures.

'IN a certain place among the mountains of Leon my family had its origin; more beholden to the liberality of nature than to the smiles of fortune: though, amidst the narrowness of circumstances which prevails in that country, my father had the reputation of being rich, and really was so, had he possessed the art of preserving, as he practised the means of spending, his estate. This liberal and profuse disposition was owing to his having been a soldier in his youth; the army being a school in which the miser becomes generous, and the benevolent man grows prodigal; for a covetous soldier is a monster which is rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered upon those of prodigality; a disposition of very little service to a married man who has children to succeed him in rank as well as name; and he had no less than three; all of them sons, already at an age to chuse for themselves. The old gentleman finding it impossible, as he said, to resist the bent of his inclination, was resolved to deprive himself of the means that induced and enabled him to spend so lavishly, by giving up his estate; as without money Alexander himself must have seemed frugal.

'One day, therefore, calling us all three together into his chamber, he delivered himself in these or the like words: "Sons, to say I love you, is no more than to say and know you are my own children; though it would seem that I do not love you, by my squandering away the fortune which is your due.

But

But that you may be henceforth convinced that I love you like a true parent, rather than seek your destruction, like a step-father, I am resolved to execute a plan which I have formed a good while ago, and digested with the most mature deliberation. You are now of an age to chuse settlements for yourselves, or at least to pitch upon employments which, in your riper years, may conduce to your honour and advantage. My intention is to divide my estate into four equal parts, three of which you shall receive among you, in equal shares, without the least difference or distinction; and the fourth I will reserve for my own sustenance and support, while Heaven will be pleased to protract the days of my life. But before you have received your portions, I should be glad to find you inclined to follow the paths which I shall propose. We have a saying in Spain, which I believe is very true, as indeed all proverbs are, because they are short sentences dictated by long and sage experience: that which I mean contains no more than these words: "The church, the court, or the sea:" as if it more fully expressed the following advice, "He that would make his fortune, ought either to dedicate his time to the church, go to sea as a merchant, or attach himself to the court;" for it is commonly observed that, "The king's crumb is worth the baron's batch." This I mention, because I wish and desire that one of you would follow letters, another merchandize, and a third serve his sovereign in the field, since it is difficult to obtain an office at court: and, although much wealth cannot be expected, there is a great deal of valour and reputation to be acquired in war. In eight days I will give each of you his share, in ready money, without defrauding you of one farthing, as you will see by my distribution. Tell me, therefore, if you are willing to follow my advice in what I have proposed?" said my father, addressing himself to me as the eldest. After having dissuaded him from parting from his estate, and desired him to spend as much of it as he pleased, observing, that we were young men, and capable of making our own fortunes; I concluded with saying, I would obey his will, and for my own part, chuse to serve God and my king, in adhering to the exercise of arms. My second brother made the same offer, proposing to set sail for the Indies, and employ his stock of ready money in traffic. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said he would qualify himself for the church, by going and finishing his studies at Salamanca.

'We having thus agreed in the choice of our different employments, our father embraced us all affectionately, and within the time he had proposed, performed his promise of giving

giving us our portions, which to the best of my remembrance amounted to three thousand ducats each; for an uncle of ours paid ready money for the whole estate, that it might not be alienated from the family. In one day, all three took leave of our worthy father, when I, thinking it a piece of inhumanity to leave him so straitened in his old age, prevailed upon him to accept two thousand of three I had received, as the remainder was sufficient to accommodate me with all the necessities of a soldier. Each of my brothers, induced by my example, gave him back one third of their shares, so that he remained possessed of four thousand ducats in cash, and the value of three thousand more in land, which he did not chuse to sell. At length, I say, we took leave of him, and that uncle whom I have mentioned, not without great concern and many tears on all sides; they charging us to seize every opportunity of making them acquainted with our adventures, either in prosperity or adversity. Having given this promise, and received their embraces and blessing, one took the road to Salamanca, another went to Seville, and I set out for Alicant, where I understood there was a ship taking in a lading of wool for Genoa. Two and twenty years are now elapsed since I left my father's house; and during all that time, though I have written several letters, I never received the least information concerning him or my brothers. What hath happened to myself within that period, I will now briefly relate.

Embarking at Alicant, I had a favourable passage to Genoa, from whence I went to Milan, where I provided myself with arms and some gay military furniture. Then I departed for Piedmont, with a resolution of inlisting in the service; and being upon the road to Alexandra de la Paglia, was informed that the great duke of Aya was on his march into Flanders. Upon receiving this intimation, I changed my design, attending him to the Low Countries, served in all his campaigns, and was present at the death of the counts Egmont and Horn. There I obtained an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalajara, whose name was Diego de Urbina: but, after I had been some time in Flanders, the news arrived of the league between his holiness Pope Pius the fifth of happy memory, and the Spanish monarchy, against their common enemy the Turk, who about that time had, by means of his fleet, made a conquest of the famous island of Cyprus, which was under the dominion of the Venetians; a most lamentable and unfortunate loss. It was certainly known that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother to our good King Philip, was to be general of this league; and the vast preparations for this war were publicly reported. All these

these rumours raised and excited within me the desire and resolution of being present in a campaign of such expectation; and though I had strong hopes, and indeed certain promises of being promoted to the rank of a captain as soon as a vacancy should happen, I chose to quit that prospect, and go, as I actually did, to Italy; and luckily for me, Don John of Austria was then at Genoa, just going to embark for Naples, in order to join the Venetian fleet, which he afterwards found at Messina. In short, I served in that most happy campaign, and was advanced to the rank of captain of foot, which honourable post I obtained more by good fortune than merit; and that day which was so fortunate for Christendom, on which the world was convinced of the error they had espoused in believing the Turks invincible by sea; on that day, I say, when the Ottoman pride and insolence were humbled and broke; among so many happy Christians there present, (and sure those who fell were happier than the living victors!) I alone was unfortunate; for, instead of receiving a naval crown, which would have been my reward, had I lived in the Roman ages, on the night that succeeded that glorious day, I found myself a captive loaded with chains! And this was the cause of my misfortune; Uchali, king of Algiers, a bold and fortunate corsair, having attacked and mastered the captain galley of Malta, in which there remained only three knights alive, and those desperately wounded; the vessel commanded by John Andrea Doria, in which my company was stationed, hastened to her relief, and I doing my duty on that occasion, leaped into the enemy's ship, which disengaging herself immediately from our galley, that was grappled with her, my soldiers were prevented from following their officer, and I found myself alone among my foes, whom, by reason of their numbers, I could not resist; therefore was obliged to submit, after having been almost covered over with wounds; and Uchali, as you have heard, gentlemen, having saved himself with his whole squadron, I remained his prisoner, the only sad person amidst the general joy; and captive among so many that were set free; for full fifteen thousand Christians, who came into the action chained to the Turkish oars, that day recovered their long wished-for liberty.

‘I was carried to Constantinople, where Selim, the grand Turk, created my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the battle; and as a proof of his valour brought off the high standard of Malta. Next year, which was that of seventy-two, I rowed in the capitan galley of the Three Lanthorns, at Navarino, where I saw and observed the Christians lose the opportunity of taking the whole Turkish fleet in the harbour;

harbour; for, all the Levantines and Janissaries belonging to it laid their account with being attacked in port, and had actually got in readiness their knapsacks and passamques, (which are a kind of shoes,) in order to go on shore, and seek their safety in flight, without waiting for the assault; such was the consternation that prevailed among them! But Heaven ordained things to happen in another manner; not through any error or neglect of the general who commanded the expedition, but on account of the sins of Christendom; it being the will and permission of God, that we should never want executioners to chastise us. In short, Uçali retreated to Modon, which is an island almost contiguous to Navarino, where he disembarked his men, fortified the mouth of the harbour, and remained until Don John set sail on his return. In this expedition, the galley called the Prize, commanded by a son of the famous corsair, Barbarossa, was taken by the capitan galley of Naples, called the She-wolf, the commander of which was that thunderbolt of war, the father of his soldiers, that fortunate and invincible chief, Don Alvaro de Bassan, marquis of Santa Cruz: and I cannot help mentioning what happened at the taking of this prize. The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his captives so inhumanly, that when the rowers perceived the She-wolf ready to board, and in a fair way of taking her, they quitted their oars all at once, and seizing the captain, who stood upon the strentrel*, calling to them to row lustily, they tossed him forwards from bench to bench, and beat him so severely as he went along, that before he passed the main-mast his soul passed into hell. Such was his barbarity, as I have already observed, and such the revenge which their hatred to him inspired!

We returned to Constantinople, and during the following year, which was seventy-three, understood that Don John had taken Tunis, wrested that whole kingdom from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession of the whole; thus cutting off all the hopes of a restoration from Muley Hamida, the most valiant and most cruel Moor of his time. The grand signior was deeply affected with his loss, and practising that sagacity, which is peculiar to all those of his family, clapped up a peace with the Venetians, who were much more desirous of it than he. Next year, being seventy-four, he attacked the goleta and fort, which Don John had left half-finished near Tunis; and on all these occasions I was present, being tied to the oar, without the least hope of freedom, especially by ransom: for I was resolved not to write to my father an account of my mis-

* The strentrel, or estanterel, is a post that supports the awning of the poop.

fortune. At length the goleta and fort were both lost, having been besieged by seventy-five thousand Turkish soldiers, regularly paid, and upwards of four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from the other parts of Africa: this multitude being provided with a vast quantity of warlike stores and ammunition, and attended with such a number of pioneers, that, by throwing handfuls of earth, they might have covered both the places they came to besiege. The goleta, which had been counted impregnable, was first taken; not through any fault of the besieged, who performed all that men could do in its defence, but because experience shewed that trenches could be made with ease in that loose sand, under which, though water was commonly found at the depth of two spans, the Turks, at that time, dug as many fathoms, without finding one drop: and so filling a vast number of sacks, raised their works so high as to overlook the fort; then mounting this cavalier with cannon, kept such a firing as rendered it impossible for the garrison to make any longer defence. It was a common opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the goleta, but opposed the disembarkation in the plain; however, those who talk in that manner, speak at random, and must be persons of small experience in such affairs; for, if the whole garrison in both places, scarce amounted to six thousand soldiers, how could such a small number, though ever so valiant, take the field, and at the same time defend the forts against such a multitude of foes? And how could the fort be possibly maintained without supplies, in an enemy's country, when they were hemmed in by such a numerous and obstinate army? But others thought, and I am of the same opinion, that Heaven manifested a particular grace and favour to Spain, in permitting them to destroy that rendezvous and pretence of mischief, that sink, sponge, and devourer of infinite sums of money, which were there unprofitably spent, without serving any other purpose than that of preserving the memory of its being the most happy conquest of the invincible Charles the Fifth; as if it was necessary for those stones to support his fame, which is already immortal. The fort was also yielded, though the Turks won it by inches; for the garrison behaved with such gallantry and resolution, that in two and twenty general assaults, the enemy lost upwards of twenty-five thousand men; and of the three hundred Spanish soldiers that remained alive, they did not make one prisoner who had not been wounded during the siege; a clear and certain proof of the obstinate valour with which the places were defended. A small fort, or tower, that stood in the middle of the lake, under the command of Don Juan Zanoguero, a Valentian knight, and celebrated

brated soldier, surrendered upon terms; but Don Pedro Puer-tocarrero, general of the goleta, was made prisoner; and though he did all that man could do in defence of the place, he was so deeply affected by the loss of it, that he died of grief on the road to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him captive. The general of the fort, whose name was Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and excellent soldier, was likewise taken prisoner; and in these two forts perished many persons of note, among whom was one Pagan d'Oria, a knight of St. John, a gentleman of a most generous disposition, as appeared from his excessive liberality to his brother, the famous Juan Andrea d'Oria; and what made his death still more lamentable, was, that he perished by the hands of some Arabs, to whom, seeing the fort already lost, he trusted himself, relying upon their promise to carry him, disguised in a Moorish dress, to Tabarca, which is a small port or settlement belonging to the Genoese, who fish for coral on that part of the coast; but those perfidious Arabs cut off his head, which they carried to the general of the Turkish navy, who fulfilled upon them our Castilian proverb, which imports, that though we love the treason, we abhor the traitor; for it was reported, that he ordered them all to be hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

'Among the Christians who were taken in the fort, was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a soldier of great worth and rare endowments, particularly blessed with a happy talent for poetry. This circumstance I mention, because it was his fate to belong to our galley, where he was my companion at the oar, and fellow-slave; and before we departed from that harbour, he composed two songs, by way of epitaph, upon the goleta and the fort. As I have them both by heart, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the company if I repeat them.'

When the captive mentioned Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who smiled; and when the stranger was going to repeat the songs, one of the three said to him, 'Before you proceed, I beg the favour to know what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar?' 'All that I know of the matter,' replied the captive, 'is, that after having staid two years at Constantinople, he made off in the habit of an arnaut*, with a Greek spy: but I do not know whether or no he obtained his liberty, though I believe he succeeded; for about a year after, I saw the same Greek at Constantinople; but I had not an opportunity to enquire about the success

* A Dalmatian trooper.

of their scheme." 'Then I can satisfy you in that particular,' resumed the cavalier: 'Don Pedro is my brother, and now lives at home, in good health and easy circumstances, blessed with a wife and three hopeful sons.'—Thanks be to God for the great mercies bestowed upon him!' answered the captive; 'for, in my opinion, there is no happiness on earth equal to that of liberty regained?' 'Besides,' said the gentleman, 'I retain in my memory the songs which my brother composed.' 'Be so good, then,' replied the stranger, 'as to entertain the company with them; for, doubtless, you can repeat them more perfectly than I can.' 'With all my heart,' said the cavalier, 'That upon the goleta runs thus.'

CHAPTER XIII.

3^a

ship.

The Continuation of the Captive's History,

I.

"**Y**E happy shades, whose deeds renown'd
 " Have freed you from encumb'ring clay;
 " From this low scene, where woes abound,
 " Ascending to eternal day:

II.

" With glorious zeal your bosoms glow'd,
 " Your bodies brav'd excessive toil:
 " Your blood with that of Pagans flow'd,
 " To drench the hostile barren soil:

III.

" Your lives, but not your courage, fail'd;
 " Death seal'd your just victorious claim;
 " Enjoy, still honour'd and bewail'd,
 " Immortal happiness and fame."

'These are the very words which I remember,' said the captive. 'And, if my memory does not fail me,' replied the gentleman, 'the other upon the fort is this.

I.

" Lo! from yon ruins on the desert plain,
 " Oppress'd with numbers, in th' unequal fight,
 " Three thousand souls of Christian warriors slain,
 " To happier regions wing'd their joyous flight.

II.

" Yet not before in vain they had essay'd
 " The force and vigour of their dauntless arms;
 " Till wearied and redue'd, though undismay'd,
 " They welcom'd death incompass'd with alarms.

III. " On

III.

- " On Afric's coast, as records tell,
" The scene of past and present woes,
" More valiant bodies never fell,
" More spotless spirits never rose."

The songs were not disliked; and the captive rejoicing at the good fortune of his comrade, proceeded thus in his narration.

' The goleta and forts being taken, the Turks ordered the first to be dismantled, the other being quite demolished before it was surrendered; and that this might be done with the less trouble, and greater dispatch, it was undermined in three parts; but they could by no means blow up the old walls, which seemed to be the weakest part, while that which was executed by Fratin, was destroyed with great facility. In short, the victorious fleet returned in triumph to Constantinople, where, in a few months, happened the death of my master Uchali, who went by the name of Uchali Fartax, which, in the language of that country, signifies the Scabby Renegado; for such he actually was; and it is a custom among the Turks, to bestow epithets upon people, derived either from some defect or virtue inherent in them: this method they practise, because they have but four families distinguished by particular names, and these are descended from the house of Ottoman; so that the rest, as I have observed, adopt some appellation, either from the blemishes of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper, therefore, tugged at the oar, during fourteen years, as slave to the Grand Signior; and when he was turned of thirty-four, apostatized, out of a resentment against a Turk, who struck him at the oar; renouncing his religion, that he might be able to revenge the affront. Such was his gallantry and conduct, that, without practising those vile steps and methods by which the sultan's favourites are raised, he was promoted to the throne of Algiers, and afterwards created general at sea, which is the third post in the empire. He was a native of Calabria, a man of good morals, and behaved with great humanity to his slaves, who, to the number of three thousand, were, at his death, in consequence of his last will, divided between his renegadoes and the Grand Signior, who is also co-heir with the children of all his deceased subjects. I fell to the share of a Venetian, who had been a common sailor when he was taken; and Uchali had such an affection for him, that he enjoyed the greatest share of his favour, and became the most cruel renegado that ever was known. This man, whose name was Azanaga, acquired great riches, and even succeeded to the crown of Algiers, to which

which place I accompanied him from Constantinople, with some degree of satisfaction, at the thoughts of being so near my own country; not that I intended to send home an account of my unhappy fate, but to see if fortune would not prove more favourable at Algiers than at Constantinople, where I had laid a thousand schemes for my escape, without having an opportunity of putting one of them in execution; but I was in hopes of finding at Algiers some other more effectual means of obtaining that which I so ardently desired; for the hope of gaining my liberty never forsook my breast; on the contrary, when all my pains, efforts, and expectations, miscarried, far from abandoning myself to despair, I endeavoured to find out some new expedient, which, though ever so frail and unsubstantial, served to support my spirits, and flatter my imagination. Thus I made shift to live within a house or prison, called a bath, in which the Turks confine the Christian captives, whether belonging to the king, or private persons, or of that class which they call magazine-slaves: these are the captives of the council, who serve the state in public works, and other kinds of day-labour; and find great difficulty in obtaining their freedom, because they belong to the community, and have no particular master whom they can treat concerning their ransom, even though they can command money for the purpose.

In these baths, as I have already said, some private persons lodge their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon, and there they remain secure, and at their ease, until it arrives. Neither do the king's captives, who are to be ransomed, go out to work with the rest of the crew, except when the money is delayed; and then, that they may be induced to write with more importunity, they are sent out with the rest to cut wood, an office of no small mortification and toil. As they knew I had been a captain, I in vain assured them, that I had neither interest nor money; they put me into the number of those who were to be ransomed, loading me with a chain, rather to denote my condition than to secure my person; so that I spent my time in that bath, among a great many cavaliers and people of fashion, who were thus marked and designed for ransom; and though we were sometimes, nay, almost always, exposed to hunger and nakedness, nothing gave us so much pain, as to hear and see, upon every occasion, the new and unheard-of cruelties which my master exercised upon the Christians. He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves vowed he acted thus out of mere wantonness or barbarity,

barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him was a Spanish soldier, called such-a-one de Saavedra: who, though he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chastised, nor even chid him with one hasty word; and yet the least of all his pranks were sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake: nay, he himself was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount some of that soldier's actions, which, perhaps, might entertain and surprize you more than the relation of my own story.

But to return to the thread of my narration; just over the yard of our prison were the windows of a rich and principal Moor; but, according to the custom of the country, they were rather like peep-holes than windows, and even these covered with very thick and close lattices. One day I chanced to be on the terrace of our gaol, with three of my companions, passing the time in trying which of us could leap farthest in our shackles, the rest of the Christians being gone out to work; I casually lifted up my eyes, and perceived a cane with a handkerchief tied to it, held out at one of those little openings I have mentioned, and waving to and fro, as if by way of signal for some of us to go and catch it. This object was no sooner observed, than one of my companions ran hastily to the place that was directly under it, to see if the cane would be dropped, or what would be the consequence; but when he arrived it was pulled up, and moved from one side to another, as if a man should signify his dissent from any proposal, by shaking his head: when the Christian returned, the cane was lowered again, with the same motion as at first, upon which another of our company tried the experiment, but succeeded no better than the first; a third went, and miscarried like the other two. Observing their disappointment, I was resolved to try my fortune also: accordingly, I had no sooner placed myself under the cane than it was dropped, and fell down within the bath, just at my feet. I snatched it up immediately, and untied the handkerchief, in which I found a knot containing ten zaniys, which are pieces of bad gold, current among the Moors, each of them valued at ten rials of our money. It would be superfluous to say that I rejoiced at this windfall; indeed, my joy was equal to my surprize; for I could not conceive from whence that present could come, especially to me; the circumstance of the cane being refused to every other person plainly shewing that the favour was intended

tended for me. I pocketed this lucky sum, broke the cane, returned to the terrace, and looked at the window, through which appeared a very white hand, that opened the lattice, and hastily shut it again: from this circumstance we understood, or at least imagined, that we owed the present to some lady who lived in that house; and, in token of thanks, made our obeisance in the Moorish manner, by bowing the head, bending the body, and crossing the hands upon the breast. Soon after this ceremony, a small cross, made of cane, was held out at the window, and immediately withdrawn: a signal which confirmed us in the opinion that we were befriended by some Christian woman, who lived as a slave in that house: but this supposition was changed, when we reflected upon the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets which we had perceived; and then we concluded that she must be one of those Christian renegades whom their masters frequently take to wife; and even think themselves fortunate in having such an opportunity; for they esteem them much more than the women of their own nation. But all our conjectures were wide of the truth.

From this day forward, our whole entertainment was to gaze at the window, as the north in which the star of the cane had appeared; but full fifteen days elapsed, before we had another glimpse either of that or the hand, or indeed of any other signal; and during this interval, though we endeavoured, by all the means in our power, to learn who lived in that house, and whether or not there was a Christian renegado in it, we never could get any other information, but that it belonged to a rich Moor of great note, called Agimorato, who had been alcaide of Pata, an office of great honour among that people. But, when we least expected another shower of zianiys, the cane re-appeared all of a sudden, with another handkerchief, and a larger knot than before; and this occurrence happened as formerly, when none but ourselves were in the bath; we made the usual experiment, each of my three companions going towards it as at first without success, until I approached, and then it was immediately dropped. I untied the knot, within which I found forty crowns in Spanish gold, and a paper written in Arabian characters, with a large cross at the head of the page. I kissed the sacred sign, put up the money, returned to the terrace, where we made our obeisance: the hand appearing again, I made signs that I should read the letter, and then the window was shut. We were equally pleased and perplexed at this event, for none of us understood Arabick; and although our impatience to know the contents of the paper was very great, the difficulty of finding an interpreter

interpreter was still greater. At length I determined to trust a renegade, a native of Marcia, who had professed himself my friend, and given me such pledges of his fidelity, as obliged him to keep any secret I should think proper to impart: for those renegades who intend to return to Christendom, usually carry about with them certificates signed by the principal captives, attesting, in the most ample form they can devise, that such a renegade is an honest man, who hath always been obliging to the Christians, and is desirous of making his escape with the first opportunity. Some there are who procure these testimonials with a good intention; others use them occasionally, as the instruments of their craft; for, going to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts, if they should chance to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and observe that these papers will shew the real design of their coming on a cruize with Turks, which was no other than to take the first occasion of returning to their native country; by these means they escape the first fury of resentment, and are reconciled to the church, without suffering the least damage; but when they see their opportunity, they return to Barbary, and re-assume their former way of life; whereas those who procure recommendations with a good design, make use of them accordingly, and remain in peace among the Christians. Such a renegade was this friend, who had obtained certificates from all my companions, conceived in the strongest terms of confidence and applause; for which, had he been detected, the Moors would have burned him alive. I knew that he could both speak and write the Arabian tongue; but, before I would disclose the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I had found by chance in a corner of my cabin. He opened it accordingly, and having pored and perused it a good while, muttering between his teeth, I asked if he understood the contents. He answered in the affirmative, bidding me, if I chose to have the literal meaning, furnish him with pen and ink, that he might translate it the more exactly. I accordingly accommodated him with what he desired; and when he had made an end of the translation at his own leisure, he said, "This that I have written in Spanish, is the literal meaning of that Moorish paper; and you are to take notice, that wheresoever you meet with the words *Lela Marien*, they signify our Lady the Blessed Virgin."

The paper contained these words—"When I was a child, my father had a woman slave, who in my own language taught me the Christian worship, and told me divers things of *Lela Marien*. This Christian died, and I am sure her soul did not go to the fire, but to *Ala*; for I saw her twice after her death,

d she advised me to go to the land of the Christians, where should see Lela Marien, by whom I was beloved. I know t which way to go: many Christians I have seen from this ndow, but not one who seems so much a gentleman as yourself. I am very beautiful and young, and have a great deal of ney in my possession. If thou canst find out any method of rrying me to thy country, thou shalt there be my husband, thou art so inclined; but if that be contrary to thy inclination, I shall not be uneasy, for Lela Marien will provide me th a spouse. I write this with my own hand; let nobody ad it, but such as you can trust. Beware of the Moors, for ey are altogether deceitful; therefore I am very much conrned; for I would not have it disclosed to any person what-er; because, if it should come to my father's ears, he would stantly cause me to be sunk in a well, and covered with neas. I will fasten a thread to the cane, to which thou may-t tie thine answer; and if thou hast not a proper person to ite for thee in Arabick, let me know by signs; for Lela arien will help me to understand them. May she and Ala eserve thee, by means of this cross, which I often kiss, according to the direction of my deceased slave!"

' You may easily conceive, gentlemen, whether or not we re surprized and rejoiced at the contents of this paper. deed, the symptoms of joy and admiration appeared so plain our behaviour, that the renegado suspected it was not found accident, but actually written and addressed to one of our mpany. He accordingly intreated us to tell him if his con-cture was true, protesting that we might safely trust to his lelity, and assuring us, if we would favour him with our con-ence, he would venture his life in procuring our freedom. o saying, he pulled from his bosom a crucifix of metal, and, ith many tears, swore by the God represented under the rm of that image, in whom he, though a wretched sinner, lly and faithfully believed, that he would be trusty and secret every thing we should please to communicate; for he firmly elieved, and as it were prognosticated, that by means of her ho had written the paper, we should all obtain liberty, and e accomplish that which he had so much at heart, namely, s re-admission into the bosom of his holy mother church, om which he, through his ignorance and guilt, had been, like rotten member, divided and cut off. This declaration he ade with so many tears and signs of repentance, that we nanimously agreed to intrust him with the affair, and accord-ly gave him an account of every thing that had happened, ithout suppressing one circumstance; and shewed him the indow at which the cane appeared: so that from thence he had

had took his mark of the house, resolving to inform himself, with great care and caution, of the name and quality of those who lived in it. Meanwhile, we were all of opinion, that there was a necessity for answering the billet; and there being a person present, who could perform that office, the renegade that instant wrote in Arabick what I dictated, which was literally as I shall now repeat; for, of all the material circumstances of that affair, not one hath escaped my memory, which will retain them all to my last breath. In short, this was the answer which I sent to the beautiful Moor.

" My dear Lady !

" Mayest thou be protected by the true Ala, and that blessed Mary the real mother of God, who, because she loves thee, hath put it into thy heart to go to the land of Christians: beseech her, therefore, that she will be pleased to teach thee how thou mayest obey her commands; for she is so benevolent that she will grant thy request. For my own part, and in behalf of those who are my fellow prisoners, I promise to serve thee with our whole power, even unto death. Fail not to write and give me notice of what thou shalt resolve to do; and I will always answer thy letters; for the great Ala hath favoured us with the friendship of a Christian captive, who can speak and write thy language, as thou wilt perceive by this paper; wherefore thou mayest communicate thy will and pleasure to us without fear. As to thy offer of becoming my wife, when thou shalt be safely settled in the land of the Christians, I pledge myself thine, on the faith of a good Christian; and know, that those of our religion perform their promises more punctually than the Moors. God, and his mother Mary, take my dear lady into their holy protection!"

" This letter being written and sealed, I waited two days until the bath was empty, and then went to the usual place on the terrace, to look for the cane, which in a little time appeared. I no sooner perceived the sign, though I could not see who made it, than I held up the letter, to make her understand that she should fasten a thread to the cane; but that was already done, and I tied the paper to it accordingly. In a little time our star appeared again, loaded with the white flag of peace; which being dropped, I took it up, and found, in different coins of gold and silver, to the amount of fifty crowns, which increased our satisfaction fifty-fold, and confirmed us in the hope of obtaining our freedom. That same night our renegade returned, and told us, he was informed the house was inhabited by the same Moor I have mentioned under the name of Agimorato, who was excessively rich, and had only one daughter to inherit his whole fortune; that, by the current

report in the city, she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary; and that many of the viceroys who went thither, had demanded her in marriage, but she would never yield her consent: he likewise understood that she had once a Christian slave, who had died some time ago; so that all these circumstances agreed with the contents of her letter. We then consulted with the renegado about the means of transporting ourselves with the Moorish lady into Christendom; and, at length, we came to the resolution of waiting for another intimation from Zorayda, which is the name of her who now desires to be called Maria: for we plainly perceived, that by means of her, and no other, we should be enabled to surmount all the difficulties that occurred.

‘ Having come to this determination, the renegado bid us give ourselves no uneasiness, for he would either procure our liberty or forfeit his own life. The bath being full of people during four days, no cane appeared all that time; at the end of which the usual solitude prevailing, we perceived it with a handkerchief so pregnant as to promise a most happy birth, I stood under it; the whole was dropped as usual, and I found in the handkerchief another paper with one hundred crowns in gold, without any mixture of other coin. The renegado being then present, we carried him to our cabin, where we desired him to read the letter, which he interpreted in these words.

“ I know not, dear Sir, how to give directions about our passage into Spain; nor hath Lela Marien told me, though I have earnestly implored her assistance. But what may be easily effected is this: I will from this window furnish you with a great quantity of money; so that you may ransom yourselves and your companions; and going to the land of the Christians, purchase a bark, with which you may return for the rest; and you will find me in my father’s garden, which is by the gate of Barbazon, close to the sea-side. There I shall be during the whole summer, with my father and servants; and from thence you may, in the night, carry me to the bark without fear. But remember thou shalt be my husband; otherwise I will pray to Marien to chastise thee. If thou canst depend upon no other person for purchasing the bark, ransom thyself for that purpose. I know thou wilt be more apt than any other body to return, because thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Be sure to inform thyself well about the garden. When I see thee walking where thou art at present, I shall know the bath is empty, and provide thee with more money. Ala preserve thee, my dear gentleman!”

‘ These were the contents and purport of the second paper; which

which being read in presence of us all, each proposed himself as the person to be ransomed, promising to go and return with the utmost punctuality. I likewise offered myself for that purpose. But the renegado opposed the proposal; saying, that he could by no means consent that one should be set free, before we had all obtained our liberty; because experience had taught him, how ill those who are free perform the promises they have made in their captivity; for prisoners of note had often practised the expedient of ransoming one of their number, to go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to purchase an armed bark, and return for his companions, but they never saw his face again; for having once obtained his own liberty, the dread of losing it again, by returning, blots all manner of obligations out of his remembrance. As a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a case which had lately happened to some Christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest circumstances ever known even in these parts, where the most uncommon and surprizing events occur almost every day. In short, he told us, the most practicable and prudent scheme was, to give him the money we should receive for our ransom, with which he would purchase a bark at Algiers, under pretence of becoming merchant, and trading to Tetuan, and the other places on that coast, and that, being master of the vessel, he would soon contrive the means of disengaging us from the bath, and getting us all on board; especially if the Moorish lady should perform her promise in supplying us with money sufficient to pay the ransom of our whole company; in which case, being no longer slaves, we might embark with the greatest ease and safety, even at noon-day. The greatest difficulty that occurred, was the backwardness of the Moors to allow a renegado to purchase or command a vessel, unless it be a large cruizer for pirating; because they suspect, especially if he be a Spaniard, that his sole motive, in buying a small bark, is to make his escape into Christendom; but he undertook to remedy that inconvenience, by giving a share of the bark, and profits of the merchandize, to a Tagarin Moor; by which means he should be master of the bark, and of consequence have it in his power to accomplish the whole affair.

Although, in the opinion of me and my companions, there was no better plan than that of sending to Majorca for a bark, as the Moorish lady had proposed, we durst not contradict the sentiments of the renegado, lest he, being disobliged by our acting contrary to his intention, should make a discovery of our correspondence with the fair Moor, and endanger not only our lives, but also that of Zorayda, for which we would have willingly

willingly sacrificed our own. We therefore determined to rely upon God and the renegado; and immediately wrote an answer to Zorayda, importing, that we would adhere in every thing to her advice, which was as prudent as if it had been dictated by Lela Marien; and that it depended solely upon her, either to hasten or retard the negociation; pledging my faith anew to become her spouse. In consequence of this intimation, the very next day, when the bath happened to be empty, she, at different times, by means of the cane and handkerchief, transmitted two thousand crowns in gold, with a paper signifying, that on the first Jama, which is Friday, she should set out for her father's garden; but, before her departure, supply us with more money; and desired us to inform her, if we should find that insufficient; for she would give us as much as we could desire, her father having such vast sums, that he would never be sensible of what she took, especially as all his keys were in her possession. We immediately accommodated the renegado with five hundred crowns, for the purchase of the bark; with eight hundred more I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a Valentian merchant then residing at Algiers, who bargained for my ransom with the king, and obtained my freedom, upon giving his word to pay the money on the arrival of the first ship from Valencia; for, if he had paid it immediately, the king would have suspected that the ransom had been some time at Algiers, and that the merchant had hitherto detained it for his own convenience. In short, my master was so contentious, that I durst by no means disburse the money at once. On the Thursday before the fair Zorayda removed to her father's country-house, she gave us another thousand crowns, and apprized us of her departure; intreating me, as soon as I should be ransomed, to make myself acquainted with her father's garden, and find some opportunity of going there to see her. I answered, that I would obey her in every thing.

'This affair being transacted, means were concerted for ransoming my three companions; lest, seeing me at liberty, and themselves confined, they should be chagrined, and do something to the prejudice of Zorayda; and therefore took care they should be ransomed by the same channel through which my liberty was obtained; depositing the whole sum required in the merchant's hands, that he might with more certainty and confidence act the part of their bondsman; though we never disclosed to him our secret commerce with Zorayda.

CHAPTER XIV. 40

The Continuation of the Captive's Adventures.

BEFORE fifteen days had elapsed, our renegado had purchased a vessel capable of containing thirty persons; and with a pretext, made a voyage to a place called Sargel, about thirty leagues from Algiers, towards the coast of Oran, where there is a great traffic of dried figs; and he made two or three trips of this kind in company with the Tagarin Moor already mentioned. The Moors of Arragon are in Barbary called Tagarians, and those of Grenada go by the name of Mudajares; though these last are, in the kingdom of Fez, called Elches, being the people whom the king chiefly uses in his wars. I say, then, in every passage, the renegado brought his bark to an anchor in a small creek, within two bow-shots of Agimorato's garden, and there purposely employed himself and his Moorish rowers in practising the Zala*, or attempted that in jest which he intended to execute in earnest. He went frequently to Zorayda's garden, on pretence of asking fruit, which he always received from her father, though he did not know him; but although, as he afterwards owned, he wanted to speak with Zorayda, and tell her that he was the person appointed by me to carry her off to the land of Christians, that she might be satisfied and secure of his fidelity, he never had an opportunity of executing his design; for the Moorish women avoid the sight of their own countrymen and the Turks, unless when they are commanded to appear by their parents and husbands; though they talk and converse with Christian captives even more freely than decency allows. I should have been very much concerned had he spoke with her, because it would perhaps have given her great uneasiness to see renegades intrusted with the affair; but God, who ordained all for the best, gave him an opportunity of fulfilling his well-meaning intention.

Perceiving how securely he traded to and from Sargel, and anchored when, where, and how he pleased, his partner submitting to his direction in all things; and that I being ransomed, there was nothing wanted but some Christians to row; he desired me to pick out those who should accompany me, exclusive of my friends who were ransomed, and bespeak them for the Friday following, which he had appointed for the day of our departure. Seeing him thus determined, I spoke to a dozen of Spaniards, all of them able-bodied rowers, and

* Zala, or Sala, is the Moorish salutation.

people who could easily get out of the city; and indeed it was no small difficulty to find so many at that conjuncture; for no fewer than twenty gallies being then out upon the cruize, almost all the rowers were employed; so that I should not have found those I have mentioned, had not their master staid at home that summer to finish a vessel which he had on the stocks. All I said to them was, that next Friday, in the evening, they should sliely slip out of the city, one by one, and betake themselves to Agimorato's garden, where they should wait my coming, and I directed every one by himself, if he should meet with other Christians at the rendezvous, to say nothing, but that I had ordered him to wait for me in that place:

'This point being settled, another precaution still more necessary, remained untaken: this was to advertise Zorayda of the situation of our affairs, that she might be prepared and guarded against surprize at our sudden assault, before she could think it possible that the Christian bark was arrived.— Resolved therefore to see and speak with her if possible one day before our departure, I went to the garden, on pretence of gathering some herbs, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language used through all Barbary, and even at Constantinople, between the captives and the Moors: it is neither Arabic nor Castilian, nor indeed peculiar to any nation, but a mixture of different tongues, by which we may make shift to understand each other. I say, he asked in this sort of jargon who I was, and what I wanted in his garden? I answered, that I was a slave belonging to Arnaute Mami, who I knew to be an intimate friend of his, and that I wanted a few herbs for a sallad. In consequence of this answer, he enquired whether or not I was to be ransomed, and what my master demanded for my freedom. And while we were thus conversing together, the fair Zorayda came out into the garden. She had already perceived me from a window of the house: and as the Moorish women make no scruple of shewing themselves to Christians, with whom, as I have already observed, they are not at all shy, she without any hesitation walked towards the place where I was standing with her father, who no sooner saw her, than he called at a distance, desiring her to come up. It would be a difficult task for me at present to describe the exceeding beauty, the genteel mien, the gay and rich ornaments, with which my beloved Zorayda then presented herself before mine eyes: I shall only observe, that the pearls about her beauteous neck and ears outnumbered the hairs of her head: On her ancles, which were bare, according to the custom of the country, she wore carcaxes (by which name the bracelets for the feet are called in the Morisco

Morisco language) of the purest gold, set with such a quantity of diamonds, that she afterwards told me her father valued them at twenty thousand ducats; and those she wore upon her wrists were of equal richness. The pearls, though in such a vast number, were extremely fine; for the greatest pride and magnificence of the Moorish women lie in pearls and embroidery; consequently there is a greater quantity of pearls and seed-pearl in Barbary than in all the other nations of the world; and Zorayda's father had the reputation of possessing the greatest number and the best in Algiers, together with a fortune of two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which she who is now mine was once mistress. Whether with the assistance of all these ornaments she appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in her prosperity may be conjectured by what remains after the great fatigues she has undergone; for it is well known that the beauty of some women hath its days and seasons, and is diminished or increased according to the circumstances that happen; being improved or impaired, nay, often totally destroyed, by the passions of the mind. In short, she approached in all the pomp of dress, and all the excess of beauty; at least to me she seemed the most beautiful creature I had ever seen; which circumstance, joined to the obligation I lay under, made me look upon her as an angel sent from heaven for my delight and deliverance. When she came up her father told her, in their own language, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaute Mami, and had come for a sallad; upon which she took up the discourse, and in that jumble of languages before mentioned, asked if I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I answered, that I was already ransomed, and that she might see in what esteem I was with my master by the sum he received for my freedom, which was no less than fifteen hundred sultans. To this observation she replied, "Truly, if thou hadst belonged to my father, he should not have parted with thee for twice the sum: for you Christians always dissemble, and call yourselves poorer than you really are, with a view of imposing upon the Moors."—"That may be sometimes the case, Madam, said I; "but I adhered to the truth in bargaining with my master, and will deal honestly with all mankind." She then asked how soon I intended to depart: and I answered, "To-morrow, I believe: there is a French ship in the harbour to sail in the morning, and I have some thoughts of taking my passage on board of her."—"Had not you better stay till the arrival of a vessel from Spain?" said Zorayda, "than trust yourself with the French, who are no good friends of yours?"—"No, Madam," answered I; "though as there is a

Spanish ship expected, if she arrives immediately, I believe I shall wait for her; but it is more likely that I shall sail to-morrow; for the desire I have to see myself in my native country with those I love, is too strong to let me wait for any other convenience, let it be ever so good." "Without doubt," said Zorayda, "thou art married in thy own country, and therefore desirous of being with thy wife."—"I am not yet wedded," I replied; "but under promise of being married at my return." "And is the woman beautiful to whom thou hast pledged thy faith?" said she. "So beautiful," answered I, "that to compliment her, and tell thee the truth, she is the exact resemblance of thyself."

Her father laughed heartily at this declaration, saying, "Truly, Christian, she must be very handsome indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is the most beautiful woman in this kingdom: look at her, and thou wilt see whether or not I speak truth."

In the greatest part of this conversation, Agimorato served as interpreter for his daughter, he being better acquainted with this spurious language, which, though she understood a little in consequence of its being much spoke among the Moors, she explained her meaning by signs oftner than by words.

While we were engaged in this and other such conversation, a Moor ran towards us, crying aloud, that four Turks, having got through the pales, or leaped over the garden wall, were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. At this information the old man and Zorayda started; for the Moors are commonly, and, as it were, naturally afraid of the Turks, especially the soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious to their Moorish subjects, that they treat them worse than if they were slaves. Accordingly, the father said to Zorayda, "Daughter, retire to the house, and lock thyself up, while I go and talk to those dogs; and thou Christian," (turning to me,) "gather thy herbs, and depart in peace; and Ah send thee safe into thy own country!" I made my obeisance, and he went in search of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who pretended to go homeward, according to her father's desire; but no sooner was he out of sight, among the trees of the garden, than she came back, with her eyes drowned in tears, saying, "Amexi, Christiano, amexi!" the signification of which address is, "Thou art going away, Christian, thou art going away!" "Yes, Madam," answered I, "but by no means without you: on the next Jama expect me, and be not afraid when you see us; for we certainly shall go to the land of the Christians." I made shift to express myself

myself in such a manner, that she understood this, and every thing else that I said; and throwing her arm about my neck, began to walk towards the house, with a slow and faltering pace: but it pleased fortune, which might have proved very unlucky, had not Heaven otherwise ordained, that while we walked in this attitude, with her arm about my neck, we were observed by her father, on his return from having sent away the Turks; and we immediately perceived ourselves discovered. Nevertheless, Zorayda, prompted by her discretion and presence of mind, would not take her arm from my neck: but, on the contrary, coming closer to me, let her head drop upon my bosom; and her knees sunk under her, as if she was fainting; while I seemed to support her with a sort of strained civility.

‘The father, seeing his daughter in this situation, ran towards us with great concern, and asked what was the matter: but she making no reply, “Doubtless,” said he, “she hath fainted with the fright occasioned by the insolence of those dogs.” Then, taking her out of my arms, he supported her in his own; while she, fetching a deep sigh, the tears still continuing in her eyes, repeated, “Amexi, Christiano, amexi! — Begone, Christian, begone.” — “There is no necessity for the Christian’s departure,” said the father; “he hath done thee no harm: and as the Turks are gone already, be not disturbed; thou hast no cause to be uneasy; for, as I have already said, the Turks, at my entreaty, went out as they had come in.” “Indeed, Sir,” said I, “they have discomposed her very much, as you observe; but, since she desires me to go, I will not stay to give offence. Peace be with you! I will, with your permission, return to this garden for herbs, if they should be wanted; for my master says there are none better to be found in any other place.” “Thou mayest come as often as thou wilt,” answered Agimorato. “What my daughter says, is not out of resentment against thee or any other Christian; but, instead of bidding the Turks begone, she applied the words to thee, or else thought it was time for thee to go and gather thy herbs.” I then took leave of them both; and she, as if her soul had been rent from her body, went away with her father; while I, on pretence of culling my salad, went round the whole garden at my pleasure, observing all the entries and outlets, together with the strength of the house, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our purpose.

‘Having thus reconnoitred, I went and communicated my observations to the renegado and the rest of my companions, longing eagerly for the hour of seeing myself in peaceable possession

possession of the blessing which fortune presented in the beauteous and charming Zorayda. At length the intervening time elapsed, and the long-wished-for day and period arrived, when all of us, following the order and plan which had been often canvassed, and at last settled, after the most mature deliberation, our desires were happily accomplished. On the Friday after I had spoke with Zorayda, Morrenago, which was the renegade's name, anchored his bark, at night-fall, opposite to the place where my charming mistress resided; and the Christians, who were to row, in consequence of my directions, lay already concealed in different corners, all around the place, waiting for me with impatience, joy, and desire of attacking the vessel which was in view; for they were ignorant of our confederacy with the renegade, and believed that they must win and maintain their liberty by force of arms, in killing all the Moors who belonged to the bark; wherefore, as soon as I and my companions appeared, those who were hid came and joined us immediately, about the time when the city gates were shut. Being all met together, we were in some doubt whether we should go immediately for Zorayda; or first of all secure the Moorish rowers belonging to the bark. While we hesitated on this point, the renegado arriving, asked what we waited for; observing, that now was the time, the Moors being altogether unguarded, and the greatest part of them actually asleep. We told him the subject of our doubt; upon which he assured us, that it was of the greatest consequence to make ourselves first masters of the bark, a precaution which might be easily taken, without running the least hazard, and then we could go in quest of Zorayda with greater security. His advice was unanimously approved; and therefore, without farther delay, we followed him as guide to the vessel, into which he leaped, and drawing a scymitar, called in the Moorish language, "Let none of you stir on pain of death." The Christians were at his back in an instant; while the Moors, being naturally pusillanimous, hearing their master talk in this manner, were seized with consternation; and as there were few or no arms on board, suffered themselves, without the least resistance, to be fettered by the Christians, who performed this office with infinite dexterity and dispatch, threatening to put them all to the sword, if any one of them should raise his voice, or attempt to make the least noise.

' This scheme being executed, we left one half of our number to guard them, and with the rest, using the renegado still as our guide, went to Agimorato's garden door, which fortunately opened with as much ease as if it had not been locked; so that, without being perceived, we proceeded to
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the house with great silence and composure. The adorable Zorayda, who stood waiting for us at a window, no sooner perceived people at the door, than she asked, with a low voice, if we were Nazarini; which in their language signifies Christians. I replied in the affirmative, desiring her to come down. When she knew my voice, she made no delay, but, without answering one syllable, came down in a moment, opened the door, and appeared so beautiful and richly dressed, as to surpass all description. Transported at the sight, I took her hand, and kissed it most devoutly; the renegado and my two companions did the same; and the rest, though ignorant of the occasion, followed our example, thinking we expressed our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked, in the Morisco tongue, if her father was in the house: and she assured him, that he was asleep in his own apartment. "Then it will be necessary," said Morrenago, "to wake and carry him off, together with every thing of value, in this agreeable habitation."—"Touch not my father," said she; "for take my word for it there is nothing valuable in this house but what I have secured, which is enough to make you all rich and happy: stay a little, and thou shalt see."

‘ So saying, she went back into the house, protesting she would immediately return, and desiring us to make no noise. I then asked the renegade what had passed between them; and when he told me, charged him to do nothing that should be disagreeable to Zorayda, who soon returned with a coffer so full of golden crowns, that she could scarce support the weight. But our evil fortune ordained that her father should wake in the interim, and hear a noise in the garden; upon which he started up, and running to the window, no sooner perceived that we were all Christians, than he began to bawl in Arabic, with vast vociferation, "Christians! Christians! Thieves! thieves!" and his cries threw us all into the utmost terror and confusion. However, the renegado seeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to achieve the enterprize without being detected, ran up to Agimorato, with infinite agility, being accompanied with some others of our company, as I could not leave Zorayda, who by this time had fainted in my arms; in short, those who entered the house managed him so well, that in a moment they brought him down with his hands tied, and an handkerchief in his mouth, to hinder him from crying, threatening all the while, that if he presumed to speak, it would cost him his life. His daughter covered her eyes, that she might not see her father in that condition, while he was astonished at sight of her, little thinking

ing how willingly she had put herself in our power; and our feet being then more necessary than our hands, we, with great industry and dispatch, returned to the vessel, where we were expected with impatience by those we had left, who had began to fear we had met with some mischance.

‘ Before two hours of the night had elapsed, we were all safe on board, where we untied the hands of Zorayda’s father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth, though the renegado commanded him again to be silent on pain of death. Seeing his daughter also in our power, he began to sigh most bitterly, more especially as he perceived her lie quietly in my arms, without resisting, complaining, or the least appearance of constraint; but he was fain to hold his tongue, lest the renegado should put his repeated threats into execution. Zorayda now seeing us embarked, and on the point of manning the oars, while her father and the other Moors remained fettered as prisoners among us, bade the renegado desire, in her name, that I would be so good as to dismiss the Moors, and set her father at liberty; for she would rather throw herself into the sea, than behold a parent, who loved her so much, dragged into captivity on her account. Morrenago having made me acquainted with her request, I consented to the proposal; but he said it was by no means expedient, because, should we leave them there, they would instantly alarm both town and country; so that some light frigates would be sent out in pursuit of us, and then we should be so beset, both by sea and land, that it would be impossible for us to escape: he proposed, therefore, to set them at liberty on the first Christian land he should make. We were all of the same opinion, which was also embraced by Zorayda, to whom he imparted the reasons which hindered us from complying immediately with her desire: then each of our valiant rowers laid hold of his oar with joy, silence, and alacrity, and recommending ourselves to the protection of God, we took our departure, directing our course towards the island of Majorca, which was the nearest Christian land; but, the north wind beginning to blow, and the sea becoming rough, it was impossible to steer our course, and we were obliged to row along the shore towards Oran, not without great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies upon that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers: we were also afraid of meeting, in those parts, with some of the gallies which frequently come thither from Tetuan to trade; though each of us singly, and all of us together, presumed, that if we could fall in with a merchant-vessel not fitted out or manned for a corsair, far from losing our liberty again, we should make ourselves masters
of

of a ship in which we might perform our voyage with more security. While we were thus coasting along, Zorayda lay with her head in my bosom, that she might not see her father in distress; and I could hear her imploring Lela Marien to assist us in our design.

‘ When we had rowed about thirty miles, day breaking, discovered that we were about three gun-shots distant from the shore of a desert country, where not a soul appeared to detect us; but, for all that, we plied hard to get a little farther off to sea, which was now somewhat calmer; and having made about two leagues, directed the men to row by turns, that we might refresh ourselves with the provisions, of which we had plenty in the bark; but the rowers said, it was then no time to be idle, and desired the rest to bring them victuals, which they would eat while at work, protesting that they would by no means quit their oars: this hint was accordingly taken, and a fresh gale springing up, we were obliged to lay aside our oars, and make sail directly for Oran: for it was impossible to follow any other course. All this was done with great expedition; we sailed at the rate of eight miles in an hour, without any other dread than that of falling in with some corsair. We ordered some victuals to be given to the Moors, who were consoled by the renegado’s telling them, that they were not slaves, and should have their freedom with the first opportunity: the same declaration he made to Zorayda’s father, who answered, “ I might expect any other favour from your generosity and courteous behaviour, O Christians; but you must not think me so simple as to believe you will give me my freedom; for you would never have run such risk in depriving me of it, with a view of restoring it so liberally; especially when you know who I am, and the advantage you may reap from my ransom, which, if you will now propose, I here promise to pay your utmost demand, for myself and this unhappy daughter, or for her alone, who is the better part of my soul!”

‘ So saying, he wept with such bitterness, as moved us all to compassion, and obliged Zorayda to lift up her eyes; when seeing the tears trickle down from his aged cheeks, she was melted, and rising from the place where I supported her, went to embrace her father; then joining her face to his, the two uttered such a tender lamentation, as drew tears of sympathy from the eyes of almost all those who heard it: but, when Agimorato perceived her so gayly dressed, with all her jewels about her, he said with some surprise, in their language, “ What is the meaning of this finery, my child? Last night, before this terrible misfortune happened, I saw thee in thy ordinary and common dress; but now, though thou hadst neither time, nor any

any happy tidings to solemnize with such ornaments and finery, I see thee decked in all the richest apparel I could contrive or bestow upon thee, while fortune was much more favourable than at present! Answer me in this particular, at which I am more concerned and surprised, than at the mishap which hath befallen us?" The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who made no answer to his question; but when he saw on one side of the bark the coffer in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he moved to his country-house, he was still more confounded, and asked how that casket had fallen into our hands, and what it contained. To this question the renegado replied, without waiting for Zorayda's answer; "You need not weary yourself, Signior, in putting so many questions to your daughter; for I can satisfy you in one word: know, then, that Zorayda is a Christian; that she hath filed off our chains, and converted our captivity into freedom; that she came hither of her own accord, and is now, I believe, as well satisfied with her present condition as one delivered from darkness to light, from death to life, and from affliction to triumph." "Daughter," cried the Moor, "is that which he affirms true?" "Yes," replied Zorayda. "That thou art actually a Christian, and the very person who hath put thy father into the hands of his enemies?" resumed the old man. "I am a Christian, 'tis true," said Zorayda; "but not the person who reduced you to this situation; for my desire never extended so far as either to leave or render you unhappy, my sole intention being to provide for my own welfare." "And how hast thou provided for it, my child?" replied the father. "Put that question to Lela Marien," said she, "who will inform you better than I can."

"Scarce had these words reached the ears of Agimorato, than, with incredible agility, he darted himself headlong into the sea; where, without all doubt, he must have perished, had not his large entangling robes helped to keep him afloat. Zorayda shrieking, begged we would save her father; upon which we all exerted ourselves, and laying hold of his upper garment, pulled him on board, already half drowned, and deprived of all sensation; when she was so much affected with his condition, that she uttered a most tender and doleful lamentation over him, as if he had been actually dead. Having turned him upon his face, a great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, and he recovered the use of his senses in the space of two hours, during which the wind shifting, we were driven towards the shore, and by main dint of rowing kept from running a-ground; but, by good fortune, we arrived in a creek formed by a small cape or promontory, known among the Moors by the
name

name of Cava Rumia, which signifies, the wicked Christian woman; there being a tradition among them that Cava *, on whose account they lost their possession, in Spain, is interred in that place; for Cava, in their language, implies a wicked woman, and Rumia signifies Christian: so that they look upon it as a bad omen, when they are obliged, by necessity, to drop anchor here; and, except in cases of emergency, they never attempt it: though to us it was by no means the shelter of a wicked woman, but a secure harbour in stormy weather. Having placed centinels on shore, without quitting our oars, we made another meal of what the renegado had provided; and prayed heartily to God and the blessed Virgin, to favour and assist us, in bringing such a fortunate beginning to a happy conclusion. We then determined, at the intreaty of Zorayda, to set her father and the Moors, whom we had fettered on shore, because she had not resolution enough; nor could her tender disposition endure to see her parent and countrymen in the condition of captives: we accordingly promised to gratify her desire at our departure, since we run no risk in setting them at liberty in that uninhabited place.

Our prayers were not so vain as to be rejected by Heaven, that sent a favourable wind and smooth sea, inviting us to proceed with alacrity in the voyage we had undertaken. This we no sooner perceived, than unbinding the Moors, we put them on shore, one by one, to their no small astonishment: but, when we came to dismiss Zorayda's father, who by this time had recovered the entire use of his senses, "Christians," said he, "do you think that bad woman rejoices at my freedom through filial piety? No surely! but merely to be rid of the check which she would receive from my presence, in seeking to gratify her vicious desires. Do not imagine that she hath been induced to change her religion, because she believes that the Christian faith is preferable to ours. No; she hath apostatized, because she understood that, in your country, she might indulge her loose inclinations more freely than in her own." Then turning to Zorayda, while I and another Christian held him fast, that he might not commit some desperate action, he said, "O infamous wretch, and ill-advised maiden! what blindness and distraction hath prompted thee to put thyself in the power of these dogs, who are all our natural foes? Cursed be the hour in which thou wast engendered! and cursed be the gaiety and indulgence in which I brought thee up!"

Perceiving that there was no likelihood of his ending his

* Cava, or Caba, daughter of Count Julian, Count of Ceuta, was violated by Roderic, king of Spain; and, in order to revenge the injury, the father called the Saracens into this kingdom, in the year 712.

exclamations for some time, I presently set him on shore; where he proceeded with his reproaches, imprecations, and complaints, imploring the mediation of Mahomet with Ala, to confound, overwhelm, and destroy us: and when we had sailed out of hearing, we could perceive him act his despair, pulling his beard, and rolling himself upon the ground; nay, once he raised his voice in such a manner, that we could distinctly hear him pronounce, "Return, my beloved daughter! return to the shore; I forgive all that is past: leave with these men the money which they already have in their possession, and return to comfort thy disconsolate father, who, if thou forsakest him, will lie down and breathe his last upon this barren sand!" This pathetic address was heard by Zorayda, who lamented his affliction with the utmost sensibility, though she could make no other reply than this: "Ala grant, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who was the cause of my conversion, may console you in your distress! Ala knows I could not do otherwise than I have acted, and that these Christians owe nothing to any particular goodwill I bore them; for if I had not assisted and accompanied them in their escape, but remained at home with you, it would have been impossible for me, in consequence of the earnest solicitation of my own soul, to execute that which, in my opinion, is as righteous as it is infamous and wicked in yours." But these words never reached the ears of her father, whom by this time we could not perceive: I therefore endeavoured to console my amiable mistress; while the rest were intent upon our voyage, which was so much favoured by a fair wind, that we laid our account with being next day on the coast of Spain.

But, as good fortune seldom comes pure and single, untended and unpursued by some troublesome and unexpected circumstance, it was ordained by Heaven (perhaps, in consequence of the curses imprecated by the Moor upon his daughter; for such curses are to be dreaded, let the parent be what he will :) I say, Heaven ordained, that when we were a good way off at sea, with a flowing sheet, three hours of the night being already spent, the oars lashed up, because the fair wind made it unnecessary to use them, and the moon shining with remarkable brightness; we perceived a large round vessel, with all her sails out, steering a little upon the wind, right athwart our hause, and so near that we were obliged to shorten sail; that she might not run foul of us, while she clapped her helm a-weather, that we might have time to pass: those upon deck hailed us, asking who we were, whence we came, and whither bound; but, as they spoke in French, the renégado said, "Let no man answer; these are French privateers, who make prize of every thing that falls in their way."

Thus cautioned, we made no reply; but sailed on leaving the ship a little to windward; when all of a sudden, they discharged two pieces of cannon, loaded, in all appearance, with chain-shot: for one of them cut away our mast in the middle, which, with the sail, fell overboard into the sea; and the other, coming a moment after, took us amidships, and laid the side of the bark entirely open, without doing any other mischief. Seeing ourselves going to the bottom, we began to cry aloud for assistance, beseeching the people in the ship to save us from perishing: then they brought to, and hoisting out their boat or pinnace, it was instantly manned by a dozen of Frenchmen, well armed with their muskets, and lighted match, who rowing up to us, and seeing how few we were, as also that our bark was on the point of foundering, took us in; observing, that this misfortune had happened, because we had been so uncivil as to refuse an answer to their hail: while the renegado, without being perceived, took up the coffer in which Zorayda's treasure was contained, and threw it into the sea. In short, we went on board with the French; who, when they had informed themselves of every thing we could impart, for their purpose; as if they had been their enemies, plundered us of that we had, taking from Zorayda the very bracelets she wore upon her ancles. But their behaviour to her gave me the more anxiety, as I was afraid that, after having pilfered all her rich and precious jewels, they would proceed to rob her of that which was of greater value, and which she herself esteemed infinitely more than all the rest: but the desires of those people extend no farther than to money, and with that they can never satiate their avarice, which then engrossed them so much, that they would even have robbed us of the wretched garments we wore in our captivity, if they could have applied them to any sort of use; nay, some among them proposed to wrap us all together in a sail, and throw us into the sea; because they intended to trade in the ports of Spain, under pretence of being Bretons; and if they carried us thither alive, their depredation would be discovered, and themselves chastised accordingly. But the captain, who had with his own hands rifled my beloved Zorayda, said, he was satisfied with the prize he had got, and resolved to touch at no port in Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar in the night, or take the best opportunities of so doing that should occur, and return to Rochelle, from whence he had sailed on the cruise; they therefore agreed to give us their boat, with what necessaries we should want, to finish the little that remained of our voyage: this promise they actually performed the next day, at a small distance from the Spanish coast, at sight of which, all our poverty and vexation

vanished from our remembrance; as if we had never endured them; such is the transport occasioned by liberty regained! It might be about noon when we were put into the boat, with two casks of water, and some biscuit; and the captain, moved to compassion at the distress of the lovely Zorayda, gave her to the amount of forty crowns in gold, and would not suffer his soldiers to strip her of the cloaths which she now wears: so that, at parting, instead of complaining of the hard usage we met with, we thanked them kindly for the benefit we had received at their hands. They steered right before the wind for the Straits, while we, without minding any other compass than that of the land that appeared a-head, plied our oars so vigorously, that at sun-set we were near enough to conclude that we could easily reach the shore before the night should be far advanced; but that night being dark, without any moonshine, and every body on board ignorant of the coast, some of our company judged it unsafe to row ashore, while others insisted upon our running that hazard, even if we should land among rocks, or in some uninhabited part of the country, that we might be secured from the just apprehension of meeting with some rovers from Tetuan, who are frequently in the beginning of the night in Barbary, and in the morning on the Spanish coast, where having taken a prize, they return the same day, and sleep at home in their own houses. Of these contrary opinions, we chose that of rowing gently towards the shore, with intent, if the smoothness of the sea would permit, to land at the first convenient place. In consequence of this resolution, a little before midnight we arrived at the foot of a huge and lofty mountain, though not so rocky towards the sea but that there was a little space left for commodious landing. The boat being run ashore, and all of us disembarked, we kissed the ground, and, with tears of untiterable joy, returned sincere thanks to our gracious Lord, for his unparalleled protection vouchsafed to us in the voyage: then we took out the provision, and dragging her on shore, ascended a vast way up the mountain, not being as yet able to quiet our apprehensions, or persuade ourselves, though it actually was so, that the soil we trod was Christian ground. The day broke much later than we could have wished, and about this time we gained the summit of the mountain; purposing to look from thence for some village or shepherd huts; but, although we viewed the whole country around, we could neither discern village, house, highway, path, nor the least trace of human footsteps. Nevertheless, we determined to penetrate farther into the country, since it could not be long before we should discover some person who would give information; but what gave me the greatest concern was, to see Zorayda travelling

velling on foot among the flinty rocks; for though I sometimes took her on my shoulders, she was much more fatigued with seeing me weary, than refreshed by finding herself exempted from walking; and therefore would not allow me to take any more trouble of that kind, but proceeded with infinite cheerfulness and patience, while I led her by the hand all the way.

In this manner we had gone about a quarter of a league, when our ears were saluted by the sound of a small sheep-bell, which was a sure sign of a flock's being somewhere not far off; looking therefore attentively to discover it, we perceived a young shepherd, sitting with great composure at the foot of a cork-tree, smoothing a stick with his knife. When we called to him, he raised his head, and started nimbly up; and, as we afterwards understood, the renegade and Zorayda, who were in Moorish dress, being the first objects that presented themselves to his eyes, he thought all the corsairs of Barbary were upon him; and running with incredible swiftness into a wood that grew near the place where he was, he began to cry as loud as he could bawl, "The Moors! The Moors are landed! The Moors! the Moors! To arms, to arms!" These exclamations threw us all into a perplexity; but reflecting that his cries would alarm the country, and that the cavalry of the coast would immediately come and see what was the matter; it was agreed, that the renegade should pull off his Turkish robes, and put on a slave's jacket, with which one of our company accommodated him, though he himself remained in his shirt. This being done, we recommended ourselves to God, and followed the same road which we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment to see ourselves surrounded by the cavalry of the coast. Neither were we deceived in our expectations; for in less than two hours, having crossed those thickets, and entered a plain on the other side, we descried about fifty horsemen riding briskly towards us, at a hand-gallop, upon which we halted until they should come up: but when they arrived, and, instead of the Moors they came in quest of, beheld so many poor Christian captives, they were utterly confounded; and one of them asked, if we were the people who had been the occasion of a shepherd's calling to arms. I answered in the affirmative; and being desirous of telling him who we were, whence we came, and what had happened to us, one of our company knew the horseman who accosted us, and, without giving me time to speak another word, said, "Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for having conducted us to to such an agreeable part of the country; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we now tread belongs to Vález Malaga; and, if the years of my captivity have not impaired my remembrance,

brance, you, Signior, who ask that question, are Pedro Bustamante, my uncle."

"Scarce had the captive pronounced these words, when the cavalier threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, saying "Dear nephew of my life and soul! I now recollect thee; thy supposed death has been mourned by myself, my sister, thy mother, and all thy relations, who are still alive; for Heaven hath been pleased to spare their lives, that they might enjoy the pleasure of seeing thee again. I knew thou wast at Algiers; and from the information of thy habit, and that of your company, I guess you have made a miraculous escape." "Your conjecture is true," replied the young man, "and we shall have time to recount the particulars." As soon as the horsemen understood we were Christian captives, they alighted, and each of them made a tender of his horse to carry us to the city of Valez Malaga, which was about a league and a half from the place where they found us. Some of them went to bring the boat round to the city, after we had told them where she lay; others took us up behind them; and Zorayda rode with the Christian's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, being apprised of our arrival by one of the troopers who had pushed on before: not that they were surprised at the sight of the captives freed, or Moors in captivity, for the inhabitants on that coast are accustomed to see great numbers of both; but they were amazed at the beauty of Zorayda, which was at that instant in full perfection; the fatigue of her journey, co-operating with the joy she felt in seeing herself in a Christian country, without the fear of being lost, having produced such a bloom upon her countenance, that, unless I was then prejudiced by my affection, I will venture to say, the world never produced, at least I had never seen, a more beautiful creature.

"We went directly to church, to make our acknowledgments to God for his mercies; and as soon as Zorayda entered, she said, she perceived some faces that resembled Lela Marien: we told her these were the images of the blessed Virgin; and the renegado, as well as he could, informed her of their signification, that she might adore them, as if she was actually the person of Lela Marien, who had spoke to her; so that, having naturally a good understanding, with a docile and discerning disposition, she easily comprehended what he said upon the subject. From thence they conducted us to our lodgings in different families of the town; the renegado, Zorayda, and I, being invited by the Christian who escaped with us to the house of his father, who was moderately provided with the good things of this life, and treated us with the same affection he expressed
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for his own son. Six days we tarried at Valez, during which the renegade having informed himself of what was necessary for him to do, went to the city of Granada, there, by means of the holy inquisition, to be re-admitted into the bosom of our most sacred church: the rest of our company departed, each for his own home: leaving Zorayda and me by ourselves, destitute of every thing but the few crowns which she received from the courtesy of the French corsair. With part of these I bought the animal on which she arrived at the inn, and hitherto have cherished her with the affection of a parent, and the service of a squire, without using the prerogative of a husband. We are now upon the road to the place of my nativity, to see if my father be still alive, and if either of my brothers has been more fortunate than myself; though, as Heaven hath made Zorayda my companion for life, fortune could not have possibly bestowed upon me any other favour which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which she bears the inconveniences attending poverty, and the zeal she manifests to become a Christian, is so great and extraordinary, as to raise my admiration, and engage me to serve her all the days of my life; but the pleasure I take in this office, and in the prospect of seeing her mine, is disturbed and perverted, by reflecting, that possibly in my own country I shall not find a corner in which I can shelter the dear object of my love, and that time or death may have made such alterations in the fortune and lives of my father and his other children, that I shall scarce meet with a soul that knows me.

‘This, gentlemen, is the substance of my story: whether or not it be agreeable and uncommon, I leave to the decision of your better judgment: assuring you, that I wish I could have related it more succinctly; though the fear of tiring you hath made me suppress a good number of circumstances.’

CHAPTER XV. *115 started*

Of what farther happened at the Inn, with many other Particulars worthy to be known.

HERE the captive left off speaking: and Don Fernando said to him, ‘Really, Signior, Captain, the novelty of your strange adventures is equalled by your agreeable manner of relating them. Your whole story is uncommon, surprizing, and full of incidents that keep the hearers in admiration and suspense; and such is the pleasure we have received from it,

it, that though the narration should have continued till to-morrow morning, we should rejoice at your beginning it anew.'

When this compliment was passed, Cardenio, and all the rest of the company offered to serve him to the utmost of their power, with such affectionate and sincere expressions of friendship, that the captain was extremely well satisfied with their good-will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised, that if he would go home with him, his brother the marquis should stand god-father to Zorayda; and that he, for his part, would accommodate him in such a manner, that he should return to the place of his nativity with that authority and ease to which he was entitled by his birth and merit. The captive thanked him in the most courteous manner; but declined accepting any of his generous offers.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback, who demanded lodging; and the landlady made answer, that there was not in the whole house an handful of room unengaged. 'Be it as it will,' said one of the horesemen, who had entered the gate, 'there must be some found for my lord judge.' At mention of that name the hostess was disturbed, saying, 'Signior, the greatest difficulty is my want of beds; but if his lordship hath brought one along with him, as I suppose he hath; he is very welcome to come in: I and my husband will quit our apartment to accommodate his worship.' 'Be it so,' said the attendant. By this time a person had alighted from the coach, who, by his garb, immediately shewed the nature of his rank and office, for his long robe, with high sleeves tucked up, plainly distinguished him to be a judge, as the servant had affirmed. He led by the hand a beautiful young lady, seemingly sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding suit, and so sprightly, beautiful, and genteel, as to raise the admiration of all who beheld her: so that those who had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zorayda then present, would have thought it a very difficult task to find another woman of equal beauty. Don Quixote seeing the judge and the young lady as they entered, pronounced, with great solemnity, 'Your worship may securely enter and recreate yourself in this castle, which, though narrow and inconvenient, there is no narrowness and inconvenience in this world, but what will make room for arms and letters, especially if they have for their guide and conductor such beauty as that which accompanies the letters of your worship, in the person of that amiable young lady, to whom, not only castles ought to be open and unfold their gates, but also rocks divide and mountains bow their heads at her approach. Enter, I say, this paradise, where you will find stars and suns to accompany that heaven which you have

have brought hither. Here you will find arms in perfection, and beauty in excess!

The judge marvelled greatly at this address of the knight, whom he earnestly considered, no less surprized at his figure than his words, without knowing what reply to make, so much was he confounded at both; when he was relieved by the appearance of Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda; who, upon hearing the news of their arrival, and the landlady's description of the young beauty, had come out to welcome and receive her: the beauteous ladies of the inn welcomed this beauteous damsel; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, paid their compliments to the judge, in the most civil and polite terms. He was more and more astonished at what he saw and heard, though he could easily perceive that his fellow-lodgers were persons of rank and consequence: but the mean, visage, and figure of Don Quixote, baffled all his conjectures. Compliments having thus passed on all sides, and the conveniencies of the inn being duly considered, it was agreed, as before, that all the ladies should sleep together in the fore-mentioned apartment, and the men sit in another room to guard them. The judge was very well satisfied that his daughter (for such the young maiden was) should lodge with the other ladies, she herself willingly consenting to the proposal; and what with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, and the half of that which the judge brought along with him, they made shift to pass the night more agreeably than they expected.

The captive, who, from the first moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart throb with a sort of intimation that this was his own brother, asked of one of the servants that attended him, his master's name, with the place of his nativity. The footman replied, that his name was the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma; and born, as he had been informed, in the mountains of Leon. This information, together with what he himself had before observed, confirmed him in the opinion that he was his brother, who by his father's advice had followed his studies. Transported with this discovery, he called aside Don Fernando, the curate, and Cardenio, to whom he imparted the affair, and assured them that the judge was his own brother, by the servant's report, so far on his way to the West Indies, in quality of supreme judge of Mexico. He understood also by the same canal, that the young lady was his daughter, whose birth had cost the mother her life; and that he was very much enriched by his wife's fortune, which had been settled on the children of the marriage. The captive therefore consulted them about the method he should take to make himself known, or rather to be assured before-hand

whether upon the discovery his brother would be ashamed of his poverty, or receive him with the bowels of affection. 'Leave that task to my conduct, Signior Captain,' said the curate; 'though there is all the reason in the world to believe that you will meet with a brotherly reception; for the virtue and prudence that appear in his courteous demeanour give no indications of his being proud and unnatural, but rather declare that he knows how to consider the accidents of fortune in the right point of view.' 'Nevertheless,' replied the captain, 'I would not willingly disclose myself of a sudden, but prepare him by some round-about insinuation.' 'I have already told you,' answered the curate, 'that I will manage the affair to your mutual satisfaction.' By this time, the cloth being laid*, and every body being sat down to table, except the captive and the ladies, who supped in their own apartment, the curate addressed himself to the judge, saying, 'I had once a comrade of your lordship's name at Constantinople, where I was a slave for many years. He was one of the bravest soldiers and best officers in the Spanish infantry, but his misfortunes were equal to his valour and ability.' 'Dear Sir,' cried the judge, 'what was that officer's name?'—'He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma,' replied the priest; and a native of some town in the mountains of Leon. He told me a circumstance that happened between his father, two brothers, and himself, which, had it not been affirmed by a person of his veracity, I should have looked upon as one of those tales which old women tell by the fire-side in winter; for he said his father divided his estate equally among his three sons, whom he at the same time enriched with advice more salutary than any that ever Cato gave. This I know, the choice he made of going into the army succeeded so well, that in a few years, by his gallant behaviour, and without any other assistance than that of his extraordinary virtue, he rose to be captain on foot, and saw himself in the straight road of becoming a field officer very soon: but there, where he had reason to expect the smiles of fortune, she proved most unkind; he having lost her, with his liberty, on that glorious day of the battle at Lepanto, in which it was found by so many Christians. I was taken in the goleta; and, after various vicissitudes, we happened to be fellow-slaves at Constantinople, from whence he was transported to Algiers, where he met with one of the strangest adventures that ever was known.'

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the story of Zorayda, to which the judge listened with more attention than ever he

* This is the second time they have sat down to supper in one night.

had yielded on the bench*. But the priest brought it no farther than the period when the French corsairs plundered the Christians who were in the bark, describing the poverty and distress to which they had reduced his comrade and the beautiful Moor; and observing that he did not know what farther befel them, nor whether they had arrived in Spain, or been carried into France.

The captain stood at some distance behind, listening to what the curate said, and observing the emotions of his brother; who, seeing that the curate had made an end of his story, uttered a profound sigh, saying, while the tears gushed from his eyes, 'O, Signior! if you knew how nearly I am concerned in what you have related, you would not wonder at these tears, which, in spite of all my fortitude and discretion, trickle from mine eyes. That valiant captain whom you have mentioned is my father's eldest son, who being more brave and noble-minded than my youngest † brother and me, chose the honourable exercise of arms, which was one of the three paths proposed by our father in his advice, as you seem to have been informed by your companion in adversity. I followed that of letters, in which God hath been pleased to reward my diligence with that station which you see I now maintain; my younger brother is at present in Peru, so rich, that his remittances to my father and me have made large amends for the small sum he carried with him at first; and even enabled the old gentleman fully to indulge his liberal disposition, empowering me also to prosecute my studies with more honour and decency, until I acquired the power I now enjoy. My father is still alive, though daily pining with the desire of hearing from his eldest son, and putting up petitions to Heaven incessantly, that his own eyes may not be closed for ever until he shall have seen those of his first-born in life. What gives me a great deal of surprize is, that a person of his discretion should, in the midst of such trouble and affliction, or even in his prosperity, omit writing to his father; for if he, or either of us, had known his situation, he should have had no occasion to wait for the miracle of the cane in obtaining his liberty; but at present the uncertainty of his fate gives me the greatest concern, as it is doubtful whether those French have set him at liberty, or taken away his life to conceal their robbery. This apprehension will convert the joy and satisfaction with which I undertook my journey into melancholy and de-

* A judge in Spanish is called *Oyder*, i. e. *Hearer*: and the original, literally translated, is, 'The hearer was never so much an hearer before.'

† Cervantes seems to have forgot that the judge was the youngest of the three brothers, the second having gone to the Indies.

spondence.—O my dear brother! would to Heaven I knew where thou art, that I might go and free thee from all trouble and affliction, though at the expence of my own! Who shall carry the news of thy being alive to our aged father, that, although thou art shut up in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, thou mayest be delivered by my brother's riches and my own! O generous and lovely Zorayda! who shall requite thy benevolence to my brother, be present at the regeneration of thy soul, and assist at the nuptials which would afford such pleasure to us all?

These and many other exclamations the judge pronounced with such symptoms of sorrow at the news he had received of his brother, that all the hearers sympathized with him in the expressions of his grief. The curate, seeing every thing succeed to his own expectation, and the captain's desire, was unwilling to protract the judge's anguish, and the impatience of the whole company; so rising from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, who was followed by Lucinda, Dorothea, and the young lady lately arrived, then, taking in his other hand the captain, who stood waiting to see what he intended, he went into the room, where the judge and the rest of the gentlemen sat, and presenting them both, said, 'Dry your tears, my lord judge, and enjoy the completion of your wish; behold your worthy brother, and virtuous sister-in-law: this is captain Viedma, and that the beautiful Moor who behaved to him so generously in his distress: the French corsairs have reduced them to this extremity, that you may have an opportunity of displaying the liberality of your noble breast.'

The captain ran to embrace his brother, who kept him off with both hands fixed on his shoulders, that he might consider him the more attentively, but no sooner did he recollect his features, than he flew into his arms, and shed a flood of tears of joy, while the greatest part of those who were present wept in concert at the affecting scene. The expressions of both the brothers, and their mutual demonstrations of affection, are, I believe, scarce to be conceived, much less described. They briefly recounted their adventures to each other, and manifested the genuine flame of fraternal affection. There the judge embraced Zorayda, making a tender of all his wealth; there he commanded his daughter to receive her with open arms; there the mutual caresses of the beautiful Christian and lovely Moor renewed the tears of the whole company; there Don Quixote silently observed these surprizing accidents, which he wholly attributed to the chimeras of knight-errantry; there it was concerted that the captain and Zorayda should return

to Seville with his brother, from whence they could advertise their father of the liberty and arrival of his son; that the old gentleman, being still able to undertake such a journey, might come and be present at the baptism and nuptials of his daughter-in-law; as it would be impossible for the judge to go far out of his way, because he was informed, that in a month the flota would set sail from Seville for New Spain; and it would be extremely inconvenient for him to lose his passage. In short, the whole company were exceedingly rejoiced at the captive's good fortune; and two-thirds of the night being already exhausted, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remaining part of it; while Don Quixote undertook to guard the castle from the assaults of any giant or wicked adventurer which might possibly covet the vast treasure of beauty which it contained. Those of his acquaintance thanked him for his courteous offer, and afterwards gave an account of his strange disorder to the judge, who was not a little diverted with the detail of his extravagance. Sancho Panza alone was distracted at their sitting up so late; though, in point of lodging, he was better accommodated than all the rest: for he made his bed of the furniture of his ass, which cost him so dear, as will hereafter be seen.

The ladies having retired to their apartment, and every other person disposed of himself as tolerably as he could, Don Quixote went out to keep guard at the castle gate, according to his promise; and a little before morning, the ladies were serenaded by a voice so clear and well-tuned, as to attract the attention of them all, especially of Dorothea, who was awake, and lay in the same bed with Donna Clara de Viedma, the judge's daughter. Nobody could imagine who the singer was, the voice being single, and unaccompanied by any instrument, and seeming to come sometimes from the stable, and sometimes from the court-yard. While they listened with equal surprise and attention, Cardenio came to the door, saying, 'You that are not asleep, take notice, and you will hear the voice of a mule-driver, who chaunts most enchantingly.' When Dorothea told him that they had heard it already, he went away; while she, employing her whole attention, when he began to sing again, could plainly distinguish the following words.

CHAPTER IV.

The agreeable Story of the young Muleteer, with many other strange Incidents that happened in the Inn.

I.

TOSS'D in a sea of doubts and fears,
 ' Love's hapless mariner I sail,
 ' Where no inviting port appears,
 ' To screen me from the stormy gale.

II.

' At distance view'd, a chearing star
 ' Conducts me thro' the swelling tide;
 ' A brighter luminary far
 ' Than Palinurus e'er describ'd.

III.

' My soul, attracted by its blaze,
 ' Still follows where it points the way,
 ' And while attentively I gaze,
 ' Considers not how far I stray.

IV.

' But female pride, reserv'd and shy,
 ' Like clouds that deepen on the day,
 ' Oft shroud it from my longing eye,
 ' When most I need the genial ray.

V.

' O lovely star, so pure and bright!
 ' Whose splendour feeds my vital fire;
 ' The moment thou deny'st thy light,
 ' Thy lost adorer will expire!

Here the musician pausing, Dorothea thought it was a pity Clara should not hear such an excellent voice; therefore by gently jogging she waked her, saying, 'I ask pardon, my dear Clara, for disturbing you, but my intention in so doing, was to regale you with one of the best voices that ever you heard. Clara being still half asleep, did not at first understand what she said, which, at her desire, Dorothea repeated; and the young lady listened accordingly; but scarce had she heard two lines of the song, which was now resumed, when she began

gan to tremble as violently as if she had been seized with a severe fit of the ague, saying, while she hugged Dorothea, 'Ah! dear lady of my life and soul, why did you wake me? The greatest favour that fortune could at present bestow, would be to keep both my eyes and ears fast shut, that I might neither see nor hear that unfortunate musician.'—'What do you mean, my dear child?' answered Dorothea; 'consider what you say; he that sings is a young muleteer!'—'Ah, no!' replied Clara; 'he is a young gentleman of great fortune, and so much master of my heart, that unless he quits it of his own accord it shall remain eternally in his possession.' Dorothea was surprised at this passionate declaration of such a young creature, who seemed to have so much more sensibility than could be expected from her tender years; and said to her, 'Truly Donna Clara, you talk in such a manner that I do not understand you. Pray explain yourself, and tell me the meaning of those expressions, about fortune and heart, and that musician whose voice hath thrown you into such disorder: but say no more at present; for I would not, by attending to your transports, lose the pleasure of hearing the singer who now seems to be tuning his voice, and preparing to give us another song.'—'With all my heart,' said Clara, stopping her ears with her fingers, to the farther admiration of Dorothea, who, listening attentively, heard the musician proceed in these words:

I.

- 'ASPIRING Hope, thou, unconfin'd,
- 'Pursu'st th' imaginary path,
- 'Thro' woods, and rocks, and waves combin'd,
- 'Defying danger, toil, and death.

II.

- 'No laurel shall adorn his brow,
- 'No happiness the sluggard crown;
- 'Who tamely can to fortune bow;
- 'And slumber on th' inglorious down.

III.

- 'The joys unmatch'd, bestow'd by love,
- 'Can never be too dearly priz'd;
- 'For undeny'd examples prove,
- 'What's cheaply bought, is soon despis'd.

IV.

- 'Success, by the consenting fair,
- 'Is oft to perseverance given;
- 'Then wherefore should my soul despair
- 'Of mounting from this earth to heaven?'

Here

Here the voice ended, and Clara's sighs beginning afresh, kindled Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of such agreeable music and grievous lamentation; she therefore now desired to hear what her bed-fellow had before proffered to impart. Then Clara, fearful of being overheard by Lucinda, crept close to Dorothea, and applying her mouth to her ear, so that she could securely speak without being perceived, 'Dear Madam,' said she, 'that singer is the son of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court lives opposite to my father's house; and although our windows are covered with canvas in winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how this young gentleman, while he prosecuted his studies, got sight of me, either at church or somewhere else; and, in short, being smitten, disclosed his passion from the windows of his own apartment, by so many tears and significant expressions, that I believed him sincere, and even loved him in my turn, without knowing the nature of my own desires. Among other signs, he made that of joining his hands, giving me to understand that he would take me to wife; and though I should have been extremely glad to comply with that proposal, as I was alone and motherless, I had nobody to consult, and therefore let it rest, without granting him any other favour, except (when his father and mine were abroad) that of lifting up the canvass or lattice, that he might have a more perfect view of my person; and this condescension always transported him so much, that I was afraid he would have run stark mad with joy. In the midst of this commerce, the time of my father's departure drew near, of which being informed, though not by me, for I never had an opportunity of telling him, he fell sick, as I understand, of grief, so that when we set out I could not see him, as I wished, to indulge one parting look; but, having travelled two days, just as I entered the place at which we lodged last night, I perceived him standing at the gate, disguised so naturally in the habit of a muleteer, that it would have been impossible for me to know him, had not his image been deeply imprinted on my soul. The sight of him filled me with joy and surprize; and he gazed upon me by stealth, unperceived by my father, from whom he always conceals his face when he crosses the road before me, or is obliged so appear at the inns where we lodge. Knowing, therefore, who he is, and that he travels on foot, undergoing so much hardship and fatigue for love of me, I am half dead with grief and anxiety, and wheresoever he sets his feet, there I fix my pitying eyes. I know not what he intends by thus following me, nor how he could manage to escape from his father, who loves him tenderly, because he has no heir but him; and the
young

young gentleman deserves all his affection, as you will perceive when you see him. I can moreover assure you, what he sings is the product of his own head; for I have been told that he is a great scholar and an excellent poet: every time I behold him, or hear him sing, I start and tremble from head to foot, being afraid that he will be known by my father, and thus our mutual love be discovered; for, though I never spoke to him in my life, my passion is so violent, that without him, I shall not be able to live. This, dear Madam, is all I can say concerning that musician, whose voice hath given you such pleasure, and is alone sufficient to convince you that he is not a muleteer, but the lord of towns and hearts, as I have described him.

‘Enough, Donna Clara,’ said Dorothea, kissing her with great affection: ‘say no more, but wait with patience till the approach of a new day, when I hope in God to manage matters so well as to bring such a virtuous beginning to an happy end.’

‘Ah, Madam!’ replied the young lady, ‘what happy end can be expected, seeing his father is a man of such rank and fortune, that he would think me unworthy to be the servant, much less the wife, of his son! and as to marrying him without my own father’s consent, I would not do it for the whole universe. All I desire is, that the young gentleman would return; perhaps his absence, and the length of the journey we have undertaken, will alleviate the uneasiness I at present feel, though I must own I believe that remedy will have small effect. I cannot conceive what the deuce is the matter with me; nor how this same love got entrance into my heart, considering how young we both are; for I really believe we are of the same age; and my father says, that till Michaelmas next, I shall not be sixteen.’ Dorothea could not help laughing at these innocent observations of Donna Clara; to whom she said, ‘Let us sleep, my dear, during the little that I believe remains of the night; God will grant us a new day, and, if my skill fails me not, every thing will succeed to our wish.’

They accordingly went to rest, and a general silence prevailed over the whole house, in which there was not a soul awake, except the innkeeper’s daughter and her maid Martines, who by this time being acquainted with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, and knowing that he was then without the gate, keeping guard in arms and on horseback, determined to play some trick upon him, or at least divert themselves in listening to his folly.

The inn chancing to have no window nor opening towards the field, but a hole through which they took in their straw,

this pair of demi-ladies * there took their station, and observed Don Quixote, who sat on horseback, leaning upon his lance, and breathing from time to time such profound and doleful sighs as seemed to tear his very soul; they likewise heard him pronounce, in a soft, complacent, and amorous tone, 'O my dear mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso; thou perfection of beauty, scope and sum total of discretion, cabinet of good humour, depository of virtue, and lastly, the idea of all that is useful, chaste, and delectable in this life! in what art thou at present employed? Art thou reflecting upon thy captive knight, who voluntary subjects himself to such dangers, with the sole view of serving thee? Give me some information of my love, thou three-faced luminary! who now, perhaps, with envious eyes, beholdest her walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, revolving in her mind, how, without impairing the delicacy of her honour, she may assuage the torments that this heart endures on her account; how she may crown my sufferings with glory; my care with comfort; in fine, my death with new life, and my service with reward; and thou sun, who by this time must be busy in harnessing thy steeds to light the world, and enjoy the sight of her who is the sovereign of my soul, I entreat thee to salute her in my behalf; but, in thy salutation, beware of touching her amiable countenance, else I shall be more jealous of thee than ever thou wast of that nimble ingrate; who made thee sweat so much along the plains of Thessaly, or banks of Peneus, for I do not remember through which thou ran'st, so jealous and enamoured.'

So far had the knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the inn-keeper's daughter whispered softly, "Sir knight will your worship be pleased to come this way?" Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full splendour, perceived them beckon to him from the straw-hole, which he mistook for a window adorned with gilded bars, suitable to the grandeur of such a magnificent castle as the inn appeared; then his crazy imagination instantly suggested, as before, that the beauteous damsel, daughter of the constable, being captivated by his person, intended again to solicit his love. On this supposition, that he might not seem discourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante, and riding up to the hole, no sooner perceived the two ladies, than he said, "I am extremely concerned, most beautiful lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible they should meet with that return which

* In the original *demi-donzellas*, -equivalent to the modern term *demi-reps*.

is due to your rank and qualifications; but you ought not to impute your disappointment to any fault in me, whom love hath rendered incapable of yielding my heart to any other but her, who at first sight took absolute possession of my soul. Pardon my refusal, honoured Madam: and retire to your apartment, without seeking to explain your sentiments more fully, that I may not appear insensible or ungrateful; and if your love can find in me the power of giving you any other sort of satisfaction, you may freely command my service; for I swear by that absent and amiable enemy of mine, to gratify your wish immediately; even if you should desire to have a lock of Medusa's hair, which was altogether composed of snakes, or the rays of the sun confined in a phial.'

'Sir knight,' answered Maritornes, my lady has no occasion for either of these things.—'What then is your lady's pleasure, discreet duenna?' resumed the knight, 'only the favour of one of your beautiful hands,' replied Maritornes, 'with which she may in some measure, indulge the longing desire that brought her to the straw-hole, so much to the danger of her reputation, that if she should be detected by her father, the first slice of his indignation would cost her an ear at least.'—'I would fain see him take that liberty,' said Don Quixote; 'but he will take care to refrain from any such acts of barbarity, unless he has a mind I should bring him to the most calamitous exit that ever happened to a father, for having laid violent hands upon the delicate members of his enamoured daughter.'

Maritornes concluding that he would certainly grant the request, and having already determined on what she was to do, ran down to the stable, and laid hold of the halter belonging to Sancho's ass, with which she instantly returned, just when Don Quixote had made shift to set his feet on the saddle that he might reach the gilded window, at which he imagined the wounded damsel was standing: presenting therefore his hand, 'Receive, Madam,' said he, 'that hand, or rather that chastiser of all evil-doers: receive, I say, that hand, which was never touched by any other woman, not even by her who is in possession of my whole body. I do not present it to be kissed; but that you may contemplate the contexture of its nerves, the knittings of the muscles, the large and swelling veins, from whence you may conjecture what strength must reside in the arm to which it belongs.'—'That we shall see presently,' said Maritornes; who, having made a running knot on the halter, fixed it upon his wrist, and descending from the hole, made fast the other end to the bolt of the hay-loft door. The knight feeling the roughness of this bracelet, said, 'Your

ladyship seems to rasp rather than clasp my hand; do not treat it so cruelly; for it is not to blame for what you suffer from my inclination; nor is it just that such a small part should bear the whole brunt of your indignation; consider that one who is such a friend to love, ought not to be so attached to revenge.'

All these expostulations of Don Quixoté were uttered in vain; for as soon as Maritornes had tied him up, she and her companion, ready to expire with laughter, left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose: thus, while he stood on Rozinante's back, with his whole arm thrust up into the straw-hole, and fast tied to the bolt of the door, he was in the utmost apprehension and dread, that if his horse should make the least motion to either side, he must lose his support, and the weight of his whole body hang by one arm, so that he durst not venture to stir; though he might have expected, from the patience and peaceful disposition of Rozinante, that he would stand motionless for a whole century. In short, finding himself thus tucked up, and the ladies vanished, he imagined that the whole had been effected by the power of enchantment, which he had experienced once before in that same castle, when he was belaboured by the enchanted Moor of a carrier; and cursed, within himself, his want of conduct and discretion, in entering a second time that fortress in which he had fared so ill at first; it being a maxim among knights-errant; that when they prove an adventure without success, they conclude it is reserved for another, and therefore think it unnecessary to make a second trial. Nevertheless, he pulled with intention to disengage his arm, but he was so well secured; that all his efforts were ineffectual: true, it is, he pulled with caution, that Rozinante might not be disturbed; and though he had a longing desire of sitting down upon the saddle again, he found that he must either continue in his present upright posture, or part with his hand: then he began to wish for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment could prevail; then cursed his fortune: then exaggerated the loss which the world would sustain, while he remained enchanted, as he firmly believed himself to be: then he reflected anew upon his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; then he called to his trusty squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon the pannel of the ass, and buried in sleep, at that instant, retained no remembrance of the mother that bore him; then he implored the assistance of the two sages, Ligando and Alquise; then he invoked his good friend Urganda, for succour in his distress; and, in fine, the morning found him in that situation, so distracted and perplexed, that he

3

roared

roared aloud like a bull, without expecting that the day would put an end to this disaster, which he thought would be eternal, believing himself actually enchanted: and this opinion was confirmed, by his seeing that Rozinante scarce offered to stir; for he was persuaded, that in this manner, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, he and his horse would continue until the influence of his stars should pass over, or some other sage of superior skill disengage them from their enchantment.

But for once he was mistaken in his calculation: for day had scarce began to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, well mounted, and accoutred with carbines hanging at their saddle bows: the knight perceiving from the place, where in spite of his misfortune, he still kept guard, that they thundered for entrance at the gate, which was still shut, called in an arrogant and haughty tone, 'Knights or squires, or whosoever you are, you have no business to make such a noise at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain, that either the people within are asleep, or unaccustomed, at these hours, to open the fortress, which you cannot enter before the sun rise. Retire, therefore, and wait until the day be farther advanced; and then we shall see whether or not you have any title to be admitted.'

'What the devil sort of a fortress or castle is this, that we must observe such ceremony! said one of the company; 'if you are the innkeeper, order somebody to open the door; we are all travellers, and only want to bait, that we may forthwith proceed on our journey, for we are in haste.'—'Gentlemen,' replied Don Quixote, 'do you think I resemble an innkeeper?'—'I don't know what you resemble,' answered the other; 'but this I know, that you talk nonsense in calling this inn a castle.'—'A castle it is,' cried the knight, 'and one of the best in this province; nay, at this very instant, it contains those who have wore crowns on their heads, and wielded sceptres in their hands.' 'Or rather the reverse,' said the traveller; 'that is, the sceptre on the head, and crown in the hand: * but perhaps there may be within some company of strollers, who frequently wear these crowns and sceptres you mention; for otherwise, in such a sorry inn, without any sort of noise or stir, I cannot believe that any persons of such note would lodge.'—'You know little of the world,' replied Don Quixote, 'since you are so ignorant of the events that happen in knight-errantry.'

The other horsemen being tired with this dialogue that passed between the knight and their companion, began again to knock and bawl with such vociferation, that the landlord and

* Alluding to the delinquents, who were branded and marked with these figures.

all the persons in the inn waking, rose to see who called so furiously: about this time one of the horses belonging to the travellers drew near and smelled at Rozinante, who, sad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, stood supporting his outstretched master without stirring; but at length, being made of flesh, though he seemed to have been carved out of a block, he was sensible of the civility, and turned about to repay the compliment to the courteous stranger; and scarce had he moved one step, when both his master's feet slipping from the saddle, he would have tumbled to the ground, had he not hung by his arm, which endured such torture in the shock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wrist, or torn away by the shoulder. He was suspended so low, that the tops of his toes almost touched the ground; a circumstance that increased his calamity: for feeling how little he wanted of being firmly sustained, he stretched and fatigued himself with endeavouring to set his feet upon the ground; like those wretches, who, in undergoing the strappado, being hoisted up a very little space, increase their own torment by their eager efforts to lengthen their bodies, misled by the vain hope of reaching the ground.

CHAPTER XVII. 43

A Continuation of the surprising Events that happened in the Inn.

DON Quixote actually made such a hideous outcry, that the innkeeper opened the door, and ran out to see what was the matter; while the strangers that remained without were no less astonished at his bellowing. Maritornes being also waked by the same noise, conjectured what might be the case, and going straight to the hayloft, without being perceived, untied the halter that sustained him, so that the knight came to the ground in sight of the landlord and strangers, who running up, asked what was the matter with him, and wherefore he cried so violently? Without answering one word, he loosed the tether from his wrist, and rising up, mounted Rozmante, braced his target, couched his lance, and making a pretty large circuit in the field, returned at a half gallop, pronouncing with great emphasis, 'If any person whatever sayeth that I have justly suffered enchantment, I here, with the permission of my Lady Princess Micomicona, give him the lye, challenge and defy him to single combat.'

The

The travellers were amazed at his words; but their astonishment abated when the innkeeper told them who Don Quixote was, observing that they ought not to mind what he did, because he was disordered in his brain: they then asked if he had seen a youth about fifteen years of age, dressed like a young muleteer, with such and such marks, giving an exact description of Donna Clara's lover. The landlord answered, there were so many people in his house, that he could not possibly distinguish the person for whom they enquired; but one of them perceiving the judge's coach, 'He must certainly be here,' said he; 'for this is the coach which they say he followed: let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to search for him; it will also be proper that one go round the whole house, to prevent his escaping over the yard wall.' This plan being agreed upon, two of them entered the inn, another remained at the door, and the fourth rode round the house to reconnoitre: while the landlord observing every thing that passed, could not conceive the meaning of all this care and diligence, although he believed they were in search of the youth they had described. By this time it was clear day-light, and upon that account, as well as in consequence of Don Quixote's roaring, all the company were awake, and got up, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept very little that night; the first being disturbed and alarmed by reflecting that her lover was so near, and the other kept awake by desire of seeing this pretended muleteer.

Don Quixote seeing that none of the travellers took the least notice of him, or made any answer to his defiance, was transported with rage and vexation; and if he could have recollected any law of chivalry, authorizing a knight-errant to undertake another enterprize while he was under promise and oath to abstain from any adventure until that in which he was engaged was already atchieved, he would have assaulted them all together, and forced them to reply, contrary to their inclination: but thinking it was neither expedient nor just to begin a new enterprize until he had re-established the princess Micomicona on her throne, he chose to be silent, waiting to see the effects of that diligence practised by the new comers, one of whom found the youth they came in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, and little dreaming that any body was in search of him, much less that he was in any danger of being discovered. The man, however, shook him by the arm, saying, 'Truly, Signior Don Lewis, this is a very suitable dress for one of your quality, and the bed in which you now lie extremely well adapted to the tenderness and delicacy in which your mother brought you up.'

The

The youth rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looking stedfastly at the person who held him by the arm, no sooner perceived that he was one of his father's servants than he was so much surprised and confounded, that for a good while he could not speak one word; while the domestic proceeded, saying, 'At present, Don Lewis, there is nothing else to be done but to exert your patience, and return home, if you are not resolved that your father and my lady shall visit the other world; for nothing else can be expected from their anxiety at your absence.'—'How did my father get notice that I travelled this road, and in this habit?' said Don Lewis. 'A student,' replied the servant, 'to whom you imparted your intention, was so much moved by the sorrow that took possession of your parents the moment you was missed, that he disclosed your scheme to your father, who instantly dispatched four of his domestics in search of you; and we are all here, at your service, infinitely rejoiced that we have an opportunity of returning speedily, and carrying you back to the longing eyes of those by whom you are so much beloved.'—'That may depend upon my own will, and the appointment of Heaven,' said the young nobleman. 'What should you will, or Heaven ordain, but your immediate return, which indeed you cannot possibly avoid?'

All this conversation was overheard by the muleteer with whom Don Lewis lay, who got up immediately, and going to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were already dressed, told them how the man called his fellow-servant, Don, and communicated every thing that passed between them concerning the domestic's proposal of conducting him home again, and the youth's refusal to comply with his desire. This information, together with the knowledge of that sweet voice with which Heaven had endowed him, excited in all the company a desire of knowing more particularly who he was, and even of assisting him, should they offer any violence to his inclination: for this purpose, therefore, they repaired to the place where he still stood talking and disputing with his father's servant. At the same time, Dorothea coming out of her apartment, followed by Donna Clara, in the utmost confusion called Cardenio aside, and briefly related to him the story of the musician and the judge's daughter; and he in his turn informed her of what passed on the arrival of his father's servants. This he spoke not so softly but that he was overheard by Clara, who was so much affected at the news, that if Dorothea had not supported her she would have fallen to the ground; but Cardenio desired them to retire into their apartment, saying, he would endeavour to set every thing to rights; and they accordingly

tordingly followed his advice. Meanwhile, the four persons who had come in quest of Don Lewis, stood round him in the inn, persuading him to return without loss of time, and console his melancholy father; but he assured them he could by no means comply with their request until he had finished an affair upon which his honour, life, and soul, depended. Then the domestics began to be more urgent, protesting they would in no shape return without him; and declaring that if he would not go willingly, they would be obliged to carry him off by force. 'That you shall never do,' replied Don Lewis, 'unless you carry me off dead: and indeed you may as well kill me, as carry me off in any shape.'

Most of the people in the house were now gathered together to hear the dispute, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companion, the judge, curate, barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it was no longer necessary to guard the castle. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's story, asked what reason the domestics had to carry off the youth contrary to his own inclination. 'Our motive,' replied one of the four, 'is to retrieve his father's life, which is in danger of being lost on account of this young gentleman's absence.' To this declaration Don Lewis answered, 'There is no reason why I should here give an account of my affairs; I am free, and will return if I please; otherwise none of you shall compel me into your measures. — Your honour will, I hope, hear reason,' said the servant; 'or if you should not, it will be enough for us to execute our errand, as we are in duty bound.'

Here the judge desiring to know the whole affair from the bottom, the man having lived in the same neighbourhood, knew him, and replied, 'My Lord Judge, don't you know that young gentleman is your neighbour's son, who hath absented himself from his father's house, in a dress altogether unbecoming his quality, as your lordship may perceive?' Then the judge looking at him more attentively, recollected his features, and embracing him said, 'What a frolic is this, Don Lewis? or what powerful cause hath induced you to come hither in a garb so ill suited to your rank and fortune?' The tears gushing into the young man's eyes, he could not answer one word to the judge, who desired the four domestics to make themselves easy, for all would be well; then taking Don Lewis by the hand, he led him aside, and asked again the cause of his coming in that manner.

While he was employed in this and other questions, they heard a great noise at the inn door, occasioned by two men who had lodged all night in the house, and who seeing every body intent upon knowing the business of the four last comers,

resolved to march off without paying their reckoning; but the innkeeper, who minded his own affairs more than those of any other person, stopped them on the threshold, demanding his money, and upbraided them with their evil intention, with such abusive language, as provoked them to answer by dint of fists, which they began to employ so dexterously, that the poor landlord found himself under the necessity of calling aloud for assistance. His wife and daughter seeing nobody so idle, consequently so proper for the purpose, as Don Quixote, the damsel addressed him in these words: 'Sir knight, I beseech your worship, by the valour which God hath given you, to go to the assistance of my poor father, whom two wicked men are now beating to a jelly.' To this request the knight replied, with great leisure, and infinite phlegm, 'Beautiful young lady, I cannot at present grant your petition, being restricted from intermeddling with any other adventure, until I shall have accomplished one in which my honour is already engaged: all that I can do for your service is this, run and desire your father to maintain the combat as well as he can, and by no means allow himself to be overcome, until I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona, to succour him in his distress; and if I obtain it, be assured that I will rescue him from all danger.'—'Sinner that I am!' cried Maritornes, who was then present, before your worship can obtain that permission, my master will be in the other world.'—'Allow me, Madam,' answered Don Quixote, 'to go and solicit the licence I mention, which, if I obtain, I shall not make much account of his being in the other world, from whence I will retrieve him though all its inhabitants should combine to oppose me; at least I shall take such vengeance on those who have sent him thither, as will give you full and ample satisfaction.'

So saying, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, begging in the manner and stile of knight-errantry, that her highness would be pleased to give him permission to run and assist the constable of the castle, who was at that time involved in a very grievous disaster. The princess having very graciously granted his request, he braced on his target, unsheathed his sword, and ran to the gate, where the two guests still continued pummelling the landlord; but as soon as he beheld them, he stopped short, as if suddenly surprized; and when Maritornes and her mistress asked him what hindered him from giving assistance to their master and her husband, 'I am hindered,' answered the knight, 'by law, which will not permit me to use my sword against plebeians; but call hither my squire Sancho, for to him it belongs, and is peculiar, to engage in such vengeance and defence.'

This

This transaction happened on the very field of battle, while kicks and cuffs were dealt with infinite dexterity, to the no small prejudice of the innkeeper's carcass, and the rage of his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, who were half distracted at seeing the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the distress of their lord and master. But let us here leave him awhile, for he shall not want one to assist him; or else, let him suffer with patience, and hold his tongue as becomes those who rashly undertake adventures which they have not strength to achieve; and let us retreat backwards, about fifty yards, to see what answer Don Lewis made to the judge, whom we left enquiring the cause of his travelling on foot in such a mean habit. The youth squeezing both his hands with great eagerness, in token of the excessive grief that wrung his heart, and shedding a flood of tears, replied to this question, 'Dear Sir, I can give you no other reason, but that from the first moment that fortune made us neighbours, and Heaven ordained that I should see Donna Clara, your daughter and my delight, I that instant made her mistress of my heart: and if your inclination, my real lord and father, does not oppose my happiness, this very day she shall be my lawful wife; for her I forsook my father's house, and disguised myself in this manner, with a resolution to follow whithersoever she should go, directing my views towards her, like the arrow to its mark, and the needle to the pole; though she knows no more of my passion than what she may have understood from the tears, which, at a distance, she hath often seen me shed. You yourself, my lord, know the rank and fortune of my father, whose sole heir I am. If you think that a motive sufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately as your son; and though my father, prompted perhaps by other views, should be obliged at the blessing which I have chosen for myself, it is in the power of time to work greater changes and alterations than human prudence can foresee.'

Here the enamoured youth left off speaking, and the judge remained in the utmost suspense; not only admiring the discretion with which Don Lewis had disclosed his passion, but also finding himself perplexed about the resolution he was to take, in such a sudden and unexpected affair. He therefore made no other reply for the present, but to desire he would make himself easy, and detain his servants a day longer, that he might have time to consider what steps it would be most proper to take for the satisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumstance sufficient to melt a heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of prudence, had

had already conceived all the advantages of such a match for his daughter; though he wished it could be effected, if possible, with the consent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had some pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time peace was re-established between the inn-keeper and his two lodgers, who being persuaded by the arguments and exhortations, more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the last farthing; and the servants of Don Lewis waited the result of the judge's advice, together with their master's resolution; when the devil, who is ever watchful, so ordered matters that the barber should just then enter the inn; that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken the furniture of his ass, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual shaver, as he led his beast to the stable, perceived Sancho employed in mending something that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at first sight, assaulted the squire in a trice, crying, 'Ha! Don thief, I have caught you at last. Restore my bason and pannel, with all the furniture you have stole from me.'

Sancho seeing himself so suddenly attacked, and hearing the reproachful language of his antagonist, with one hand laid fast hold on the pannel, and with the other bestowed upon the barber such a slap in the face, as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But for all that, he would not quit the pannel which he had also seized; on the contrary, he raised his voice so high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the scene of contention, crying, 'Justice! help in the king's name! this robber wants to murder me, because I endeavour to recover my own property.'—'You lye,' answered the squire, 'I am no robber; my Lord Don Quixote won these spoils fairly in battle.' The knight coming up along with the rest, beheld with infinite satisfaction his squire so alert in offending and defending, and looking upon him from thenceforward as a man of valour, resolved in his heart to have him dubbed with the first opportunity, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be very well bestowed. Among other things alledged by the barber in the course of the fray, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'that pannel belongs as much to me as my soul belongs to God; for I know it as well as if it had been produced by my own body: and though I had all the mind in the world, my ass, which is now in the stable, would not suffer me to tell a falsehood; since you will not take my word, pray go and try it upon his back, and if it does not fit him to a hair, I shall give you leave to call me the greatest liar upon earth. Besides, the very same day on which they took my pannel, they also

also robbed me of a new brass bason, never hanselled, which cost me a good crown.'

Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himself no longer, but interposed between the combatants, whom he parted, and depositing the pannel on the ground, to be publicly viewed until the truth should appear, addressed himself thus to the spectators: 'Gentlemen, you may now clearly and manifestly perceive how this honest squire errs in his judgment, by calling that a bason, which was, is, and shall be, Mambrino's helmet; a piece of armour which I won in fair and open battle, and now possess by the just laws of conquest. With regard to the pannel, I will not intermeddle; all that I can say of the matter is, that my squire Sancho having asked permission to take the trappings of that coward's horse, and adorn his own with them, I gave him leave, and he took them accordingly; though I can give no other reason for their being now converted into a pannel, but that such transformations frequently happen in the events of chivalry: yet, as a confirmation of what I say, run, friend Sancho, and bring hither the helmet, which this honest man calls a bason.'

'Fore God!' answered Sancho, 'if your worship has no better proof of our honourable doings than what you mention, Mambrino's helmet will turn out a bason, as certainly as this honest man's trappings are transmographied into a pannel.' 'Do what I order,' replied the knight; 'sure I am every thing in this castle cannot be conducted by enchantment.' Sancho went accordingly, and fetched this bason, or helmet of Mambrino, as his master called it, which Don Quixote taking in his hand, said, 'Behold, gentlemen, with what face this plebeian can affirm that this is a bason, and not the helmet I have mentioned: now, I swear by the order of knighthood I profess, that this is the individual helmet which I took from him, without the least addition or diminution.' 'Without all manner of doubt,' said Sancho; 'for since my master won it, to this good hour, he hath used it but in one battle, when he delivered those mischievous galley-slaves; and if it had not been for that same bason-helmet, he could not have come off so well: for there was a deadly shower of stones rained upon his pate in that storm.'

Read

CHAPTER XVIII.

41

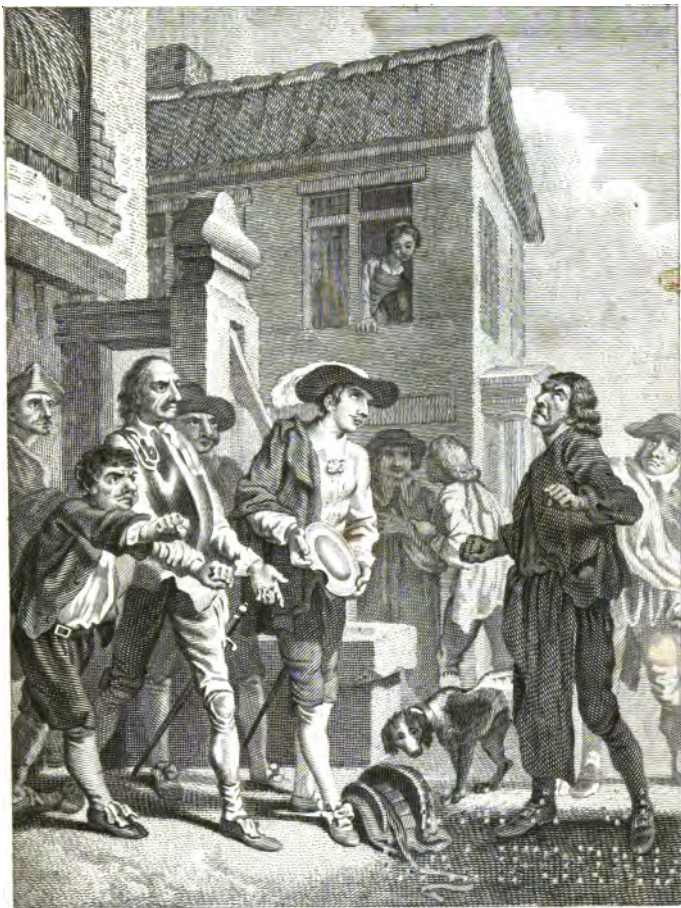
The Decision of the Doubts concerning Mambrino's Helmet and the Pannel; with a full and true Account of many other Adventures.

'GENTLEMEN,' said the barber, 'pray favour me with your opinion concerning what is affirmed by these gentlefolks, who so obstinately maintain that this is not a bason, but a helmet?' 'And if any one affirms to the contrary,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will make him sensible that he lies, if he be a knight; and if a plebeian, that he lies a thousand times.' His own townsman, who was present all the while, being well acquainted with the knight's humour, resolved to encourage him in his extravagance, and carry on the joke for the diversion of the company; with this view he addressed himself to the other shaver, saying, 'Mr. Barber, or whosoever you are, you must know that I am of the same profession; I have had a certificate of my examination these twenty years; and know very well all the instruments of the art, without excepting one. I was, moreover, a soldier in my youth, consequently can distinguish an helmet, a morrion, and a casque with its beaver, together with every thing relating to military affairs; I mean the different kinds of armour wore by soldiers in the field: I say: under correction, and still with submission to better judgment, that the object now in dispute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber's bason, but also, as far from being one as black is from white, or falshood from truth. I likewise aver, that though it is an helmet, it is not entire.' 'You are certainly in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'for it wants one half, which is the beaver.'

The curate, who by this time understood the intention of his friend, seconded his asseveration, which was also confirmed by Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions; and the judge himself would have bore a part in the jest, had he not been engrossed by the affair of Don Lewis; but that earnest business kept him in such perplexity of thought, that he could give little or no attention to the joke that was going forward.

'Good God!' cried the barber, with amazement, 'is it possible that so many honourable persons should pronounce this bason to be a helmet? an assertion sufficient to astonish a whole university, let it be never so learned. Well, if that bason be an helmet, I suppose the pannel must be a horse's trappings too, as this gentleman says.' 'To me it seems a pannel,' replied the knight; 'but, as I have already observed, I will not pretend to decide whether it be the pannel of an ass,

or



F. Mayman delin.

P. Aubinet sculp.

BOOK IV. Chap. XVIII.

Q Mambriños helmet, and the pannel.

TO WHOM
EVERYONE IS

‘or the furniture of a steed.’ ‘Don Quixote has no more to do but speak his opinion,’ said the curate, ‘for, in the affairs of chivalry, all these gentlemen, myself, and even the ladies, yield to his superior understanding.’

‘By Heaven! gentlemen,’ cried the knight, ‘so many strange accidents have happened to me, twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I will not venture positively to affirm the truth of any thing that may be asked relating to it: for I imagine that every thing in this place is conducted by the power of enchantment. The first time I passed the night in this place, I was harrassed extremely by an enchanted Moor that resides in the castle, while Sancho was almost as roughly handled by some of his attendants; and this very night I was suspended by one arm for the space of two hours, without knowing how or wherefore I incurred that misfortune. For me, therefore, to give my opinion in a case of such perplexity, would be a rash decision; with regard to the helmet, which they say is a bason, I have already expressed my sentiments; but dare not give a definitive sentence, by declaring whether this be a pannel or a horse’s furniture; that I leave to the judgement of the good company, who not being knights, as I am, perhaps are not subjected to the enchantments of this place; but enjoying their faculties clear and undisturbed, can judge of these things as they really and truly are, not as they appear to my imagination.’—‘Doubtless,’ replied Don Fernando, ‘Signior Don Quixote manifests his own prudence, in observing that to us belongs the determination of this affair, which, that it may be the better founded, I will in private take the opinions of this good company one by one, and then openly declare the full result of my enquiry.’

To those who were acquainted with the knight’s humour, this proposal afforded matter of infinite diversion; but the rest, being ignorant of the joke, looked upon it as a piece of downright madness; this was particularly the opinion of the domestics belonging to Don Lewis, which was even espoused by himself and three travellers just arrived, who seemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as indeed they were; but he that almost ran distracted was the barber, whose bason was, even in his own sight, transformed into Mambrino’s helmet, while he expected every moment that his pannel would be certainly declared the rich trappings and furniture of a horse. Every body laughed to see Don Fernando going about with great gravity collecting opinions in whispers, that each might privately declare whether that jewel about which there had been such obstinate disputes, was the pannel of an ass, or the furniture of a steed. Having received the answers of all those

those who knew Don Quixote, he pronounced aloud, 'Truly, honest friend, I am quite tired with asking so many opinions: for every one to whom I put the question, affirms it is downright distraction to call this a pannel, which is certainly the furniture of a horse, and that too of an excellent breed. Therefore, you must e'en have patience: for, in spite of you, and the testimony of your ass to boot, an horse's furniture it must remain, as you have failed so egregiously in the proof of what you alledge.' 'May I never taste the joys of Heaven!' cried the transported barber, 'if you are not all deceived; and so may my soul appear before God; as this appears to me a mere pannel, and not the furniture of an horse! but thus might overcomes *—I say no more; neither am I drunk, being fresh and fasting from every thing but sin.'

The company laughed as heartily at the simplicity of the barber as the extravagance of the knight, who, upon this decision, said, 'Nothing now remains, but that every one should take his own again; and may St. Peter bless what God bestows †.' One of the four servants belonging to Don Lewis now interposed, saying, 'If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself that people of sound understanding, such as all this company are or seem to be, should venture to say or affirm that this is no bason, nor that a pannel; yet seeing this is both said and affirmed, I conceive there must be some mystery in thus insisting upon a thing so contrary to truth and experience: for, by God!' (an oath he swore with great emphasis,) 'all the people on earth shall never make me believe that this is not a barber's bason, or that not the pannel of an he-ass.'—'Why not a she-ass?' said the curate. 'That distinction makes no difference,' said the servant; 'nor has it any concern with the dispute, which is occasioned by your saying that it is not a pannel at all.'

At the same time, one of the troopers, who had entered and been witness to the quarrel and question, could no longer contain his choler and displeasure at what he heard; and therefore said, in a furious tone, 'If that is not a pannel, my father never begat me; and he that says, or shall say, the contrary, must be drunk.' 'You lie like an infamous scoundrel!' replied Don Quixote; who, lifting up his lance, which he still kept in his hand, aimed such a stroke at the trooper's skull, that if he had not been very expeditious in shifting it, he would have been stretched at full length upon the ground on which

* The original would be more literally translated, by saying, 'The law's measure is the king's pleasure.'

† A bridal benediction.

the weapon was shivered to pieces; the rest of the troop seeing their companion so roughly handled, raised their voices, crying for help to the holy brotherhood: the innkeeper being of that fraternity, ran in for his tipstaff and sword, and espoused the cause of his brethren; the domestics surrounded Don Lewis, that he might not escape in the scuffle; the barber, seeing the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of the pannel, which was at the same time seized by Sancho; Don Quixote attacked the troopers sword-in-hand; Don Lewis called to his servants to leave him, and go to the assistance of Cardenio and Don Fernando; who had ranged themselves on the side of Don Quixote; the curate exhorted, the landlady screamed, the daughter wept, Maritornes blubbered, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda perplexed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber pummelled Sancho, who returned the compliment; one of the servants presuming to seize Don Lewis by the arm, that he might not run away, the young gentleman gave him such a slap in the face as bathed all his teeth in blood; the judge exerted himself in his defence. Don Fernando having brought one of the troopers to the ground kicked his whole carcase to his heart's content; the landlord raised his voice again, roaring for help to the holy brotherhood: so that the whole inn was a scene of lamentation, cries, shrieks, confusion, dread, dismay, disaster, back strokes, cudgelling, kicks, cuffs, and effusion of blood. In the midst of this labyrinth, chaos, and composition of mischief, Don Quixote's imagination suggested that he was all on a sudden involved in the confusion of Agramonte's camp, and therefore pronounced with a voice that made the whole inn resound, 'Let every man forbear, put up his sword, be quiet and listen, unless he be weary of his life.'

On hearing this exclamation, all the combatants paused, while he proceeded thus: 'Did not I tell you, gentlemen, that this castle was enchanted, and doubtless inhabited by a whole legion of devils? as a proof of which you may now perceive with your own eyes how the discord and mutiny of Agramonte's camp is translated hither; behold, in one place, we fight for a sword; in another, for a horse; in a third, for an eagle; and in a fourth, for a helmet; in short, we are all by the ears together, for we know not what. Advance, therefore, my lord judge, and Mr. Curate, and in the persons of Agramonte and king Sobrino, re-establish peace among us; for by Almighty God! it were wicked and absurd, that persons of our importance should be slain in such a frivolous cause.'

The troopers, who did not understand the knight's style, and found themselves very severely treated by Don Fernando,

Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but it was otherwise with the barber, who, in the scuffle, had lost both his pannel and beard: Sancho, who, like a faithful servant, minded the least hint of his master, willingly obeyed, and the servants of Don Lewis were fain to be quiet, seeing how little they had got by concerning themselves in the fray; the inn-keeper alone insisted upon their chastising the insolence of that madman, who was every moment throwing the whole house into confusion; at length the disturbance was appeased, the pannel remained as a horse's furniture till the day of judgement, the bason as a helmet, and the inn as a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination.

Every thing being thus amicably composed by the persuasion of the judge and priest, the servants of Don Lewis began again to press him with great obstinacy to set out with them for his father's house immediately; and while he expostulated with them, the judge consulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, about what he should do on this occasion; imparting to them the declaration Don Lewis had made; at last it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants who he was, and express a desire that Don Lewis should accompany him to Antlalusia, where his brother, the marquis, should entertain him according to his rank and merit; for he well knew the young gentleman was fixed in the determination of being cut to pieces rather than return to his father at that time. The domestics being informed of Don Fernando's quality, and understanding the resolution of Don Lewis, determined amongst themselves that three of them should return, and give the father an account of what had happened, while the fourth should attend the young gentleman, until they should either come back for him, or know his father's pleasure.

In this manner was that accumulation of quarrels appeased by the authority of Agramonte and prudence of king Sobrino; but the enemy of concord and rival of peace being thus foiled and disappointed, and seeing how little fruit he had reaped from the labyrinth of confusion in which he had involved them, determined to try his hand once more, and revive discord and disturbance anew; and these were the means he practised for this purpose: the troopers, apprised of the quality of those with whom they had been engaged, were fain to be quiet, and retreat from the fray, concluding that whatever might happen, they would have the worst of the battle; but one of them, who had been pummelled and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that, among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, issued by the holy brotherhood, on account of his having set the galley-slaves

slaves at liberty, as Sancho had very justly feared; this coming into his head, he was resolved to assure himself whether or not the knight's person agreed with the description, and pulling out of his bosom a bundle of parchment, he soon found what he sought, and beginning to spell with great deliberation (for he was by no means an expert reader) between every word he fixed his eyes upon the knight, whose physiognomy he compared with the marks specified in the warrant, and discovered beyond all doubt that he was the very person described; no sooner was he thus convinced, than putting up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, he with his right seized Don Quixote so fast by the collar that he could scarce fetch his breath, roaring aloud, 'Help in the name of the holy brotherhood; and that you may see my demand is just, read that warrant for apprehending this highwayman.'

The curate, upon perusing the warrant, found what the trooper said was true, and that the description exactly agreed with the person of Don Quixote, who, seeing himself so unworthily treated by such a ragamuffin, was incensed to the highest degree, so that every bone in his body trembled with rage; and he made shift to fasten on the trooper's throat with both hands so violently, that if his companions had not come to his assistance, he would have quitted his life before the knight had quitted his hold. The innkeeper being obliged to succour his brethren, ran immediately to their assistance; his wife seeing her husband re-engaged in the quarrel, exalted her voice anew; Maritornes and the daughter squalled in concert, imploring Heaven and the by-standers for help: Sancho perceiving what passed, 'By the Lord!' cried he, 'what my master says about the enchantments of this castle are certainly true; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet within its walls.'

Don Fernando parted the knight and trooper to their mutual satisfaction; unlocking their hands, which were fast clinched in the doublet-collar of the one, and the wind-pipe of the other; but for all that, they did not cease demanding their prisoner, and the assistance of the company, in binding and delivering him to their charge, agreeable to the service of the king, and the order of the holy brotherhood, in whose behalf they repeated their demand of favour and assistance, to secure that felon, robber, and thief. Don Quixote smiled at hearing these epithets, and with much composure replied, 'Come hither, ye vile and base born race! do you call it the province of an highwayman to loose the chains of the captive, and set the prisoner free! to succour the miserable, raise the fallen,

and relieve the distressed? Ah! infamous crew! whose low and grovelling understanding renders you unworthy that Heaven should reveal to you the worth that is contained in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your sin and ignorance, in neglecting to revere the very shadow, much more the substance, of any knight. Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers; ye robbers, licenced by the holy brotherhood; and tell me what ignorant wretch he was, who signed a warrant of caption against such a knight as me? Who did not know that we are exempted from all judicial authority, and that a knight's own sword is his law, he being privileged by his valour, and restricted only by his will and pleasure? Who was the blockhead, I say, who does not know, that no gentleman's charter contains so many rights and indulgencies as adhere to a knight-errant, the very day on which he is dubbed, and devotes himself to the painful exercise of arms? What knight-errant ever paid tax, toll, custom, duty, or excise? What taylor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor ever made him pay for lodging in his castle? What king did ever neglect to seat him at his own table? What damsel ever resisted his charms, or refused to submit herself entirely to his pleasure and will? And, in fine, what knight-errant ever was, is, or will be, whose single valour is not sufficient to annihilate four hundred troopers, should they presume to oppose him?"

CHAPTER XIX. 45

In which is concluded the notable Adventure of the Troopers; with an Account of the surprising Ferocity of our worthy Knight Don Quixote.

WHILE Don Quixote harangued in this manner, the curate was employed in persuading the troopers, that he was a man disordered in his judgement, as they might perceive both by his words and actions, and therefore they ought not to proceed any farther in the affair; for even should they apprehend him, he would soon be dismissed as a person *non compos*. To this observation the man who had the warrant replied, that it was not his business to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superiors; and that if he was apprehended once, they might discharge him three hundred times over, if they would. 'For all that,' said the priest, 'you must not carry him off at present; nor do I believe he will suffer himself to be so treated.'

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In short, the curate talked so effectually, and the knight himself acted such extravagancies, that the troopers must have been more mad than he, if they had not plainly perceived this defect; therefore they thought proper to be satisfied, and even performed the office of mediators betwixt the barber and Sancho Panza, who still maintained the fray with great animosity; for the troopers, as limbs of justice, brought the cause to an arbitration, and decided it in such a manner as left both parties, if not fully satisfied, at least in some sort content with the determination, which was, that the pannels should be exchanged, but the girths and halters remain as they were. With regard to Mambrino's helmet, the curate, unperceived by Don Quixote, took the barber aside, and paid him eight rials for the bason, taking a receipt in full, that cleared the knight from any suspicion of fraud from thence forward, for ever, Amen.

These two quarrels, which were of the greatest importance of any that happened, being luckily composed, it remained that three of the servants belonging to Don Lewis should return, and the fourth accompany his master to the place whither Don Fernando intended to conduct him; and as good-luck and favourable fortune had already began to quell the spirits of discord, and smooth all difficulties, in behalf of the lovers and heroes in the inn, they were resolved to proceed in such a laudable work, and bring every thing to a happy conclusion; for the domestics were satisfied with what Don Lewis proposed: a circumstance that gave such pleasure to Donna Clara, that every body who beheld her face might have discerned the joy of her soul. Zorayda, though she did not well understand the incidents she had seen, was sorrowful and gay by turns, according as she perceived the company affected, particularly her Spaniard, upon whom her eyes and heart were always fixed. The innkeeper, who took particular notice of the full satisfaction which the barber had received from the curate, demanded payment of Don Quixote of the reckoning, as well as for the damage he had done to the bags, and the loss of his wine; swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's ass should stir from the stable, until he should be satisfied to the last farthing *. The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill, although the judge very frankly offered to take that upon himself. In this manner universal concord was restored; so that the inn no longer represented the disorder

* It were to be wished, for the honour of Spanish innkeepers, that Cervantes had caused mine host to restore Sancho's wallet, which he had detained on the day of the blanketing; as such restitution would have increased the general satisfaction.

in Agramonte's camp, but rather the peace and quiet that reigned in the time of Octavius Cæsar: and this blessing was generally ascribed to the laudable intention and great eloquence of the priest, together with the incomparable generosity of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote now finding himself freed and disentangled from so many broils, in which both he and his squire had been involved, thought it high time to proceed on his journey, in order to finish that great adventure to which he had been summoned and chosen: he therefore, with determined purpose, went and fell upon his knees before Dorothea, who refusing to hear him in that posture, he rose in obedience to her will, and expressed himself in this manner: 'It is a common proverb, beauteous princess, that diligence is the mother of success; and in many important causes, experience hath shewn that the assiduity of the solicitor hath brought a very doubtful suit to a very fortunate issue. But the truth of this maxim is no where more evinced than in war, where activity and dispatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and obtain the victory, before he has time to put himself in a posture of defence. This I observe, most high and excellent princess, because, in my opinion, our stay in this castle is unprofitable and prejudicial, as we may one day perceive, when it is too late; for who knows but, by means of secret and artful spies, your enemy, the giant, may get notice that I am coming to destroy him, and taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himself in some impregnable castle, against which all my diligence, and the strength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail? Wherefore, most noble princess! let us, as I have already observed, prevent his designs by our activity, and set out immediately, in the name of good fortune, which your highness shall not long sigh for, after I shall have come within sight of your adversary.'

Here the knight left off speaking, and with great composure expected the answer of the beautiful infant; who, with a most princely air, and in a stile perfectly well suited to his address, replied in this manner: 'I thank you, Sir Knight, for the desire you express to assist me in my necessity, like a true knight, whose duty and province it is, to succour the fatherless and distressed: and Heaven grant that your desire and my expectation may be fulfilled, that you may see there are grateful women upon earth. With regard to my departure, let it be as speedy as you please: my will is altogether included in yours; dispose of me, therefore, according to your own pleasure; for she who hath once invested you with the charge and defence of her person, and solely depends upon

upon your valour for being re-established on her throne, would act preposterously in seeking to contradict what your prudence shall ordain.'—'In the name of God, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'since a princess humbles herself thus before me, I will not let slip the opportunity of raising her up, and placing her upon the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart immediately; for the desire of seeing you restored, the length of the journey, and the common reflection, that "delays are dangerous," act as spurs upon my resolution; and since Heaven hath not created, nor hell ever seen, an object that could strike me with terror and consternation—Go, Sancho, saddle Rozinante, prepare the queen's palfrey, and get ready your own ass, while we take leave of the constable and these noble personages, and set forward on our journey, without loss of time.'

Here Sancho, who was present all the time, shook his head, saying, 'Ah, master, master! there are more tricks in town than you dream of; with submission to the honourable lappets be it spoken.'—'What tricks can there be either in town or city, that can redound to my discredit, rascal?' cried the knight. 'Nay, if your worship be in a passion,' replied the squire, 'I will keep my tongue within my teeth, and not mention a syllable of what, as a trusty squire and faithful servant, I am bound to reveal to my master.'—'Say what thou wouldst,' answered Don Quixote, 'so thy words have no tendency to make me afraid; for, in being susceptible of fear, thou shewest the baseness of thy own character, as I, in being proof against all sorts of terror, preserve the dignity of mine.'—'As I am a sinner to God,' cried Sancho, 'this is not the case; but this I know for truth and positive certainty, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great Kingdom of Micomicron, is no more a queen than my mother; for if she were what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling into a corner with one of this company, at every snatch of an opportunity.'

Dorothea's face was overspread with a blush at these words of Sancho; for, sooth to say, her husband Don Fernando had several times, as he thought unperceived, made free with her lips, as earnest of that reward his affection deserved; and in so doing, he was observed by Sancho, who thought that such condescension in her looked more like the behaviour of a courtesan than that of such a mighty princess; so that she neither could nor would answer one word to this charge, but suffered him to proceed in these words: 'This, dear master, I make bold to mention; because, if, after we have travelled the Lord knows how far, and passed many weary days and bitter nights, he that is taking his recreation in this inn should gather the fruit of all our labour; we need not be in such a perilous hurry

hurry to saddle Rozinante, prepare the palfry, and get ready the ass; but had better remain in peace where we are; and, as the saying is, While we enjoy our meal, let every harlot mind her spinning-wheel."

Gracious Heaven! what a torrent of indignation entered the breast of Don Quixote, when he heard these indecent expressions of his squire: such, I say, was the rage that took possession of his faculties, that, with a faltering voice and stammering tongue, while his eyes flashed lightning, he exclaimed, 'O villainous, inconsiderate, indecent and ignorant peasant! thou foul-mouthed, unmannerly, insolent and malicious slanderer! darest thou utter such language against these honourable ladies in my presence? darest thou entertain such disgraceful and audacious ideas in thy confused imagination? Get out of my sight, monster of nature, depository of lies, cupboard of deceit, granary of knavery, inventor of mischief, publisher of folly, and foe to that respect which is due to royalty; go, nor presume to see my face again, on pain of my highest displeasure!' So saying, he pulled up his eye-brows, distended his cheeks, looked round him, and with his right foot stamped violently upon the floor, in consequence of the wrath that preyed upon his entrails.

Sancho was so shrunk and terrified at these words and furious gestures, that he would have been glad, if the earth had opened that instant under his feet and swallowed him up; and not knowing what else to do, he sneaked off from the presence of his incensed master: but the discreet Dorothea, who was so well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, in order to appease his indignation, accosted him thus: "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, let not your wrath be kindled by the nonsense which your good squire hath uttered, for, perhaps, he might have had some sort of reason for what he said; and as from his good understanding and Christian conscience, he cannot be suspected of a design to bear false witness against any person whatever, it is to be supposed, and indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this castle, as you, Sir Knight, have observed, being conducted by means of enchantment, Sancho, through that diabolical medium, must have seen what he affirms, so much to the prejudice of my honour and reputation."—"I swear by Almighty God! cried Don Quixote, 'that your highness hath hit upon the true cause! and the eyes of that poor sinner Sancho, have been fascinated by some delusive vision, of what could not possibly be real; for unless he had been misled by enchantment, such is the innocence and simplicity of that miserable wretch, that I know he neither could nor would invent a slander against any living soul.'—

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‘That certainly is, and shall be the case,’ said Don Fernando; ‘for which reason, Signiør Don Quixote ought to pardon and restore him to the bosom of his favour, *Sicut erat in principio*, before those illusions impaired his understanding.’

The knight promised to forgive him accordingly; upon which the curate went in quest of Sancho, who came in with great humility, and falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his master’s hand: this favour was granted by Don Quixote, who also gave him his benediction, saying, ‘Thou wilt now, son Sancho, be convinced of the truth of what I have so often told thee, that all things in this castle are performed by the power of enchantment.’—‘I believe so too,’ replied the squire, ‘except in the affair of the blanketting, which really happened in the ordinary course of things.’—‘Thou must not imagine any such thing,’ answered the knight; ‘for had that been the case, I should have revenged thy cause at the time, and even now would do thee justice; but neither at that time nor now, could I, or can I find any persons to chastise as the cause of thy disaster.’

The company being desirous of knowing the affair of the blanket, the landlord gave a very minute detail of Sancho’s capering, to the no small diversion of all present, except the squire himself, who would have been very much out of countenance, had not the knight assured him anew, that the whole was effected by enchantment; though the folly of Sancho never rose to such a pitch, but that he firmly believed, without the least doubt or delusion, that his blanketting had been performed by persons of flesh and blood, and not by phantoms, or imaginary beings, according to the opinion and affirmation of his master.

Two days had this illustrious company already passed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in such a manner, as that, without putting Dorothea to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation, in order to carry on the scheme concerning the restoration of Queen Micomicona, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their design of carrying him to his own house, where endeavours might be used for the cure of his disorder. In consequence of this plan, they agreed with the master of an ox waggon, who chanced to pass that way, for transporting the knight in the following manner: having made a sort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his ease, Don Fernando, with his companions, the servants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and innkeepers, by order and direction of the curate covered their faces and disguised themselves, some in one shape, some in

another, so as to appear, in Don Quixote's eyes, quite different from the people he had seen in the castle. Thus equipped, they entered, with all imaginable silence, into the chamber where he lay asleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone with the skirmishes already described; and laying fast hold on him, while he securely enjoyed his ease, without dreaming of such an accident, tied both his hands and feet so effectually, that when he waked, in surprise, he could neither move, nor do any other thing but testify his wonder and perplexity at the sight of such strange faces. He then had recourse to what his distempered imagination continually suggested, and concluded that all these figures were phantoms of that enchanted castle; and that he himself was, without all question, under the power of incantation, seeing he could not even stir in his own defence: and this conceit was exactly forseen by the curate, who was author of the whole contrivance; the only person of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho; who, though his lack of understanding fell very little short of his master's infirmity, was not so mad but that he knew every one of the apparitions, though he durst not open his mouth, until he should see the meaning of this assault and capture of the knight, who likewise expected in silence the issue of his own misfortune.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they inclosed him in it, and fixed the bars so fast, that it was impossible to pull them asunder; then taking it on their shoulders, in carrying it out, they were saluted by as dreadful a voice as could be assumed by the barber, (I do not mean the owner of the pannel) who pronounced these words; 'O Knight of the Rueful Countenance! afflict not thyself on account of thy present confinement, which is necessary towards the more speedy accomplishment of that great adventure in which thy valour hath engaged thee; and which will be atchieved when the furious Manchegan lion is coupled with the white Tobosian dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the soft matrimonial yoke: from which unheard-of conjunction, the world shall be blessed with courageous whelps, who will imitate the tearing talons of their valiant sire; and this will happen ere the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have twice performed his visit through the resplendent constellations, in his natural and rapid course — And O! thou the most noble and obedient squire that ever wore sword in belt, beard on chin, or smell in nostril, be not dismayed nor discontented at seeing the flower of knight-errantry thus carried off before thine eyes; for, if it please the Creator of this world, soon shalt thou be so exalted and sublimed, as
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that thou wilt not even know thyself; neither shalt thou be defrauded of the fruit of those promises which thy worthy lord has made in thy behalf; and I assure thee, in the name of the sage Fibberiana *, that thy salary shall be faithfully paid, as in effect thou wilt see; follow, therefore, the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight, for it is necessary that you should proceed together to the end of your career; and as I am not permitted to declare myself more explicitly, I bid you heartily farewell, and will return I well know whither.² Towards the end of this prophecy, he raised his voice to the highest pitch, and then sunk it gradually to such a faint and distant tone, that even those who were privy to the joke, were tempted to believe what they had heard.

Don Quixote remained very much comforted by this prophecy, the meaning of which he no sooner heard than comprehended; interpreting the whole into a promise, that he should one day see himself joined in the just and holy bands of matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose fortunate womb would proceed those whelps (meaning his sons) which would perpetuate the glory of La Mancha. In this persuasion, therefore, and firm belief, he raised his voice, and heaving a profound sigh, replied, 'O thou! whosoever thou art, whose prognostication sounds so favourably in mine ears, I beg thou wilt, in my name, beseech the sage inchanter, who takes charge of my affairs, that he will not leave me to perish in the confinement which I now suffer, until I shall have seen the accomplishment of those joyful and incomparable promises which thou hast uttered in my behalf. So shall I glory in the hardships of this prison, and bear with pleasure these chains with which my limbs are fettered; and instead of comparing the boards on which I lie, to the rough, uncomfortable field of battle, consider them as the soothing down of the most happy and luxurious marriage-bed. With respect to the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I confide in his virtue and affection, which will not allow him to forsake me either in prosperity or adversity; for should his evil fortune, or my unhappy fate, hinder me from bestowing upon him the island, or some equivalent, according to my promise, at least, he shall not lose his wages, specified and bequeathed to him in my will, that is already made; a recompence which, though proportioned to my own slender ability, comes far short of his great and faithful services.'

Here the squire bowed in the most respectful manner, and kissed both his hands, as he could not make his compliments

* A word of equal signification with *mentirana*, from *mentroso*, a liar.

to one of them apart, they being fast bound together. Then the apparitions taking the cage upon their shoulders, carried it to the waggon, in which it was immediately fixed.

CHAPTER XX. 46

An Account of the strange Manner in which Don Quixote was enchanted; with other remarkable Events.

DON Quixote seeing himself thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help saying, 'Many very grave histories have I read concerning knights-errant: but never did I read, see, or hear, that enchanted knights were transported in this manner, at such a pace as these lazy, slow-footed animals seem to promise; for they used always to be carried through the air with surprizing swiftness, wrapped up in some dark and dusky cloud, or in a fiery chariot, or mounted on a hypogriff, or some such creature; so that, before God! I am utterly confounded at my own fate, in being thus transported on a waggon drawn by oxen. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of this age follow a different path from that which was pursued of old; and as I am a new knight on the face of the earth, and the first who revived the long-forgotten order of errantry, perhaps they may have also newly invented other kinds of incantation, and other methods of conveying those whom they inchant.—What is thy opinion of the matter, son Sancho?'—'I know not what my opinion is,' replied the squire, 'because I am not so well read in the scriptures of errantry as your worship; but, for all that, I will venture to affirm, aye and swear to it, that these apparitions, who stroll about us, are not altogether Catholic!'—'Catholic! my stars *!' answered the knight; 'how can they be catholic, when they are all devils, who have assumed fantastical shapes, and come hither on purpose to perform this deed, and leave me in my present situation? But that thou mayest be convinced of the truth of what I alledge †, endeavour to touch and feel them, and thou wilt perceive that they have no other bodies but forms of condensed air, consisting of nothing but mere semblance.'—'Fore God, Sir!' cried Sancho, 'I have made

* In the original *mi padre*! my father! which I have changed for an exclamation more frequently used in our language.

† In the text the knight is guilty of a palpable solecism, in desiring Sancho to touch and feel that which he himself expressly observes was subject neither to touch or feeling.

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that trial already, and that same devil who goes about so busy, is well provided with good substantial flesh; and has another property, widely different from what is reported of evil spirits, all of whom, they say, stink of brimstone and other bad smells; whereas he is so well scented with amber, that you may perceive it at the distance of about half a league.' Sancho made this remark on Don Fernando, who, being a man of fashion, probably wore scented linen. 'Marvel not at that circumstance, friend Sancho,' replied the knight, 'for thou must know that devils are a set of very sagacious beings, and although they bring smells along with them, they themselves, being spirits, can produce no smell; or if any odour proceeds from them, it cannot be agreeable, but rather stinking and unwholesome, because they carry their hell about them wheresoever they are, and their torments admit of no kind of alleviation; now, sweet smells being agreeable and delicious, cannot possibly proceed from beings which are productive of nought but evil; therefore, if in thy opinion that devil smells of amber, either thy senses are perverted, or he wants to impose upon thy understanding, by making thee believe that he is not an inhabitant of hell.'

Don Fernando and Cardenio, overhearing this dialogue between the master and the squire, were afraid of Sancho's stumbling upon the discovery of their whole plot, in which he seemed already to have made great progress, therefore determined to hasten their departure, and calling the landlord aside, ordered him to saddle Rozinante, and put the pannel on Sancho's ass. This task he performed with great dispatch, while the curate agreed to give the troopers so much a day for attending Don Quixote to the town where he lived. Cardenio having fastened the target to one side of the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and the bason to the other, made signs for Sancho to mount his ass, and lead his master's steed by the bridle, and then stationed two of the troopers with their carbines on each side of the waggon. But before it began to move, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take leave of Don Quixote, feigning themselves extremely affected with his misfortune; upon which he said to them, 'Weep not, worthy ladies; all these disasters are incident to those who chuse my profession; and if I were not subject to such calamities, I should not deem myself a renowned knight-errant; for these things never happen to knights of little fame and reputation, who are never regarded, scarce even remembered, on the face of the earth. It is quite otherwise with the valiant, whose virtue and valour are envied by many princes and rivals, who endeavour by the most perfidious means to destroy

stroy them; but, nevertheless, virtue is so powerful, that of herself she will, in spite of all the necromancy possessed by the first inventor, Zoroaster, come off conqueror in every severe trial, and shine refulgent in the world, as the sun shines in the heavens. Pardon me, beauteous ladies, if I have given you any disgust, through neglect or omission; for willingly and knowingly I never offended a living soul; and pray to God to deliver me from this prison, in which I am confined by some malicious inchanter: for, if I regain my liberty, the favours I have received from your courtesy in this castle, shall never escape my remembrance, but always be acknowledged with gratitude, service, and respect.'

While the knight made these professions to the ladies of the castle, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his brother, and all the happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda; they embraced each other, and agreed to maintain a correspondence by letters; Don Fernando giving the curate a direction by which he might write to him an account of the knight's future behaviour and fate, than which, he protested, nothing could yield him more pleasure; and promising, for his own part, to inform the priest of every thing which he thought would conduce to his satisfaction, relating to his own marriage, the baptism of Zorayda, the success of Don Lewis, and the return of Lucinda to her father's house. The priest having assured him that he would obey his commands with the utmost punctuality, they embraced again, and repeated their mutual proffers of service. The innkeeper coming to the curate, put into his hand a bundle of papers, which he said he had found in the lining of the portmanteau, along with the novel of the Impertinent Curiosity; and since the owner had not returned that way, he desired the priest to accept of them; for as he himself could not read, he had no occasion for such useless furniture: the curate thanked him for his present, which he immediately opened, and found written in the title-page, 'Renconete and Cortadilla, a novel*'; from hence he concluded, that since the Impertinent Curiosity was an entertaining story, this might also have some merit, as being probably a work of the same author: and on this supposition put it carefully up, intending to peruse it with the first convenient opportunity; then he and his friend the barber mounting their beasts, with their faces still disguised, that they might not be known by Don Quixote, jogged on behind the waggon. And the order of their march was this; first of all proceeded the cart, conducted by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their carbines, as we have al-

* Written by Cervantes himself.

ready observed: then followed Sancho Panza upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear of all came the curate and the barber, masked, and mounted on their trusty mules, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen would allow; while the knight sat within the cage, his hands fettered, and his legs outstretched, leaning against the bars, with such silence and resignation, that he looked more like a statue of stone than a man of flesh and blood. In this slow and silent manner had they travelled about two leagues when they arrived in a valley, which the waggoner thinking a convenient spot for his purpose, proposed to the curate that they should halt to refresh themselves, and let the oxen feed; but the barber was of opinion, that they should proceed a little farther to the other side of a rising ground, which appeared at a small distance, where he knew there was another valley better stored with grass, and much more agreeable than this in which the waggoner proposed to halt. The advice of Mr. Nicholas was approved, and they jogged on accordingly.

About this time the curate chancing to look back, perceived behind them six or seven men well mounted, who soon overtook them, as they did not travel at the phlegmatic pace of the oxen, but like people who rode on ecclesiastic mules, and were desirous of spending the heat of the day at an inn that appeared within less than a league of the waggon. These expeditious strangers coming up with our slow travellers, saluted them courteously; and one among them, who was actually a canon of Toledo, and master of those who accompanied him, observing the regular procession of the waggon, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate, and barber, and in particular Don Quixote encaged and secured as he was, could not help asking why, and whither they were conveying that man in such a manner; though he had already conjectured, from the badges of the troopers, that he must be some atrocious robber or delinquent, the punishment of whom belonged to the holy brotherhood. One of the troopers, to whom the question was put, answered, 'Signior, the gentleman himself will tell you the meaning of his travelling in this manner; for our parts we know nothing at all of the matter.' The knight, overhearing what passed, said to the strangers, 'Gentlemen, if you are skilled and conversant in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortune; otherwise there is no reason why I should fatigue myself with the relation.'

By this time the curate and barber, having perceived the travellers in conversation with the knight, came up in order to prevent their plot from being discovered, just as the canon had

had begun to answer Don Quixote in these words: 'Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with the Summaries of Villalpando; so that if there be nothing else requisite, you may freely impart to me as much as you please.'—'A God's name, then,' said Don Quixote, 'if that be the case, you must know, Signior cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of mischievous necromancers; for virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. A knight-errant. I am, though none of those whose names Fame ever enrolled in her eternal records; but of that number, whom maugre, and in despite of Envy herself, and all the magi whom Persia ever produced, with the brachmans of India, and gymnosophists of Ethiopia, will leave their names engraved on the temple of immortality, as examples and patterns to succeeding ages, by which all knights-errant may see what steps they must follow, if they wish to attain the height and honourable summit of arms.'

Here the curate interposing, said, 'Signior Don Quixote speaks no more than the truth: he is enchanted in that waggon, not on account of his own crimes or misdemeanors, but through the malice of those who are disgusted at virtue, and offended at valour. This, Signior, is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, whose name perhaps you have heard, and whose valiant exploits and mighty atchievements will be engraved on durable brass, and carved in eternal marble, in spite of the unwearied efforts of malice to cancel and of envy to obscure them.'

The canon hearing such a stile proceed not only from the prisoner's mouth, but also from the lips of him who was free, had well nigh crossed himself with astonishment, and could not conceive what had befallen him, while his whole company were seized with the same degree of amazement: but Sancho Panza, who was near enough to hear what passed, being willing to undeceive the strangers, said to them, 'Gentlemen, whether what I am going to say be ill or well taken, I must tell you the case is this: my master, Don Quixote, is no more enchanted than the mother that bore me; he enjoys his right wits, eats, drinks, and does his occasions, like other men, and as he himself was wont to do before he was encaged: now, if this be the truth of the matter, how can any man persuade me that he is enchanted? since I have heard divers persons observe, that those who were enchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak; whereas my master, if he is not hindered, will talk like thirty barristers.' Then turning to the curate, he proceeded thus: 'Ah, Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate! you think I don't know you,
and

and imagine that I cannot dive into the meaning of these new enchantments, but you are mistaken; I know you very well for all your masking, and can smell out your plots, disguise them as you will; in short, as the saying is, Just are Virtue's fears, where Envy domineers, and Bounty will not stay, where Niggards bear the sway. Damn the devil! if it had not been for your reverence, my master by this time would have been married to the Princess Micomicona, and I should have been an earl at least; for less I could not expect, either from the generosity of my Lord of the Rueful Countenance, or from the greatness of my own services: but now I see the truth of what is commonly said, That fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel; and that those who were yesterday at top, may find themselves at bottom to-day. It grieves me on account of my poor wife and children, who, instead of seeing their father come home in the post of governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, as they had great reason to expect, will behold him returning in the station of a common groom: all this I have observed, Mr. Curate, for no other reason but to prevail upon your fathership to make a conscience of the ill treatment my master receives at your hands, and consider that God may call you to account in the next world for this captivity of my Lord Don Quixote, and for all the succours and benefits that are prevented by his being thus confined.'

'Snuff me these candles!' cried the barber, hearing the squire's declaration; 'why sure, Sancho, you belong to your master's fraternity * by the Lord! I find you ought to keep him company in his cage, and undergo the same sort of enchantment, so much are you infected with the humour of his chivalry: in an unhappy moment were you got with child by his promises, and in an evil hour did that island you harp so much upon take possession of your skull.'—'I am not with child by any person whatever,' answered Sancho: nor will I suffer any king in Christendom to beget a child upon my body; for though I be a poor man, I'm an old Christian, and owe no man a farthing: if I long for an island, others long for things that are worse, every one being the son of his own works; the lowest mortal may come to be pope, much more governor of an island, specially as my master may gain more than he knows well what to do with. Mr. Barber, you had better think before you speak: there is something else to do than shaving of beards, and one Pedro may differ from another *; this I say because we know one another, and you must not think to palm false dice upon me: with regard to the enchantment of my master, God knows the truth, and there let it lie; for, as the

* Equivalent to our saying, 'Every Jack is not a good fellow.'

saying is, The more you stir it, the more it will—you know what. The barber durst not make any reply, lest Sancho's simplicity should discover what he and the curate were so desirous of concealing; and the priest being under the same apprehension, desired the canon to ride on with him a little before the waggon, promising to disclose the mystery of the encaged knight, with other particulars that would yield him some diversion: the canon put on accordingly with his servants, listening attentively to every thing the curate was pleased to communicate concerning the rank, employment, madness, and manners, of Don Quixote; for he briefly recounted the cause and beginning of his disorder, with the whole progress of his adventures, until he was secured in the cage by their contrivance, that they might carry him home to his own house, and endeavour to find some cure for his distemper.

The canon and his servants were astonished anew at hearing the strange story of Don Quixote; which being finished, the Toledan replied, 'Truly, Mr. Curate, I am firmly persuaded that those books of chivalry are very prejudicial in the commonwealth; for though I have been induced, by a false taste and idle curiosity, to read the beginning of almost every one that hath been printed, I never could prevail upon myself to read any one of them from the first to the last page; because, in my opinion, they are all of the same stamp, without any essential difference. And, indeed, that kind of composition seems to fall under that species of writing called the Milesian Fables, which are no other than extravagant tales, calculated for mere amusement, without any tendency to instruction: on the contrary, the scope of your apologues is to convey instruction and delight together. Now, though the principal intention of those books is to delight and entertain the reader, I do not see how they can answer that end, being, as they are, stuffed with such improbable nonsense; for the pleasure that the soul conceives, is from the beauty and harmony of those things which are contemplated by the view, or suggested by the imagination; so that we can receive no pleasure from objects that are unnatural and deformed. And what beauty, symmetry, or proportion, can be observed in a book containing the history of a youth of seventeen, who with one black stroke, cuts through the middle of a giant like a tower, with as much ease as if he had been made of paste? and in the description of a battle, after having observed that there are no less than a million of combatants on the side opposite to that which the hero of the piece espouses, we must, in despite of common sense, believe, that such a knight obtained the victory by the single valour of his invincible arm? Then how shall we account

for the confidence with which some queen, empress, or orphan heiress, throws herself into the protection of an unknown knight-errant? What mind, if not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be pleased with an account of a huge tower, full of knights, sailing upon the sea like a ship before the wind; being over-night upon the coast of Lombardy, and next morning arrived in the dominions of Prester John in the Indies, or in some other country which Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marcus Polus ever saw? If to this observation it be answered, that the authors of those books do not pretend that the stories they contain are true, and therefore they are under no necessity of adhering to such niceties of composition; I reply, that fiction is always the better the nearer it resembles truth, and agreeable in proportion to the probability it bears, and the doubtful credit which it inspires. Wherefore, all such fables ought to be suited to the understanding of those who read them, and written so that, by softening impossibilities, smoothing what is rough, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may surprize, agreeably perplex, and entertain, creating equal admiration and delight; and these never can be excited by authors who forsake probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never as yet seen in any book of chivalry an entire body of a fable, with all its members so proportioned, as that the middle corresponds with the beginning, and the end is suitable to both; on the contrary, one would think the author's intention is commonly to form a chimera or monster, instead of a figure well proportioned in all its parts. Besides, their stile is usually harsh, their achievements incredible, their amours lascivious, their courtesy impertinent, their battles tedious, their dialogues insipid, their voyages extravagant, and, in short, the whole void of all ingenuity of invention; so that they deserve to be banished as useless members from every Christian commonwealth.'

The curate, who had listened with great attention, hearing the canon talk so sensibly, looked upon him as a man of excellent understanding, and assented to every thing he said; observing, that, in consequence of his being of the same opinion, and of the grudge he bore to such books of chivalry, he had burned a great number of those that belonged to Don Quixote. He then gave him a detail of the scrutiny which had been made, distinguishing such as he spared from those that he condemned to the flames:

The traveller laughed heartily at this account of such an extraordinary trial, saying, that notwithstanding what he had advanced to the disadvantage of such books, there was one thing

thing in them which he could not but approve; namely, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, opening a large and ample field, in which the pen might at leisure expatiate in the description of shipwrecks, tempests, battles, and encounters; painting a valiant general with all his necessary accomplishments, sage, and penetrating into the enemy's designs, eloquent and effectual either in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, ripe in council, prompt in execution, and equally brave in standing or in giving an assault. One while recounting a piteous tragical story, at another time describing a joyful and unexpected event; here, a most beautiful lady, endued with virtue, discretion, and reserve; there, a Christian knight, possessed of courtesy and valour; in the third place, an outrageous boasting barbarian; and in a fourth a polite, considerate, gallant prince; not forgetting to describe the faith and loyalty of vassals, together with the grandeur and generosity of great men. The author may also shew himself an astrologer, geographer, musician, and well skilled in state affairs; nay, if he be so minded, he will sometimes have an opportunity of manifesting his skill in necromancy and magic; he may represent the cunning of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the ability of Cæsar, the clemency and candour of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally all those qualifications which constitute the perfection of an illustrious hero; sometimes uniting them in one, sometimes dividing them into several characters; and the whole being expressed in an agreeable stile and ingenious invention, that borders as near as possible upon the truth, will doubtless produce a web of such various and beautiful texture, as, when finished, to display that perfection which will attain the chief end and scope of such writings; which, as I have already observed, is to convey instruction mingled with delight. Besides, the unlimited composition of such books gives the author opportunities of shewing his talents in epics, lyrics, tragedy, and comedy, and all the different branches of the delicious and agreeable arts of poetry and rhetoric; for epics may be written in prose as well as verse.

CHAPTER XXI.

In which the Canon prosecutes the Subject of Knight-Errantry, and makes other Observations worthy of his Genius.

‘MR. Canon,’ said the curate, ‘What you have observed is extremely just, and therefore those authors deserve the greatest reprehension, who have composed books, without the least regard to good sense or the rules of art, by which they might have conducted their plans, and rendered themselves as famous in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are now in verse.’ ‘I myself,’ replied the canon, ‘have been tempted to write a book of chivalry, observing all the maxims and precautions I have now laid down; nay, to tell you the truth, no less than a hundred sheets of it are already written; and, in order to try if my own opinion of it was well founded, I have communicated my performance to a great many people who are passionately fond of that kind of reading; not only men of learning and taste, but also ignorant persons, who chiefly delight in extravagant adventures; and I have been favoured with the agreeable approbation of them all: nevertheless, I have not proceeded in the work; because, I not only thought it foreign to my profession, but likewise concluded, that the world abounds much more with fools than people of sense; and though an author had better be applauded by the few that are wise, than laughed at by the many that are foolish, I was unwilling to expose myself to the uninformed judgment of the arrogant vulgar, whose province it principally is to read books of this kind. But what contributed most to my laying aside the pen, and indeed all thoughts of bringing the work to a conclusion, was a reflection I made upon the comedies of the present age. “If,” said I to myself, “our modern plays, not only those which are formed upon fiction, but likewise such as are founded on the truth of history, are all, or for the greatest part, universally known to be monstrous productions, without either head or tail, and yet received with pleasure by the multitude, who approve and esteem them as excellent performances, though they are far from deserving that title; and if the authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, affirm, that this and no other method is to be practised, because the multitude must be pleased; that those which bear the marks of contrivance, and produce a fable digested according to the rules of art, serve only for entertainment to four or five people of taste, who discern the beauties of

of the plan, which utterly escape all the rest of the audience ; and that it is better for them to gain a comfortable livelihood by the many, than starve upon reputation with the few.”—
 “At this rate,” said I, “if I should finish my book, after having scorched every hair in my whiskers, in poring over it, to preserve those rules and precepts already mentioned, I might fare at last, like the sagacious botcher, who sewed for nothing, and found his customers in thread*. I have sometimes endeavoured to persuade the players, that they were mistaken in their maxims; and that they would bring more company to their house, and acquire much more reputation, by representing regular comedies, than such absurd performances; but I always found them so obstinately bigotted to their own fancies, that no evidence or demonstration could alter their opinion in the least. I remember, I once said to one of those pragmatic fellows, “Don’t you recollect, that a few years ago, three tragedies were acted, composed by a celebrated poet of this kingdom; and that they raised admiration, pleasure, and surprize, in all who saw them exhibited, gentle as well as simple, ignorant as well as learned, and brought more money to the actors than thirty of the best that have since appeared?”—“Doubtless,” answered the player, “you mean Isabella, Phillis, and Alexandria.”—“The very same,” said I; “and pray take notice, whether or not they are composed according to rule, or failed to please every body, because they were regular? Wherefore, the fault does not lie in the multitude’s demanding absurdities, but in those who can represent nothing else; for there is nothing absurd in the play of Ingratitude Revenged, nor in Numantia, the Merchant Lover, the Favourable Female Foe, nor in some others which are composed by poets of genius, to their own reputation, and the advantage of those who represented them.” I made use of many more arguments, by which he seemed to be confuted, though not so much satisfied or convinced as to retract his erroneous opinions.’

‘Mr. Canon,’ said the curate, interrupting him in this place, ‘the subject you have touched upon awakes in me an old grudge I have bore to our modern plays, even equal to that I entertain against books of chivalry. Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirror of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas those that are represented in this age, are mirrors of absurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdness; for sure nothing can be more absurd in a dramatic performance, than to see the person, who, in the first scene

* A Spanish proverb, applicable to a great many modern projectors and reformers.

of the first act, was produced a child in swaddling cloaths, appear a full grown man with a beard in the second; or to represent an old man active and valiant, a young soldier cowardly, a footman eloquent, a page a counsellor, a king a porter, and a princess a scullion. Then what shall we say concerning their management of the time and place, in which the actions have, or may be supposed to have happened? I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third was finished in Africa; nay, had there been a fourth, the scene would have shifted to America; so that the fable would have travelled through all the four divisions of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any ordinary understanding be satisfied with seeing an action that passed in the time of King Pepen and Charlemagne, ascribed to the Emperor Heraclius, who, being the principal personage, is represented, like Godfrey of Bulloigne, carrying the cross into Jerusalem, and making himself master of the holy sepulchre: an infinite number of years having passed between the one and the other? Or, when a comedy is founded upon fiction, to see scraps of real history introduced, and facts misrepresented, both with regard to persons and times; not with any ingenuity of contrivance, but with the most manifest and inexcusable errors and stupidity; and what is worse than all, there is a set of ignorant pretenders, who call this the perfection of writing; and that every attempt to succeed by a contrary method is no other than a wild-goose chase *. Again, if we consider those plays that are written on divine subjects, how many false miracles do they contain? how many apocryphal events, misunderstood by the author, who frequently confounds the operations of one saint with those of another? Nay, in profane subjects they have the assurance to work miracles, for no other respect or consideration, but because they think such a miracle will make a very decent appearance in such a place; and, as they term it, attract the admiration of the vulgar, and bring them in crowds to the play: but all this redounds to the prejudice of truth, the contempt of history, and scandal of our Spanish wits; so that the authors of other nations, who punctually observe the unities of the drama, conclude that we are barbarous and ignorant, from our absurd and preposterous productions. Neither is it a sufficient excuse to say, that the intent of all well-governed commonwealths, in permitting public plays to be acted, is to entertain the common people with some honest recreation, in order to divert those bad humours which idleness usually engenders; and that, since this end is answered by any play whatever, either good or bad, there is no occasion to

* *Bussar gallinas*, to seek dainties.

cramp and limit the authors or actors to the just laws of composition; the purpose of the legislature being, as I have said, accomplished, without any such restriction. To this suggestion I answer, that the same end, without any sort of comparison, will be much better answered by good than bad comedies; for, after having seen an artful and well-digested play represented, the hearer will go away delighted with the comic parts, instructed by the serious, and agreeably surprised with the incidents; collecting information from the dialogue, precaution from the deceits of the fable, experience from the examples exhibited, affection for virtue and indignation for vice. All these sensations, I say, will a good comedy excite in the spectator's mind, let it be never so stupid and uncultivated; for of all impossibilities, it is the most impossible, that a comedy, thus perfect in all its parts, should not yield more entertainment, satisfaction, and delight, than one that is defective in each particular, as the greatest part of our modern pieces are. Neither is this want of correctness always to be laid to the author's charge; for there are some poets among us who are perfectly well acquainted with the rules of writing, and could easily avoid any such errors of composition; but as their pieces are made for sale, they say, and it is very true, that the players would not purchase them, if they were of any other stamp: so that the author is fain to accommodate himself to the demand of the actor, who pays him for his work. The truth of this observation evidently appears in a great number of comedies which have been composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms*, with so much wit, pleasantry, elegance of versification, genteel dialogue, sententious gravity, and finally, with such elocution and sublimity of stile, that the whole world resounds with his fame; yet, in suiting himself to the false taste of the actors, he hath not been able to bring them all to the requisite point of perfection. Others again are so inconsiderate in their productions, that, after representation, the players have been frequently obliged to fly and abscond for fear of chastisement, on account of having exhibited something to the prejudice of royal heads, or dishonour of noble families: now all these inconveniences, with many more that I do not chuse to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court some person of taste and learning appointed to examine every dramatic performance before its appearance on the stage; and this precaution should affect not only the plays composed in Madrid, but all pieces whatever to be represented within the monarchy of Spain; for, without the approbation of this licencer, signed and sealed, no magis-

* Lopez de Vega Carpio.

trate should allow any production to be acted within the bounds of his jurisdiction. In consequence of this expedient, the actors would take care to submit every play to the censure of the examiner, that they might afterwards represent them with safety; and the authors would employ more caution and study in their compositions, knowing that they must pass the rigorous examination of an intelligent judge: in this manner, good comedies would be produced, and the aim of such writings happily accomplished, to the entertainment of the people, and the credit of Spanish wits; while the actors would represent them with security and advantage, and the state be exempted from the trouble of chastising such delinquents. And if the same licencer, or any other person, were invested with the charge of examining books of chivalry, before they see the light, some performances of that sort would certainly appear in all the perfection you have described, enriching our language with the delightful and precious treasure of eloquence; while the old romances would be entirely eclipsed by the light of the new, that would furnish rational amusement, not only for the idle, but also for those who are most industrious; seeing it is impossible for the bow to continue always bent, or that feeble nature can subsist without some innocent recreation.

Thus far had the canon and curate proceeded in their conversation, when the barber coming up to them, said to his townsman, 'Mr. Licentiate, this is the place in which I proposed to halt, that the oxen might have fresh pasture in abundance.' The curate approved of the hint, and communicated their intention to the canon, who resolved to stay with them, being invited by the situation of a delicious valley that presented itself to his view: that he might therefore enjoy the agreeable spot, together with the conversation of the curate, for whom he had already conceived an affection, and be more particularly informed of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered his domestics to proceed to an inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence victuals sufficient for the whole company; for he was resolved to spend the afternoon where he was. One of the servants told him that the sumpter-mule, which by that time had reached the inn, carried provision enough, and that they should want nothing but barley for the beasts. 'If that be the case,' said the canon, 'carry the rest to the inn, and bring the sumpter-mule hither.'

Meanwhile Sancho, perceiving that he might now speak to his master without being overheard by the curate and barber, of whom he was suspicious, approached the cage, and thus addressed himself to the knight: 'Truly, Sir, in order to dis-

burthen my conscience, I must tell you something concerning this same enchantment. These people, with masks on their faces, are no other than the curate and barber of our town, who, I verily believe, have contrived to carry you off in this manner, out of pure envy and spite, because your worship has got the heels of them in your famous atchievements: now, this being supposed, it follows as plain as the nose upon my face, that you are not enchanted, but rather fooled and bamboozled. As a proof of which, I desire to ask you one question, which, if you answer, as I do believe you will, your worship may clap your ten fingers on the trick, and perceive that you are not enchanted, but that your whole brain is turned topsy-turvy.—‘Ask what you will, son Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘I will freely answer, and satisfy your doubts to the best of my power. With regard to your saying that those who attend us are our friends and townsmen, the curate and barber, so indeed they may appear to your eye; but that they are really and effectually so, you must by no means believe: on the contrary, you are to conclude, that if they resemble our friends, the enchanters, who can assume what form they please, have taken that appearance and resemblance, to mislead your credit, and bewilder your imagination in such a labyrinth of perplexity; that even the clue of Theseus would not extricate your thoughts. Besides, they may have done it with a view of confounding my judgment, that I might not be able to guess from what quarter my misfortune proceeds; for, if, on the one hand, you affirm that I am attended by the barber and curate of our town; and, on the other hand, I find myself encaged; though I am sensible that nothing but supernatural force could suffice to confine me thus; what would you have me say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds every thing I have read in all the histories that treat of enchanted knights. Wherefore, set your heart at rest, and take it for granted, that these are as far from being the persons you have mentioned, as I am from being a Turk. With respect to thy desire of asking me questions. I repeat my promise of answering, even if thy interrogations should last till to-morrow morning.’ ‘God’s blessed mother!’ cried the squire, with great vociferation, ‘is it possible that your worship can be so thick-skulled and brainless, as not to perceive the truth of what I alledge; and see that this imprisonment and misfortune is more owing to malice than enchantment? But, seeing it is so, I will venture to prove, beyond all contradiction, that you are no more enchanted than my ass. Tell me, therefore, as God shall deliver you from this mischance, and as you hope to see yourself in the arms of Lady Dulcinea,

Dulcinea, when you least expect any such good luck'—'True with thy conjuration,' said the knight, 'and ask what thou wilt, I have already promised to answer with the utmost punctuality.' 'This is my request,' answered Sancho; 'and what I want to know is, that your worship will tell me, without ekeing or curtailng God's precious truth, but in honest simplicity of heart, as it ought to be, and always is told by those who, like your worship, profess the occupation of arms, under the title of knight-errants.' 'I tell thee,' cried the knight, interrupting him, 'I will not in the least prevaricate. Dispatch then, Sancho, for truly I am quite tired with so many salvos, solicitations, and preambles.' 'I make so bold,' replied the squire, 'because I am well aware of my master's goodness and sincerity, which being as it were to the purpose, I ask (with reverence be it spoken) whether or not, since you have been confined, and, as you suppose, enchanted in this cage, your worship hath felt any motion or desire to undam either way, as the saying is?' 'I do not know what you mean by undamming,' answered Don Quixote: 'you must be more explicit, Sancho, if you expect an answer to the purpose.' 'Is it possible,' said the squire, 'that your worship should be ignorant of the meaning of the word undamming, which is the first thing the boys learn at school? Well, then, you must know, I wanted to ask if you never had any inclination to do that which nobody else can do for you?' 'Now I understand thee, Sancho,' said the knight: 'verily I have had divers calls of that nature, one of which is at present very importunate: pray fall upon some method to disembarass me, for I believe all is not so sweet and clean as it ought to be.'

CHAPTER XXII.

The sage Conversation that passed between Sancho Panza, and his Master Don Quixote.

'HA!' cried Sancho, 'have I caught you at last? This is what I wanted to know with all my heart and soul: come on, Sir, there is no denying of what is commonly said, when any person is in the dumps, I know not what is the matter with such an one; he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose, when he is spoke to; sure the man must be enchanted: from whence we are to conclude, that those who are enchanted neither eat, drink, sleep, nor do their natural occasions, as I have observed.' But this is not the case with

such as are disturbed with the inclination that your worship at present feels, drinking when they can get liquor, eating when they can lay hold on food, and giving plain answers to every question that is asked.' 'Thou art in the right,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have already told thee, that there are different kinds of enchantment; and time may have so entirely altered the fashion, that those who are under the power of enchantment in this age, may, like me, retain the use of their faculties, though it was quite otherwise of old; so that there is no arguing or drawing consequences against the different practice of different times. I am sensible and certain of my being enchanted, and this is sufficient for the quiet of my conscience, which would give me great uneasiness if I had the least doubt about my fate and allowed myself to be in this cage like an idle coward, deceitfully withholding my succour from a great number of the needy and oppressed, who at this very hour must be in the most absolute and extreme necessity from the want of my aid and protection.' 'Nevertheless,' answered the squire, 'for your more abundant satisfaction, your worship, methinks, might try to escape from this prison; for my own part, I'll be bound not only to give my assistance, but even to work your deliverance, and then you may endeavour to remount your trusty Rozinante, who trudges along as melancholy and sad as if he was enchanted also. This being performed, let us try our fate once more in quest of adventures; and if they do not turn out to our expectation, it will be time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a true and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance, through your ill fortune or my folly, this that I mention should not succeed.' 'I am content to follow thy counsel, brother Sancho,' replied the knight; 'and whenever thou shalt perceive a proper conjuncture for effecting my deliverance, I will implicitly obey thee in every thing; but thou wilt soon find thyself deceived in thy opinion of my mishap.'

This conversation between the knight-errant and the erring squire lasted until they arrived at the place in which the curate, canon, and barber, who had already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner immediately unyoking his oxen, turned them loose in that verdant and delicious spot, the coolness of which was extremely inviting, not only to enchanted people like Don Quixote, but also to persons of intelligence and discretion like his squire, who besought the curate to let his master come out of the cage for a few minutes; because, without such permission, the prison would not be quite so clean as the decency of such a knight required. The curate, understanding what he

he meant, told him that he would willingly grant his request, were he not under some apprehension that his master, finding himself at liberty, would play one of his old pranks, and be gone where men should never see his face again. 'I will be bound for his good behaviour,' answered Sancho; 'and I also,' said the canon, 'especially if he will promise, on the word of a knight, not to stir from our presence until he shall have obtained our consent.'

'I will,' cried the knight, (who overheard all that passed;) 'the more so, as one, who, like me, is enchanted, cannot be at liberty to make use of his own person; for the enchanter can so utterly deprive him of all motion, that he shall not be able to stir from the place for three whole ages; and if he should make his escape, would whisk him back through the air in a twinkling.' This being the case, he said, they might very safely uncage him, especially as such indulgence would redound to the benefit of the whole company; for he protested that if they did not comply with his present necessities, he should be obliged to incommode their sense of smelling, unless they removed to a greater distance from the place of his confinement.

The canon, confiding in his word and honour, took him by the hands, tied as they were, and helped him to descend from his cage: then the knight, being infinitely rejoiced at his momentary deliverance, stretched every joint in his body, and going up to Rozinante, gave him a slap on the buttocks, saying, 'I still hope in God and his blessed mother, thou flower and mirror of steeds! that in a short time we shall both obtain our heart's desire; thou prancing under the agreeable pressure of thy lord, and I mounted upon thy trusty back, exercising the employment for which Heaven sent me into the world.' Having pronounced this apostrophe, he retired with Sancho to a remote place, from whence he returned much eased and comforted, and more desirous than ever of executing the project of his squire. The canon could not help gazing upon him, being struck with admiration at the strange unaccountable symptoms of his disorder; for in all his conversation and replies, he gave evident proofs of an excellent understanding, and never lost himself* except on the subject of chivalry, as we have formerly observed: he was therefore touched with compassion for his infirmity, and when the whole company were seated on the grass, waiting for the return of the sumpter mule, addressed himself to the knight in this manner:

'Is it possible, good Sir, that the idle and unlucky reading of books of chivalry can have so far impaired your judgment;

* Literally, 'Never lost the stirrup.'

as that you should now believe yourself enchanted, and give credit to other illusions of the same kind, which are as far from being true as truth is distant from falsehood? Is it possible that the human understanding can suppose that ever this world produced that infinite number of Amadis, with the whole crowd of famous knights, so many emperors of Trebisond, Fleximartes of Hyrcania, palfreys, damsels, serpents, dragons, and giants; so many incredible adventures, enchantments of different kinds, battles, dreadful encounters, magnificence of apparel, enamoured princesses, squires, created earls, witty dwarfs, billets, amorous expressions, valiant ladies, and finally, such extravagant events as are contained in books of knight-errantry? For my own part, when I read a performance of that sort, without reflecting that it is a legend of vanity and lies, imagination is a little amused; but as soon as I begin to consider it in the right point of view, I dash the volume against the wall, and would even commit it to the flames, (if I should chance to be near a fire,) as a criminal richly deserving such punishment on account of its falsehood and imposture, so contrary to nature, and bewildered from the track of common sense, and as an invention of new sects and preposterous ways of life, misleading and inducing the ignorant vulgar to believe the absurdities which it contains: nay, so presumptuous are such productions, as to disturb the minds of gentlemen of birth and education, as may be too plainly perceived by their effects upon you, Signior, whom they have reduced to such a pass, as to make it necessary that you should be cooped up in a cage, and transported from place to place on a waggon, like a lion or tyger exhibited as a shew for money. Go to, Signior Don Quixote! have pity upon yourself, return into the bosom of discretion, and put those happy talents which Heaven hath been pleased to bestow upon you to a better use, employing your genius in other studies, which may redound to the increase of your honour, as well as to the good of your soul; or, if swayed by your natural inclination, you are still desirous of reading the histories of exploits and atchievements, you may have recourse to the book of Judges in the Holy Scriptures, and there you will find real miracles of might, and actions equally valiant and true. Portugal produced a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernan Goncales, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estramadura a Diego Garcia de Peredez, Xerez a Garcia Perex de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the history of their valiant exploits will afford entertainment, instruction, surprize, and delight, to readers of the most sublime conception. Such study as

this would be worthy of the good sense of Signior Don Quixote, who would thus become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, improved in worth, bettered in morals, brave without rashness, cautious without cowardice; while the whole would redound to the honour of God, his own particular emolument, and the renown of La Mancha, from whence I understand his family and origin is derived.'

Don Quixote listened with infinite attention to this harangue: and even after he perceived it was finished, looked stedfastly at the canon for some time, before he answered in these words: 'Signior Hidalgo, if I am not mistaken, the scope of your discourse was to convince me that there never were knights-errant in this world; that all the books of chivalry are false, deceitful, unprofitable, nay mischievous, in a commonwealth; that I have been much to blame in reading, more so in believing, and most of all in imitating, the characters they describe, by following the most painful profession of knight-errantry; and lastly, you deny that ever there was an Amadis, either of Gaul or Greece, or that any one of that vast number of knights recorded in those writings had any real existence.'—'You have exactly summed up my allegations,' said the canon. 'You were likewise pleased to add,' resumed the knight, 'that such books had done me infinite prejudice, impaired my judgment, and reduced me to the necessity of being confined in a cage; and that I would do well to amend and alter my course of studies, and to peruse performances which contain more truth, instruction, and delight.'—'That,' said the canon, 'was my precise meaning.'—'Why, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'in my opinion the person impaired in his judgment, and enchanted, is no other than your worship, who have presumed to utter such blasphemies against an order so well received in the world, and established as truth, that he who, like you, denies it, deserves the same punishment you inflicted upon those books that gave you disgust; for, to say that there never was such a person as Amadis, or any other of those adventurous knights with whom history abounds, is like an endeavour to persuade people that frost is not cold, that the sun yields no light, and the earth no sustenance. Will any earthly eloquence make a man believe that the story of the infanta Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy, is false; or that of Fierabras, with the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and I vow to God is as true as that the sun shines at noon-day? If this be a lie, you may also affirm that there never was such an event as the Trojan war, nor such persons as Hector and Achilles, or the Twelve Peers of France, or Arthur king of England, who to this day survives

in

in the likeness of a raven, and is every moment expected to re-ascend his throne. People may as well venture to say, that the history of Guarino Mesquino, and the suit of St. Grial, are pure fiction; and look upon the amours of Don Tristan and Queen Iseo, with those of Ginebra and Lancelot, as altogether apocryphal; though there are people who almost remember to have seen the Duenna Quintanona, who was the best wine-skinner in Great Britain: this is so true, that I myself have heard my grandmother by the father's side often say, when she happened to see a Duenna with a reverend biggen*, "Grandson, there is a person very like the Duenna Quintanone." 'From whence I conclude, that she must either have known her personally, or at least seen some picture of that venerable matron. Then, who can deny the history of Peter of Province and the fair Magalona, since, to this day, may be seen in the royal armoury the very peg that turned the wooden horse upon which the valiant Peter travelled through the air; by the same token that it is something larger than the pole of a coach, and stands near the saddle of Babieca. Nay, at Roncevalles you may see Orlando's horn, as big as a weaver's beam. From all which circumstances we may justly infer, that the twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, with all those who were called knights-errant, actually existed, according to the records of their fame; otherwise they may as well deny that the valiant Portuguese, Juan de Merlo, was a knight-errant; though it is well known, that he went to Burgundy, and fought in the city of Ras, with the famous lord of Charne, called Monseigneur Pierre; and afterwards in the city of Basil, with Monseigneur Henrique de Remestan; gaining the victory in each of these combats, with abundance of honourable fame. Neither, I suppose, will they credit the defiance and adventures that were also atchieved in Burgundy, by those valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Guttierra Quixada, (from whom I am lineally descended on the father's side,) who conquered the sons of the Count de St. Paul: nay, let them likewise refuse to own that Don Fernando de Guevara went in quest of adventures into Germany, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the household to the Duke of Austria; and say that the justs and tournaments at Suero de Quinones, and the pass, were mere illusion, as well as the enterprises of Monseigneur Lewis de Falses, against Don Gonçalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight, together with many other exploits performed by Christian warriors, belonging to these and other foreign realms, so authentic and true; that (I repeat my as-

* *Toca*, which is the original word, signifies a woman's coif, veil, or handkerchief.

severation) he who denies them is void of all reason and common sense.'

The canon was struck with admiration when he heard Don Quixote utter such a medley of fiction and truth; and perceiving that he was intimately acquainted with every circumstance regarding and concerning the achievements of knight-errantry, answered him in these words: 'Signior Don Quixote, I cannot deny but what you have said is partly true, particularly that which regards the Spanish knights; I grant also that there was an order called the Twelve Peers of France, but cannot believe that they performed all those exploits recounted by archbishop Turpin; for the truth is, they were a set of knights chosen by the kings of France, under the title of the Twelve Peers, because they were all equal in point of virtue, rank, and valour; at least, if they were not, they ought to have been possessed of this parity of qualifications; for it was an association, resembling the modern orders of St. Jago and Calatrava, which supposes, that every member is valiant, virtuous, and noble; and as we now say a knight of St. Juan or Alcantara, in those days they said a knight of the Twelve Peers; because those who possessed that military order were equal in all respects, and twelve in number. That there were such persons as the Cid Bernardo del Carpio, I make no question; but whether or not they performed all those exploits which are ascribed to them, is, I believe, extremely doubtful. With respect to the peg of Count Peter, which you say stands by the saddle of Babieca in the royal armoury, to my shame be it spoken, I am either so ignorant or short-sighted, that, although I have seen the saddle, I could never observe the peg, large as you have been pleased to describe it.'—'But there certainly is,' replied the knight; 'and what makes it the more remarkable, it is said to be kept in a case of calves' leather, that it may not rust.'—'It may be so,' said the canon: 'but, by my holy orders! I do not remember to have seen any such thing; yet, granting it to be in that place, I am not therefore bound to believe the stories that are recounted of so many Amadis's; and such a rabble of knights; nor is it reasonable, that a person of honour, like you, endowed with so many happy talents, should give credit to such extravagant rhodomontades as are related in the lying legends of knight-errantry.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

*Of the sage Contest between Don Quixote and the Canon;
with other Events.*

‘A GOOD jest, truly,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘that books, printed with the licence of kings, and approbation of those who are appointed to examine them, read with universal delight, celebrated by great and small, rich and poor, knights and plebeians, the learned and illiterate; finally, by persons of all ranks and degrees whatever; should contain nothing but lies; notwithstanding the appearance of truth which they maintain, in mentioning the father, mother, country, relations, condition, birth-place; and in giving an exact journal of the exploits peculiar to every individual knight. Cease, therefore, good Sir, to vent such blasphemy, and believe that in this particular, I advise you to act according to the dictates of good sense: read them again, and you will see what pleasure you will reap for your pains; for what can be more entertaining than to see, as it were, before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, through which an infinite number of serpents, snakes, and alligators, with many other kinds of fierce and terrible creatures, are continually winding and writhing along; then to hear a most dismal voice, that seems to issue from the middle of this pitchy pool, pronounce, “O knight, whosoever thou art, that now standest gazing at the dreadful lake, if thou wouldst enjoy the bliss that is concealed beneath these sable waves, display the valour of thy dauntless breast, and dart thyself amidst these black and burning billows; otherwise, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders deposited and contained within the seven castles of the seven nymphs, that dwell below this sullen flood.” Scarce hath the sound of this dismal voice ceased to vibrate on his ear, when the knight, without the least hesitation, or reflecting upon the danger he incurs, nay, without putting off his heavy armour, but recommending himself to God and his mistress, plunges at once into the burning lake; and when he neither cares nor knows what will be his fate, finds himself in the midst of a delightful plain, by which the Elysian fields are infinitely excelled: there the heaven seems more transparent, and the sun shines with new lustre; the eye is entertained with an agreeable forest of tall and leafy trees, whose verdure delights the view; while the ear is regaled with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted warblers, that hop from bough to bough; here he perceives a brook, whose re-
freshing

freshing waters, clear as liquid chrystal, run murmuring on the yellow sand, and glistening pebbles, that emulate the purest pearls, and heaps of sifted gold.

‘ In one place springs an artificial fountain, adorned with variegated jasper and polished marble; in another rises a rustic grotto, in which the small shells of the mussel, and the white and yellow twisted domes of the snail, placed in beautiful disorder, and mixed with bits of shining chrystal and counterfeit emeralds compose such an agreeable variety, that nature seems to be excelled by imitative art. In a third place, all of a sudden, appears a strong castle, or magnificent palace, the walls of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, the gates of hyacinth, and, finally, the workmanship so admirable, as infinitely to excel the materials, which are no less than adamant, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and gold. Nay, after having thus feasted his eyes, there still remains for him to see a fair bevy of damsels coming out at the castle gate, dressed in such gay and splendid attire, that were I to describe it minutely, as it is represented in the history, I should never have done. Then she who appears the principal, takes by the hand the undaunted knight, who threw himself into the boiling lake, and silently leading him into the rich castle or palace, strips him as naked as he was when his mother bore him, and bathes him in water of an agreeable temperature, then anoints his whole body with aromatic essences, and puts upon him a shirt of the finest lawn, all scented and perfumed; then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, which at least is usually valued at the price of a whole city, or more. After all this ceremony, what a sight it is, when, as they relate, he is conducted into another hall, in which a table is furnished with such elegance as to excite his admiration and suspense! when they sprinkle upon his hands water distilled from amber and odoriferous flowers! when he is seated upon a chair of ivory, and attended by all those damsels, who serve him in amazing silence! when he is allured by such a variety of dishes, and so savourily cooked, that the appetite is confounded in its choice! Then to hear music during his repast, without seeing the minstrel, or knowing from whence the sounds proceed; and after he has refreshed himself, and the table is uncovered, while he lolls at ease upon his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, he is surprized with the sight of another young lady, much more beautiful than any of the former, who enters the hall, and sitting down by the knight, begins to tell him whose castle that is, and how she is enchanted within it, relating other circumstances, which create wonder in him, and raise the admiration

of those who read the story. I need not farther expatiate on this subject, since, from what hath been said, it plainly appears, that any part whatever of the history of any knight-errant whatever, must yield pleasure and surprize to any reader whatsoever. Believe me, therefore, good Sir, and as I have already hinted, take the trouble of reading those books, and you will see what effectual antidotes they are against melancholy, and how they improve the disposition when it is bad. For my own part, I can safely aver, that since I professed the order of knight-errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities, and enchantment; and though I so lately found myself shut up in a cage like a madman, I hope, by the valour of this my arm, provided Heaven shall favour and fortune cease to oppose me, in a few days to see myself sovereign of some kingdom, when I shall be enabled to demonstrate the gratitude and generosity which reside within my breast; for, truly, Signior, a poor man is incapable of exerting the virtue of liberality, let him possess it in never so eminent a degree; and that gratitude which is restrained to good will alone, is like faith without works, no more than the ghost of virtue. Wherefore I wish fortune would speedily furnish me with an opportunity of making myself an emperor, that I may exercise the virtues of my heart, in bestowing benefits on my friends, especially on my poor squire Sancho Panza, one of the best men in the world, whom I intend to create an earl, in consequence of a promise which he obtained from me long ago, though I fear he wants capacity to manage his estate.

These last words being overheard by Sancho, he said to his master, 'Signior Don Quixote, I wish you would take the trouble to give me that same earldom, which is as firmly promised by your worship as expected by me, and I will undertake to find ability to manage it; or, if I should find myself at a loss, I have heard it often said, that there are certain persons who farm the estates of great noblemen at so much a year, and take charge of the whole, while the owner lolls at his ease, enjoying his income, without troubling his noddle about any other affairs. Now, I would live in the very same manner, minding the cares of this world as little as possible; but, leaving off all sorts of business, enjoy my rents like any duke, and let the world wag.'—'Brother Sancho,' said the canon, 'that is to be understood only of the spending your income; but the lord of a great estate must have regard to the administration of justice, which requires ability, sound judgment, and principally an upright intention; for if this be wanting in the beginning,

ginning; the middle and end will always be involved in error; and therefore Heaven, usually assists the righteous intent of the simple, while it confounds the wicked aims of the cunning.'—
 'I know nothing of these philosophies,' answered the squire; 'but this I know, that I wish to God I had this earldom, as soon as I should find understanding to manage it; for I have as big a soul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that hath more; and would be as much a king in my own estate, as any he that wears a head: and so being, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should please myself; and pleasing myself, I should be satisfied; and in being satisfied, I should have nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, there would be an end; so let the earldom come a God's name! I wish we could see it, as one blind man said to another.'—
 'These are no bad philosophies, as you call them, Sancho,' said the canon: 'but, for all that, there is much to be said on the subject of earldoms.' 'I know not what more can be said,' replied Don Quixote, 'for my own part, I do no more than follow the example transmitted to me by the great Amadis de Gaul, who created his squire earl of the Firm Island; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, bestow the same honour on Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever served knight-errant.'

The canon was amazed at the methodical madness of Don Quixote, manifested in his description of the Knight of the Lake; and in the impression which the false adventures of chivalry had made upon his imagination; neither was his wonder diminished, when he considered the folly of Sancho, who so ardently desired the possession of that island which his master had promised to give him as the reward of his services.

By this time the canon's servants had returned from the inn, with the sumpter-mule; and, instead of a table, spread a carpet on the green grass, under the shade of some trees, where the company seating themselves all round, went to dinner, that the waggoner might not lose the opportunity of such a convenient situation as we have already observed. While they thus enjoyed themselves, their ears were struck with a sudden noise, and the sound of a bell, issuing from the midst of some briars and thickets that surrounded the place where they sat; and immediately appeared a beautiful she-goat, her skin speckled with spots of white, black, and grey, followed by the goatherd; who, in his rustic dialect, called to her to stop, and return to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling with affright, came towards the company, and there stopped, as if to implore their protection; while her keeper, seizing her by the horns, accosted her in these words, as if she had been possess-

ed of sense and understanding: 'Ah! you spotted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late; the wolves will feast upon you one day; what is the matter with you, my pretty child! Yet what else can it be but that you are a female, and consequently inconstant! A plague upon your disposition, and all those you resemble: Return, return, my darling; and if you are not so happy, at least you will be more secure, in the fold among your companions! for if you, who ought to watch over and guide the rest, stray about in this imprudent manner, what must become of them?'

These words of the goatherd diverted those who heard them, especially the canon, who said to him, 'I beseech you, brother, to pacify yourself, and be not in such a hurry to drive back your goat, which, being a female, as you observe, will follow her natural disposition, in spite of all you can do to oppose it. Take this morsel, and assuage your choler with a cup of wine, and in the mean time the goat will repose herself.'

So saying, he presented to him, on the point of a fork, the hind quarter of a cold rabbit, which was thankfully accepted by the goatherd; who, having taken a long draught, and composed himself, said to the company, 'Gentlemen, you must not take me for a simpleton, because I talk of this animal as if it were a rational creature; for really there is a mystery concealed beneath the words I have uttered. I am a peasant, it is true, yet not so rustic but that I know how to converse with men as well as beasts.' 'I firmly believe what you say,' replied the curate; 'for I myself have experienced that the mountains produce learned men, and that philosophers are to be found within the shepherd's cot. 'At least,' resumed the goatherd, 'the cottage may contain those who are warned by woeful experience; and to convince you feelingly, that what I alledge is true, I, though undesired, and self-invited, saving the good pleasure of this good company, entreat a moment's hearing, while I recount a true story, which will confirm what the gentleman,' pointing to the curate, 'and myself have observed.'

To this proposal Don Quixote replied, 'As this affair seems to bear something of the shadow of an adventure, I for my part will gladly give you the hearing, brother, and so will all those gentlemen, who are persons of taste, and lovers of curious novels, that surprize, delight, and entertain the sensible hearer; for I hope your story will certainly produce these agreeable effects: begin then, friend; we are all attention.' 'By your leave,' cried Sancho, 'I will e'en betake myself with this piece of pasty to yonder brook, and lay in store for three days; for I have heard my master Don Quixote observe, that the squire

squire of a knight errant ought to eat as often and as much as he can; because they are frequently so bewildered in woods and forests, that it will take them six whole days to disengage themselves; and if a man's belly or his bags be not well lined with provision, there he may stay, as he often does, till he withers into perfect mummy.' 'You are in the right, Sancho,' said the knight: 'go where you will, and eat as much as you please: for my own part, my grosser appetite is satisfied, and now I want refreshment for the mind, which I shall enjoy in listening to this honest countryman's story.' 'We shall all share in the repast,' replied the canon, 'who entreated the peasant to perform his promise.'

Then the goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the buttocks, saying, 'Lie down by my side, you speckled Nanny; we shall have time enough to return to the fold.' The creature seemed to understand his meaning; for he was no sooner set than she lay down very quietly, and looking in his face, gave him to understand, that she was attentive to what he was going to say; upon which he began his story in these words:

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Story which the Goatherd recounted to the Conductors of Don Quixote.

THREE leagues from this valley stands a village, which, though small, is one of the richest in all this country; and therein dwelt a farmer in great repute: and albeit respect follows worldly wealth, he was more beloved for his virtue than respected for his riches; but what he regarded as the best part of his good fortune, (as he himself was wont to say) was a daughter he had, of such exceeding beauty, rare discretion, modesty, and grace, that every one who saw her and knew her, marvelled, at the happy talents with which Heaven and nature had enriched her body and her soul. In the cradle she was handsome, and continually increased in beauty, till at the age of sixteen she was a most enchanting creature: the fame of her charms began to spread over all the neighbouring villages; but why need I say the neighbouring villages! it extended to distant cities, and even made its way into the king's court, filling the ears of all sorts of people, who came from all parts to see her, as if she had been some great curiosity, or miracle-working image. Her father watched over with great care

care, and she took great care of herself; for, truly, a maiden's own prudent reserve is a better guard upon her conduct than all the bolts, and spies, and padlocks upon earth. The father's wealth, and the daughter's beauty, moved a great many people, both of town and country, to demand her in marriage; but he, like one who has the disposal of a rich jewel, was perplexed in his mind, and could not determine in favour of any one of the infinite number that solicited his consent. Among the crowd of her suitors, I was one who conceived great and flattering hopes of success, because her father knew me to be his townsman, of an honest family, in the flower of my age, rich in wealth, and in point of understanding not very poor. She was also courted by another young man of our town, who was in every respect my equal; so that her father was perplexed, and wavered in his choice, because he thought his daughter would be well bestowed upon either of us; wherefore, in order to deliver himself from this suspense, he resolved to communicate our demands to Leandra, (for that is the name of this wealthy maiden, who hath made me miserable) and since we were equal in all qualifications, to refer the whole affair to the choice and decision of his beloved daughter. An example worthy to be followed by every father in the settlement of his children: not that I would have parents leave them to their own choice, in things that are manifestly wicked and base; but first propose a number of prudent schemes, out of which they may be allowed to fix upon that which is most to their liking. I know not to which of us Leandra gave the preference; this only I know, that her father puts us off, on pretence of his daughter's tender years, in general terms, which neither laid him under any obligation, nor gave us any cause of complaint. I think proper to tell you, that I am called Eugenio, and my rival Anselmo, that you may be acquainted with the names of the persons principally concerned in this tragedy, which is still depending; though one may easily foresee, that it must have a melancholy end.

But to return to my story; just about that time, there came to our town one Vincent de La Rosa, the son of a poor labouring man that lived in the village: this Vincent, who was just returned from being a soldier in Italy, and other foreign parts, had been carried away, when he was a boy about twelve years of age, by a captain that chanced to march through the town with his company; and now, after an absence of another dozen years, he returned, in the garb of a soldier, pinked up in a thousand colours, and bedecked with a power of glass toys and slender chains of steel. To-day he dressed himself out in one gay suit, to-morrow in another; but all his finery and gewgaws

gewgaws were of little weight or value. The labouring people, who are naturally malicious, nay, when idleness gives them opportunity, downright malice itself, observed and took an exact account of all his ornaments and fine apparel, and found that he had no more than three suits of different colours; with garters and hose; but he found means to disguise them by such inventions, that one who had not been at the pains to detect him, would have sworn that he had appeared in more than ten different dresses, and upwards of twenty plumes of feathers; and you must not think it impertinent or foolish in me to give you this account of his clothes, because they bear a considerable share in the story. He used to seat himself upon a stone, under a tall poplar that grew in our market-place, and there keep us all gaping around him at the exploits which he recounted; if you would take his word for it, there was not a country on the face of the earth which he had not seen, nor a battle in which he had not served: he had killed a greater number of Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco produced; and, by his own account, fought more single combats than were ever maintained by Gante, Luna, Diego Gracia de Peredez, and a thousand more whom he named, gaining the victory in each, without losing one single drop of his blood; then he would shew the marks of wounds, which, though not to be distinguished, he gave us to understand were the effects of musket-shot he had received in different actions and encounters: finally, with incredible arrogance, he used to *thou* his own equals, even those who knew his extraction, and say that his own arm was his father, his family the work of his own hands, and being a soldier, he owed nothing even to the king himself: with all this boasting, he knew something of music, and could thrum upon the guitar, so as that some people said he made it speak. But his talents did not end here; for he was also a piece of a poet, and wrote ballads a league and a half long, upon every silly trifle that happened in the village.

Well, this soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de la Rosa, this braggadocia, this gallant, this musician and poet, was often seen and observed by Leandra from the window of her apartment, that looked towards the market place. She was captivated by the tinsel of his gaudy clothes, and enchanted by his ballads; for he gave away twenty copies of each that he composed; the feats he related of himself reached her ears: in short, (as the devil himself must certainly have ordained) she fell in love with him, even before he had the presumption to make any attempt upon her heart; and, as in the affairs of love every thing is easily accomplished by the man who is already in possession of the woman's affection, Leandra

and Vincent soon came to a right understanding; and before any one of her numerous admirers had the least inkling of her inclination, she had already gratified it, by leaving the house of her loving and indulgent father (mother she had none), and running away with the soldier, who triumphed in that enterprise, more effectually than in any one he had ever undertaken.

'This event filled not only the whole village, but likewise all who heard of it, with admiration: I, for my part, was amazed, Anselmo astonished, the father overwhelmed with sorrow, and the relations with shame. Justice, however, being solicited, the troopers immediately took the road, examined every copse and thicket thereabouts, and, after a search of three days, found the giddy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, naked to the smock, and stripped of a great quantity of money and precious jewels, which she had carried off when she made her escape. When she was brought back to the presence of her afflicted father, and questioned about her misfortune, she frankly owned that Vincent de La Rosa had imposed upon her; that, under promise of marriage, he had persuaded her to forsake her father's house, promising to conduct her to Naples, which, he said, was the most beautiful and flourishing city in the whole world; that she inadvertently and fondly believed his false professions, and, robbing her father, put herself under his protection that same night she was missed, when he carried her to a rocky mountain, and confined her in the cave where she was found: she likewise affirmed that the soldier, without making any attempt upon her virtue, had stripped her of all she had, and left her in that forlorn condition; a circumstance that surprised all who heard it, the soldier's continence being so incredible; but she insisted upon it with such earnest asseverations, that the disconsolate father was in some sort comforted, making little account of the money he had lost, since his daughter was allowed to keep the jewel which, when once lost, there is no hope of retrieving.

'The same day that Leandra appeared, her father removed her from our eyes, and shut her up in a monastery of a neighbouring town, hoping that time would efface some part of the bad opinion his daughter had incurred. The tender years of Leandra served as an excuse for her misconduct, especially with those who are not concerned in the affair; but those who know her discretion and good sense, do not ascribe her fault to ignorance, but to mere levity, and the natural disposition of women, which is always injudicious and imperfect. Leandra being thus secured, Anselmo's eyes were blind to every thing that could yield him pleasure; and mine remained in darkness,
without

without the least glimpse of light to direct them to any agreeable object: the absence of Leandra increased our affliction, - and exhausted our patience; we cursed the soldier's finery, and exclaimed against her father's want of care. At length, we agreed to quit the village, and repair to this valley, where, he feeding a vast flock of sheep, which are his own property, and I tending a numerous fold of goats, which are also mine, we spend our lives under the cool shade of lofty trees, and give vent to our passion, either by singing in concert the praise or dispraise of the beautiful Leandra, or each by himself sighing in the lonely grove, and ejaculating his complaint to Heaven. In imitation of us, many more of Leandra's lovers have betaken themselves to these rugged mountains, and the exercise of the same employment; so that this spot seems to be transformed into a pastoral Arcadia, every field being crowded with shepherds and folds, and every corner resounding with the name of fair Leandra. One curses, and calls her fickle, inconstant, and immodest; a second condemns her credulity and lightness of behaviour; a third acquits and forgives her, while she is arraigned and reproached by a fourth: some celebrate her beauty; others find fault with her disposition; in short, she is censured and adored by them all; nay, to such a pitch hath their extravagance risen, that some of them complain of her disdain, though they never spoke to her; and others, in their lamentations, pretend to feel the rage of jealousy, which is a passion she never inspired; for, as I have already mentioned, her fault was known before her inclination was suspected: there is not the hollow of a rock, the margin of a rill, nor the shape of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, recounting his misfortune to the winds: wherever an echo can be formed, it repeats the name of Leandra; the hills resound with Leandra; the rivulets murmur Leandra: in short, Leandra keeps us all enchanted and perplexed, hoping we know not how, and dreading we know not what. Among the wrong-headed society, he that shews the least, though he has the greatest share of judgment, is my rival Anselmo; who, notwithstanding all the cause he has to be dissatisfied, complains of absence only, turning his lamentation to the sound of the rebeck, which he touches with admirable skill, in verses that shew the excellence of his genius. I follow a more easy, and in my opinion a wiser course, namely, to inveigh against the levity of the female sex; their fickleness, their double-dealing, their rotten promises, their broken faith; and, finally, their want of judgment in bestowing their affections. These, gentlemen, are my reasons for the discourse you heard me address to my goat, whom (because she is a female) I despise, although she is the
best

best of the fold. This is the story I promised to recount, and if I have been prolix in the narration, I shall not be brief in what service you shall please to command. Hard by is my cottage, in which I have plenty of new milk, and most savoury cheese, with abundance of the fruit in season, no less agreeable to the taste than to the view.'

CHAPTER XXV.

Of the Quarrel that happened between Don Quixote and the Goatherd, with the curious Adventure of the Disciplinants, which the Knight happily achieved with the Sweat of his Brow.

THIS story of the goatherd gave infinite pleasure to all that heard it, especially to the canon, who observed, with admiration, his manner of relating it, as distant from the rustic phrase of a peasant as near approaching to the polite style of a courtier; and therefore he said, the curate had justly observed, that the mountains sometimes produced learned men. Every body made proffers of service to Eugenio; but he that shewed himself most liberal in compliment was Don Quixote, who said to him, 'Truly, brother goatherd, were it possible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith set forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monastery, in which she is, doubtless, detained against her will, in spite of the abbess, and all that should oppose my design; and would put her into your hands to be treated according to your good will and pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, by which all damsels are protected from wrongs: though I hope in God, that a malicious enchanter shall not so far prevail, but that he may be excelled in power, by another of a more righteous disposition; and then you may depend upon my favour and assistance, according to the duty of my profession, which is no other than to succour the wretched and the weak.'

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and being struck with admiration at his rueful aspect and dishevelled locks, said to the barber, who sat near him, 'Signior, pray who is that man who looks and talks so wildly?' 'Who should it be,' answered the barber, 'but the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha! the redresser of grievances, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damsels, the terror of giants, and thunderbolt of war!' 'That discourse,' replied the peasant, 'puts me in mind of those books which treat of knights-errant, who were commonly

monly distinguished by such titles as you bestow on that man : but I suppose you are pleased to be merry, or else the apartments of this poor gentleman's skull are but indifferently furnished.

'You are a most impudent rascal !' (cried the knight, over-hearing what he said :) 'it is your skull that is unfurnished and unsound ; but mine is more pregnant than the abominable whore that brought you forth.' So saying, he snatched up a loaf, and flung it at the goatherd with such fury, that he levelled his nose with his face.

Eugenio, who did not understand railery, finding himself maltreated in earnest, without any respect for the carpet, table-cloth, or company, leaped upon the knight, and laying hold of his collar with both hands, would certainly have strangled him, if Sancho Panza had not that instant sprung to his master's assistance, and pulling his antagonist backwards, tumbled him over upon the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all, went to wreck. Don Quixote finding himself disengaged, arose, and, in his turn, got upon the goatherd, who being battered by the master, and kicked by the man, was creeping about on all fours in quest of a table knife, with which he intended to take some bloody revenge, but was prevented by the canon and curate : the goatherd, however, managed matters so as that he got the knight under him, when he rained such a shower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcase, that our hero's countenance was as much overflowed with blood as his own ; the curate and canon were ready to burst with laughing, the troopers capered about with joy, and the whole company halloo'd, according to the practice of the spectators when two dogs are engaged : Sancho Panza alone was distracted, because he could not get out of the clutches of one of the canon's servants, who hindered him from assisting his master. In fine, when every body was thus regaled and rejoiced, except the combatants who worried each other, they heard a trumpet utter such a melancholy note, that they could not help turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the sound seemed to come : but he on whom it made the greatest impression was Don Quixote ; who, though lying under his antagonist, very much against his inclination, and more than sufficiently pummelled, said to the goatherd, 'Brother devil, (for sure thou canst be nothing else, who hast strength and valour sufficient to overcome my efforts) I beg a truce for one hour only ; because the doleful sound of the trumpet which salutes our ears, seems to summon me to some new adventure.'

The goatherd being by this time heartily tired of drubbing as well as of being drubbed, immediately complied with his request ;

request; and Don Quixote starting up, directed his view towards the place whence the sound seemed to issue, where he descried a great number of people dressed in white like disciplinants, coming down the side of a neighbouring hill. That year the heavens had withheld refreshing showers from the earth; and through all the villages of that district the people instituted processions, disciplines, and prayers, beseeching God to open the fountains of his mercy, and favour them with rain: for this purpose, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were then going in procession to a holy hermitage built on an eminence that skirted the valley; and Don Quixote seeing the strange dress of the disciplinants,* without recollecting that he had frequently seen such habits before, concluded the whole to be an adventure, which it was the province of him as a knight-errant to achieve: what served to confirm him in this notion, was an image clothed in black, which was carried before them, and which he supposed to be some princess whom those discourteous robbers were carrying off by force.

This whim no sooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was feeding very quietly, and taking the bridle and shield, which hung upon the pommel of the saddle, clapped the bit in his mouth in a twinkling, and demanding his sword from Sancho, mounted his steed, and braced his target, calling aloud to the company, 'Now, honourable gentlemen, ye shall perceive the importance of those who profess the order of knight-errantry! Now, I say, ye shall, in the deliverance of that excellent lady, who is at present a captive, behold how much knight-errants ought to be esteemed.'

So saying, he clapped his heels to Rozinante, (spurs he had none) and at a hand-gallop (for we do not find in this true history that ever Rozinante went full-speed) rode up to attack the disciplinants. Though the canon, curate, and barber, made efforts to detain him, they found it impracticable: he was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bawled, with great vociferation, 'Where are you going, Signior Don Quixote? what devil possesses and provokes you to act against our Catholic faith! Take notice—a plague upon me!—take notice that this is no other than a procession of disciplinants; and that lady, carried on the bier, the blessed image of the immaculate Virgin! Consider, Signior, what you are about, for sure I am you do not know!'

In vain did Sancho strain his lungs: his master was so intent upon overtaking the apparitions, and setting the lady in black

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* Persons hired to whip themselves on these occasions.

at liberty, that he heard not one syllable; nor if he had, would he have returned, even if the king had commanded him so to do. When he approached the procession, he stopped Rozinante, who was already out of breath, and, with a hoarse disordered voice, pronounced, 'You there, who perhaps disguise yourselves for no good, stop, and give ear to what I am going to say.'

Those who carried the image were the first that halted; and one of the four priests who sung the litanies, observing the strange aspect of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, with other ridiculous circumstances belonging to both, answered in these words: 'Friend, if you have any thing to say, speak quickly; for these our brethren are all this while scourging their own flesh; and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should, tarry to hear any thing that cannot be comprehended in two words.' 'I will comprehend what I have to say in one,' replied the knight; 'and it is this: I command you instantly to set free that beautiful lady, whose tears and melancholy deportment clearly demonstrate that you are carrying her off, contrary to her inclination, after having done her some notorious wrong; and I, who was born to redress such grievances, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until she shall have obtained that liberty she deserves.'

From these words, concluding that he must be some madman, all of them began to laugh very heartily; and their mirth acting as a train of gunpowder to the knight's choler, he drew his sword, and, without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his share of the load to his companions, opposed himself to this aggressor, brandishing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they supported the bier. Don Quixote, with a furious backstroke, cut this implement in two; but with the piece which remained in the hand of the defendant, received such a thwack upon the shoulder above his sword-arm, that his buckler was unable to sustain the shock of such a rude assault, and down came the poor knight, in a most lamentable condition.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing after his master, seeing him fall, called aloud to his antagonist to forbear; for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done the least harm to man, woman, or child: but the peasant's forbearance was not owing to this exclamation of the squire, so much as to the situation of Don Quixote, who neither moved hand nor foot; so that believing he had done his business, he hastily gathered up his frock, and fled through the field as nimble as a buck. By this time the whole company were come up to the place where Don Quixote lay; and those belonging to the procession

sion, seeing so many people running towards them, accompanied by the troopers with their cross-bows, began to be in dread of some mischievous event, and formed themselves into a circle around the image: then the disciplinants, lifting up their hoods, and wielding their scourges, and the priests their long tapers, waited the assault with full determination to defend themselves, and, if possible, act offensively against all who should attack them. But fortune disposed of things more favourable than they expected; for all that Sancho did, was to throw himself upon the body of his master, who he believed was actually dead, and utter the most doleful and ludicrous lamentation that ever was heard. The curate was immediately known by a brother of the cloth, who belonged to the procession, and this acquaintance dispelled the apprehension which both squadrons had begun to conceive. Our licentiate told his friend in a few words who Don Quixote was, upon which he and the whole crowd of disciplinants went to see whether or not the poor knight was dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, lamenting in these words; 'O flower of chivalry, who, by the single stroke of a cudgel, hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O thou honour of thy family, thou glory of La Mancha! aye, and of the whole world, which, being deprived of thee, will soon be filled with evil-doers, who will prosper without fear of chastisement for their wicked deeds! Oh, thou wast more liberal than all the Alexanders that ever lived! for thou gavest me, for eight months' service only, the best island that ever the sea surrounded. Oh! thou wast humble with the haughty, and haughty with the humble, tempting dangers, enduring disgraces, in love without cause, imitating the good, scourging the wicked, a professed enemy to every thing that was base; in short, a knight-errant, and that is every thing in one word!'

The cries and groans of Sancho revived his master, and the first words he pronounced were these: 'He who is condemned to live absent from thee, most amiable Dulcinea! is subjected to much greater hardships than these. Friend Sancho, help to lay me, on the enchanted car; for I am incapable of pressing Rozinante's saddle, this whole shoulder being crushed to pieces.' 'That I'll do very willingly, dear master,' replied the squire; 'and let us return to our habitation, in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well; and there we will lay a scheme for another sally, which, I hope, will be more fortunate and creditable.' 'You are in the right, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'and it will be very prudent in us to let the malign influence of the stars pass over.'

The canon, curate, and barber, approved of his intention,
and

and being extremely diverted with the squire's simplicity, conveyed the knight to his former situation in the waggon. The procession was formed anew, and set forwards accordingly: the goatherd took his leave of the company; the troopers, being unwilling to go farther, were paid by the curate for their trouble; the canon having entreated the priest to inform him by letter of Don Quixote's fate, with regard to the continuation or cure of his extravagance, bade him farewell, and proceeded on his journey; in short, there was a general separation, till at length the curate, barber, Don Quixote, and Panza, were left by themselves, with the trusty Rozinante, who, with the patience of his master, bore and beheld every thing that passed.

The waggoner, yoking his oxen, accommodated the knight with a truss of hay, and with his usual phlegm jogged on, according to the priest's directions, till, at the end of six days, they arrived at their own village, which they entered about noon; and it chancing to be Sunday, the market-place, through which they were obliged to pass, was crowded with people, who running to see what was in the cage, recognized their townsman, and were struck with astonishment. A boy ran immediately to his housekeeper and niece, whom when he informed of his master's arrival, in a most meagre, withered condition, stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon; it was a piteous thing to hear the cries that were uttered by these worthy ladies, who buffeted themselves through vexation, and vented bitter curses against the wicked books of chivalry; which lamentations, buffetings, and curses, were repeated with greater violence than ever, when they saw the knight enter his own gate.

Sancho Panza's wife, who had got intimation that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his squire, hearing of his return, ran straight to her husband, and the first question she asked was, whether or not the ass was in good health? when the squire answered, that the ass was in better health than his master. 'Thanks be to God,' cried she, 'for that and all his other mercies. But now tell me, friend, what good you have got by your squireship? Have you brought home a new petticoat for me, or shoes for your children?' 'I have brought no such matters, my dear,' replied Sancho, 'but things of greater consideration and importance.' 'I am glad of that with all my heart!' said the wife; 'pray shew me these things of greater consideration and importance, that the sight of them may rejoice my heart, which hath been so sad and discontented all the weary time of your being away.'—'You shall see them at home,' answered Sancho; 'and

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heark'ee, wife, make yourself easy for the present; for, an 'it please God that we set out again in quest of adventures, you shall speedily behold your husband an earl, or a governor of an island; I don't mean your common islands, but one of the best that ever was seen.' 'The Lord in heaven grant it, husband; for I am sure we have need enough of such windfalls: but tell me, what is an island; for, truly, I know not the meaning of the word?' 'Honey was not made for the mouth of an ass,' said the squire; 'you shall see what it is, all in good time, my dear; aye, and admire to hear all your vassals call you, my lady.' 'What is that you say, Sancho, of ladies, islands, and vassals?' cried Joan Panza; for that was the name of the squire's wife, though she was not related to Sancho before marriage; but it is the custom in La Mancha for the women to take the names of their husbands. 'Don't be in such a hurry to know every thing, Joan,' replied the squire; 'it is sufficient that I tell thee nothing but truth; let this, therefore, stop that mouth of thine. Mean time, however, I care not if I tell thee, that it is one of the most pleasant occupations in the world for an honourable person, like me, to be squire to a knight-errant, when he is in quest of adventures. True it is, the greatest part of them do not fall out quite so much to one's liking as one could wish; for, out of a hundred in which we are engaged, ninety-nine are generally cross and unfortunate. That I know by experience, having been sometimes threshed, and sometimes blanketed; but, howsoever, it is a curious pastime to be always in expectation of adventures, crossing huge mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting castles, lodging at inns, where we live at rack and manger, and the devil a farthing to pay.'

While this conversation passed between Sancho and his wife, the housekeeper and niece received Don Quixote, whom they undressed and put to bed in his old chamber, while he eyed them askance, without being able to comprehend where he was. The curate laid injunctions on the niece to cherish her uncle with great tenderness, and charged them both to take especial care that he might not escape again, giving them an account of the trouble he had been at in bringing him back to his own house. Here they raised their voices again in concert, renewing their curses upon the books of chivalry, and beseeching Heaven to confound the authors of such madness and lies to the lowest pit of hell; in short, they were half-distracted with the apprehension of losing him again, as soon as his health should be re-established; and this was actually the case.

But the author of this history, although he enquired with the

the utmost curiosity and diligence, concerning the actions of Don Quixote in his third sally, could never find any satisfactory and authentic account of them; only fame hath preserved some memoirs in La Mancha, by which it appears that Don Quixote, when he set out the third time, went to Saragossa, where he was present at a most celebrated tournament, in which many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valour: but with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information, and must have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, which he said he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained some skins of parchment, on which were written, in Gothic characters and Castilian verse, many of our knight's exploits, with a description of Dulcinea's beauty, Rozinante's figure, Sancho's fidelity, and Don Quixote's own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs and panegyrics on his life and morals. All that could be read, and fairly copied, are those which are here inserted by the faithful author of this new and surprising history, who, in recompence for the immense trouble he has undergone in his inquiries, and in examining the archives of La Mancha, that he might publish it with more certainty, desires the reader to favour him with the same credit which intelligent persons give to those books of chivalry that pass so currently in the world; and herewith he will rest fully satisfied; and perhaps be animated to search after, and find out, other histories, if not as authentic, at least as full of invention and entertainment.

The verses which were written in the first skin of parchment found in the leaden box were these—

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA, A TOWN OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

Monicongo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH.

THE bully that La Mancha deck'd
 With spoils that shame the Cretan Jason,
 Whose judgment ripe, and wit uncheck'd,
 The trumpet of renown shall blazon;
 That arm, whose valour did extend
 To Gaeta, from remote Cathay;
 That muse, which did the welkin rend
 With verse which brazen plates display;

Who

Who Amadis left far behind,
 And deem'd Galaor a mere baby,
 Whose valour with such lustre shin'd,
 As shew'd ev'n Belianis shabby;
 He that on Rozinante rode,
 Now mingles with this clay-cold clod!

*Paniguado, Academician of Argamasilla, in Praise of
 Dulcinea Del Toboso.*

S O N G.

THE maid you see with cheeks so blouzy,
 High-chested, vigorous, and frouzy,
 Dulcinea, fam'd Toboso's princess,
 Don Quixote's gen'rous flame evinces:
 For her, on foot, he did explore
 The sable mountain o'er and o'er,
 Through many a weary field did halt,
 And all through Rozinante's fault.
 Hard fate! that such a dame should die
 In spite of him and chivalry;
 That he, whose deeds e'n stones proclaim,
 Should mourn a disappointed flame!

*Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamasilla,
 in Praise of Rozinante, the renowned Steed of Don Quixote
 de La Mancha.*

ON a proud trunk of adamant,
 Whose bloody branches smell'd of war,
 La Mancha's frantic wight did plant
 His standard glitt'ring from afar.
 There hung his arms; there gleam'd his sword,
 That wont to level, hack, and hew;
 Yet shall the wond'ring muse afford,
 For new exploits, a style that's new.
 Let Gaul of Amadis be proud,
 Greece boast the champions she hath bore;
 Don Quixote triumphs o'er the crowd
 Of all the warlike knights of yore:
 For neither Gaul nor Greece can vie
 With fam'd La Mancha's chivalry,
 Ev'n Rozinante wears the bay;
 Let Brilladore and Bayard bray.*

The horse of Orlando Furioso was called *Brigliadoro*: as *Bayardo* was the name of the steed belonging to *Ruggiero*, the second, if not the first, hero in *Ariosto's* incomparable poem.

Burlador,

Burlador, an Argamasillian Academician, on Sancho Panza.

S O N G.

HERE Sancho view, of body small,
 But great in worth, in actions clear,
 The best and simplest squire of all
 The world e'er saw, I vow and swear.
 An earl he surely might have been,
 Had not this knavish age of brass,
 With insolence and knavish spleen,
 Conspir'd against him and his ass;
 That ass on which he gently trotted
 At gentle Rozinante's tail!
 Vain man, with flatt'ring hope besotted,
 How in a dream thy prospects fail!

Cuchidiablo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture of Don Quixote.

E P I T A P H.

ON Rozinante's back
 The knight that whilom travell'd,
 Thro' highway, path, and track,
 Is here bemi'd and gravell'd:
 And eke as stiff as he,
 The block of Sancho Panza,
 A trusty squire, perdie!
 As ever mortal man saw.

Tiquitock, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture of Dulcinea del Toboso.

HERE lies Dulcinea, once so plump,
 But now her fat all melts away;
 For death, with an inhuman thump,
 Has turn'd her into dust and clay.
 Of a true breed she surely sprung,
 And wanted not external grace;
 Don Quixote's heart with love she stung,
 And shone the glory of her race.

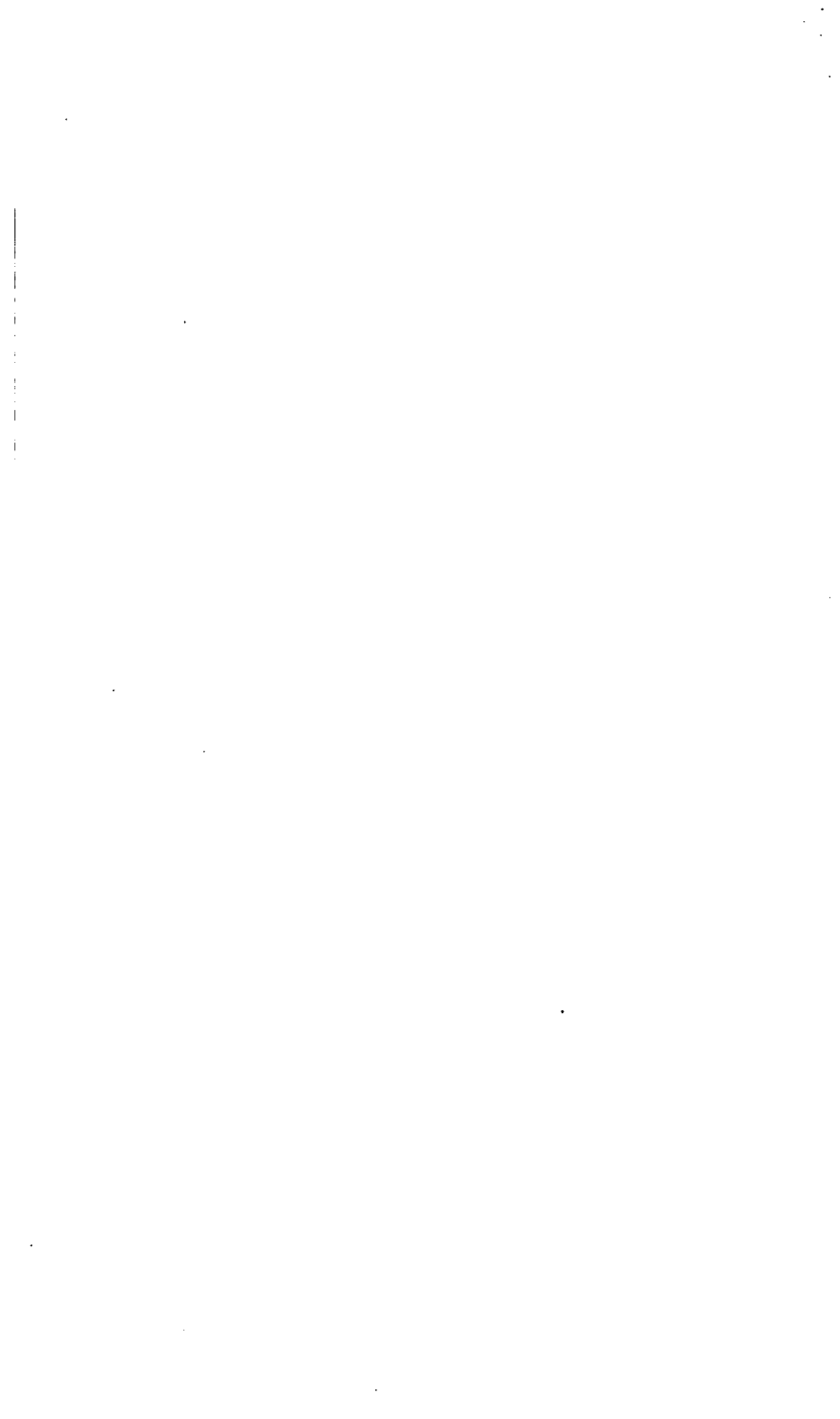
These were all the verses which could be read; the rest being worm-eaten, were delivered to an academician, that he might

might attempt to unravel their meaning by conjecture. This task, we understand, he has performed with infinite pains and study, intending to publish them to the world, in expectation of the third sally of Don Quixote.

Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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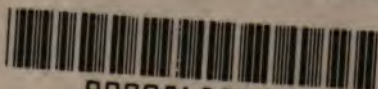
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